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LETTERS

OF THE

FIRST EARL OF MALMESBURY

HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS

VOL. I.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
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A SERIES OF

LETTERS

OF THE

FIRST EARL OF MALMESBURY

HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS

FROM

1745 TO 1820

EDITED, WITH NOTES &c., BY HIS GRANDSON

THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF MALMESBURY, G.C.B.

In Two Volumes

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

TWENTY-SIX years ago I published the 'Political Diaries and Correspondence' of my grandfather, the first Earl of Malmesbury. They have been quoted with advantage to history by some of our best writers, and considerably so by Lord Stanhope in his interesting 'Life of Mr. Pitt.' Whilst collating those documents I found it to have been the habit of three generations of my family to preserve and arrange almost all the letters which they received from their relations and acquaintances. It naturally occurred to me that in such a mass of familiar correspondence something might be gleaned which illustrated the opinions and social habits of the time at which it was written, as well as the historical facts which we all remember.

From private letters penned quite independently of each other no conspiracy to 'cook up' history can be suspected. They are the best proofs of what public feeling was at their date with regard to politics, society, and the general state of this and foreign countries.

Those which I publish begin in 1745 and end in 1820, being a course of seventy-five years. We find in these confidential exchanges of ideas the hopes and fears, and the expectations, disappointments, and impressions of our ancestors, in the very words which described them. And how eventful those years were! They saw the Highland Rebellion; the American War; the despotic courts of the Bourbons, of Catherine and of Frederick; the great French Revolution, and its subsequent phases of a bloody Republic, an aggressive Empire, an ephemeral Restoration, and again of a short Empire and second Restoration. They witnessed the struggles of our English people for greater freedom, even from the privileges claimed by their own House of Commons; and, lastly, a far fiercer contest to save their country from the subjugation under which for a time Napoleon held every nation in Europe except theirs. I have left these waifs of the past to speak for themselves, and have confined my annotations to so much only as may assist the memory of the reader, and connect the feelings of the writers with the events of the moment.

The principal recipients of this Correspondence were James Harris, the erudite scholar whose works gained a high reputation in the last century, and his son and grandson, the first and second Earls of Malmesbury. All three were men of the world, Members of Parlia-

ment and public servants. The first was in 1762 a Lord of the Admiralty, afterwards a Lord of the Treasury, and then Secretary and Comptroller of the Household of Queen Charlotte until his death, which occurred in 1780. His son obtained a peerage for his services in diplomacy, and his grandson held office under the administrations of Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland. James Harris was no pedant, as might be inferred from the dry philosophy of his works. He was passionately fond of music and art, and he wrote treatises on both. His wife lived much in society, and appears to have had similar tastes. Their letters will show how they patronised the best artists of the day at their house in the cathedral town of Salisbury. This ancient mansion has been held by my family under the Church since 1660, and is a curious specimen of its kind, being grafted upon and including part of the old ramparts of the Close, with a regular warren of rooms on various levels.

The description of the fêtes and social intercourse in the venerable city of Sarum during the parliamentary recess show how much more lively our cathedral towns were a century ago, and how much less of *cliques* and class categories then existed among the nobility and their neighbours than in the present day.

The first Lord Malmesbury being much older than either Mr. Canning or Lord Palmerston knew them

well from their earliest years, and used his influence, which was considerable, with the statesmen of the time to draw especial attention to those talents which have made their names so memorable in English history. Being the guardian of the latter it will be seen how he appreciated the character of his ward, and how he urged him into the arena of politics when he first took office in 1809.

All the writers as well as the recipients of this correspondence are gone from amongst us save one; and General Sir George Bowles, who survives them, has permitted me to publish his letters to my family, written from the Peninsula and other countries in which he served during the 'Great War.' I think that there will be but one opinion as to the clear descriptions and soldierlike feelings which mark his narrative.

MALMESBURY.

HERON COURT: *April* 1870.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

1745.	PREFACE.	PAGE
Mar. 13.	Letter from Countess of Shaftesbury to her Cousin Mr. Harris, M.P.	1
	Handel's Feast, &c.; Play of the Earl of Essex, &c.	
Aug. 24.	Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister Mrs. Harris . .	3
	Reports of the Young Pretender being in the Highlands, &c.	
Sept. 14.	Earl of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . .	4
	Affairs in Scotland; French fleet, &c.	
—	Bishop of Salisbury's Letter to his Diocese . .	5
	To endeavour to inspire their congregations with zeal in the King's service, &c.	
Sept. 24.	Rev. Wm. Harris to his Brother Mr. Harris, M.P. .	6
	Rebels defeated the King's troops near Dunbar.	
Oct. 24.	Earl of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . .	7
	Report of 6,000 French troops landed near Edinburgh; Lord Aylesbury's zeal in the King's cause.	
Oct. 26.	Earl of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . .	10
	His Majesty reviewed the Train-bands; two Bills introduced for raising the Militia.	
—	Rev. Wm. Harris to his Brother	11
	City Militia reviewed by the King; Major Wade advancing towards the rebels.	
Oct. 31.	Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister	12
	Account of the drawing-room.	
Nov. 7.	Earl of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . .	14
	March of the rebels to Peebles; treasonable papers burnt at the Royal Exchange.	

1745. PAGE

Nov. 12. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 16
Duke of Kingston, Lords Gower, Granby, &c., will march against the rebels.

Nov. 30. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 18
Arrival of the King's troops at Durham; French ship 'Le Soleil' taken off Yarmouth.

Dec. 5. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 19
The rebels marching towards Nottingham.

Dec. 10. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 21
The rebels enter Derby in a miserable condition.

Dec. 14. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 23
Duke of Cumberland pursuing the rebels to Wigan; report of three more French ships being taken.

Dec. 19. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 24
The Admiralty informed that the embarkation of the French at Dunkirk was completed.

Dec. 21. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 25
Duke of Cumberland attacked the rebels near Shafton.

Dec. 26. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 26
Duke of Cumberland before Carlisle; great desertions from the French troops.

Dec. 28. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 28
Misunderstanding between Admiral Vernon and the Admiralty.

1746.

Jan. 25. Earl of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . 30
Method of the Highlanders' attack; Duke of Northumberland starts for Scotland.

Feb. 8. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 32
Duke of Cumberland at Edinburgh; great popularity there.

April 28. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 34
Birth of the first Earl of Malmesbury; Duke of Cumberland defeated the rebels at Culloden.

April 29. Earl of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . 35
On the birth of Mr. Harris's son.

May 3. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 36
Debate in the House of Lords on the war on the Continent.

May 29. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 38
Duke of Cumberland sends His Majesty a small casket containing letters of importance.

1746. PAGE

June 24. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 39
Marriage of Lord Petersham and Lady Caroline Fitzroy.

July 8. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 40
Marriage of the Duchess of Manchester and Mr. Hussey.

July 21. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 42
Trial of Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromartie with others in Westminster Hall.

Aug. 28. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 45
Hogarth's taking a portrait of Lord Lovat.

Sept. 25. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 45
Ode on the Duchess of Manchester's marriage.

Nov. 29. Countess of Shaftesbury to Mrs. Harris . . . 46
Various marriages in high life.

— Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 47
Radclyffe Earl of Derwentwater in the King's Bench.

Dec. 13. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Brother 48
Lord Clancarty commanding the French fleet in the West Indies.

1747.

Feb. 28. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 49
Government hinders three privateers from leaving the Downs.

No date. Lady Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . 50
Violette the dancer's benefit; Lady Kildare's wedding; Mr. Drake and Miss Raworth; death of Lord Aylesbury; his will.

Mar. 10. Mr. Thos. Harris to his Sister 52
Lord Lovat's trial; Sir William Younge, Lord Coke, and the Attorney-General, Sir John Strange, employed by Government.

Mar. 13. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 54
Lord Lovat's trial; Murray's examination, &c.

Mar. 17. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 56
Lord Lovat's trial; Sir John Strange's speech.

— Earl of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . 58
Joseph and Judas Maccabæus.

No date. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 59
Lord Lovat's trial; found guilty; his rambling defence.

Mar. 26. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister 61
Election squabble at the Vintners' Hall.

Mar. 28. Rev. Wm. Harris to his Brother 62
Duke of Argyle tries to save Lord Lovat's life.

		PAGE
1747.		
June 27.	Rev. Wm. Harris to his Brother . . . . . News of the battle of Lanfelt.	63
July 1.	Lady Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Election at Wareham.	64
Oct. 22.	Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister . . . . . Admiral Hawkes' victory at Cape Finisterre.	66
Oct. 31.	Rev. Wm. Harris to his Sister . . . . . His Majesty's birth-day drawing-room.	67
1748.		
No date.	Countess of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . Rumours of a new rebellion.	69
Oct. 15.	Countess of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . Account of a fire at Cranbourne.	71
Dec. 10.	Countess of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . The birth-day drawing-room at St. James's.	72
1749.		
Feb. 11.	Countess of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . Lord Ranelagh's wedding; description of the dresses.	74
Dec. 4.	Countess of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . Lord Grantham burnt in effigy; death of Lord Lymington.	75
1750.		
Feb. 13.	Earl of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . Bedford Level Bill defeated in the House of Commons.	77
Nov. 28.	Countess of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . Mackel's 'Life of the Duke of Marlborough.'	78
1754.		
Dec. 3.	Countess of Shaftesbury to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . His Majesty's birth-day drawing-room.	79
1760.		
Nov. 8.	Mr. Hooper, M.P., to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Death of George the Second.	81
1762.		
No date.	Earl of Radnor to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Resignation of the Duke of Newcastle.	83
No date.	Earl of Radnor to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Choice of a Canaletti and a Hobbima.	84
July 6.	David Garrick to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . About 'Damon and Amaryllis' being performed at Drury-lane theatre.	85

		PAGE
1762.		
July 18.	David Garrick to Mr. Harris, M.P.	86
	On the same subject.	
Sept. 7.	David Garrick to Mr. Harris, M.P.	87
	On the same subject.	
1763.	PREFACE.	
June 13.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	89
	Drawing-room at St. James's.	
June 15.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	90
	Leicester House; death of Lady Northampton.	
June 19.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	91
	Visit to Cambridge; country round Cottenham.	
July 2.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	92
	Excursion to Greenwich and Woolwich.	
July 19.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	93
	Adjournment of the House expected.	
Aug. 20.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	94
	Great hailstorm round London.	
Aug. 27.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	95
	Wilkes declines fighting Mr. Forbes.	
Aug. 30.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	96
	Lord Egremont's death and will.	
Nov. 2.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	97
	Resignation of the Attorney-General.	
Nov. 10.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	98
	Second visit to the theatre.	
Nov. 15.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	99
	His Majesty opening Parliament.	
—	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	99
	No. 45 of the 'North Briton' ordered to be burnt.	
Nov. 22.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	101
	Speaker's illness; Wilkes' duel.	
Nov. 24.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	102
	Pitt on crutches in the House of Commons.	
Dec. 10.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	103
	Wilkes and Dun the madman.	
1764.		
Mar. 6.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford	103
	Death of Lord Hardwicke.	

1764.		PAGE
Mar. 8.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Nicholson Calvert's nonsense.	104
Mar. 10.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Duchess of Queensberry's ball.	105
Mar. 17.	Mrs. Harris to her Son at Oxford . . . . Oratorio of Nabal; Lord Tyrawley's bon mot.	106
April 5.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Marriage of Lady Susan Strangways with O'Brien the player.	107
May 10.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Footmen's riot at Ranelagh Gardens.	108
May 12.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Another worse riot at Ranelagh.	109
July 6.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Duke of Bolton's suicide.	109
Sept. 18.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Sunday drawing-room.	111
Sept. 22.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Splendid drawing-room; Spanish ambassadress.	111
Sept. 29.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . 'The Fop's Fortune' at Covent Garden theatre; Lady Coventry's marriage.	112
Oct. 4.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Mrs. D'Oyley and Mr. Wyndham of Hammersmith.	114
Oct. 19.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Lord Shaftesbury's eulogium; Lord Newnham.	115
Oct. 20.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Manzolini, Tenducci, and other opera celebrities.	116
Oct. 25.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Lady Harriet Wentworth's marriage with her footman.	116
Nov. 26.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Opera-house; Mr. Sympson's suicide.	118
Dec. 6.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Chevalier D'Eon.	119
1765.	PREFACE.	
Feb. 16.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . The publisher of the 'North Briton' in the pillory.	121
Feb. 21.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Call of the House; Bill for paving Westminster.	122
Mar. 2.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Marquis de Carlotti; Assembly at Bedford House.	123

		PAGE
1765.		
June 6.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Assembly at Northumberland House.	124
June 26.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Arrangement for a new ministry.	124
July 4.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Lady Townshend's politeness; Vauxhall.	125
July 9.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . List of the new ministers.	127
July 22.	Mr. John Shebbeare to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . Duke of Newcastle offends the Duke of Grafton.	127
Sept. 16.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Father . . . . Arrival at Leyden; call on Sir Joseph Yorke, &c.	128
Sept. 23.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Father . . . . Lectures on Grotius' 'Universal History,' &c.	130
Oct. 26.	Mr. Edward Hooper to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . Riots at Boston and Rhode Island.	131
Oct. 29.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother . . . . Company at an ordinary; intelligent but voracious Egyptian, &c.	134
Nov. 5.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother . . . . Market day at Catwick; dinner with Mons. Larrey.	135
Nov. 12.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother . . . . Prince of Orange's house in the wood.	139
Nov. 28.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother . . . . Kindness of Sir Joseph Yorke; expense of living at the Hague.	140
Dec. 3.	Sir Joseph Yorke to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . Eulogium on Mr. Harris's son.	143
1766.		
Oct. 26.	Mr. Hooper to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . King of Prussia orders one of his colonels to be flogged.	144
Nov. 27.	Mr. Hooper to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Mr. Alderman Beckford's strange sayings in the House.	145
1767.		
July 18.	Mr. Hooper to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Lord Chatham's wish to resign his office.	148
July 23.	Mr. Thomas Whately to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . The King wishes Lord Rockingham to form an administration.	149
Nov. 8.	Hon. Mr. Grenville to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . State of the country in general.	152

		PAGE
1768.	PREFACE.	
April 26.	Mr. Shebbeare, Q.C. to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . Sheriff's officers refuse to arrest Wilkes.	154
Aug. 30.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother . . . . Appointed secretary of embassy at the court of Madrid.	157
Oct. 22.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Father . . . . Dinner at Lord Essex's; death of Mr. Robert Brudenell.	159
Oct. 25.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother . . . . Exorbitant fees on taking office.	161
Nov. 9.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Father . . . . Arrival in Paris; supper with Lady Pembroke.	162
Nov. 12.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Father . . . . Interview with Mr. Walpole.	164
Nov. 20.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Father . . . . King of Denmark ill of a fever.	165
Nov. 22.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Father . . . . Presented to His Majesty; grand ball.	167
Dec. 12.	Mr. Harris to his Mother . . . . The country between Paris and Bayonne.	169
1769.	PREFACE.	
Mar. 6.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Duke of Grafton's divorce; dinner at Lord Hyde's.	172
Mar. 10.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Great riots in Edinburgh.	174
Mar. 17.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Wilkes again elected for Middlesex.	175
Mar. 24.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Riotous conduct of the mob in St. James's.	176
April 21.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Election for M.C. at Bath.	179
Nov. 22.	Mr. Shebbeare to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . Dispute with the sheriffs as to executions.	180
1770.	PREFACE.	
Jan. 6.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Pastorale of 'Daphnis and Amaryllis.'	183
Jan. 13.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Speakers in the House of Lords; death of Mrs. Grenville.	185
Jan. 16.	Hon. Mr. Grenville to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . Requesting his attendance in the House.	186
Jan. 25.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Sir Fletcher Norton elected speaker.	187

1770.		PAGE
Feb. 2.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Duke of Grafton's resignation, also Lords Howe and Lisburn.	188
Feb. 6.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Alterations in the cabinet.	190
Feb. 13.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Suicide of Mr. Maddox; Mr. Robinson, M.P. for Christchurch.	192
Feb. 20.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Masquerade at Mrs. Cornelly's.	193
Feb. 23.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Great riot in Winchester; scholars and townsmen.	194
Feb. 26.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Sir Richard Phillips's petition.	195
Mar. 3.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Particulars of the masquerade at Mrs. Cornelly's.	196
Mar. 20.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Marriage and sudden death of General Armiger.	197
Mar. 29.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Marriages of Lord Carlisle and Lord Jersey.	199
April 3.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Fire at Wilton carpet manufactory.	201
May 12.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Opening of Lloyd's assembly.	202
July 5.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Winchester races; a Spanish olio.	203
Oct. 6.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Oratorio of 'Hercules;' grand ball.	204
Oct. 31.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Lady Jane Dysart and Captain Holliday.	206
Nov. 11.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Private theatricals; noble company there.	207
Dec. 14.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Six millions raised by the land tax for the fleet and army.	208
Dec. 16.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Death of Lady Harborough.	208
1771.	PREFACE.	
Jan. 12.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . His election for Christchurch.	210

1771.		PAGE
Feb. 1.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Accommodation with Spain.	211
Feb. 5.	Mrs. Harris to her Son His despatches approved of in the Lords and the Commons.	212
Feb. 12.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Dresses at the masquerade.	214
Feb. 14.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Debate on the Spanish papers; Mr. Harris, Jun., handsomely spoken of.	215
Mar. 1.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Paving the streets at Oxford opposed.	217
Mar. 5.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son Embankment of the river Thames proposed.	218
Mar. 8.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Debates in the House of Commons.	219
Mar. 19.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Debates in the House.	220
Mar. 20.	Mrs. Harris to her Son The Lord Mayor before the House; disturbances outside.	221
Mar. 29.	Mrs. Harris to her Son More rioting; the King greatly insulted.	223
April 5.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Mob on Easter Monday; Lord Mayor, &c., in the Tower.	225
April 12.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Another masquerade; Mrs. Macie and Mr. Dickenson.	225
April 19.	Mrs. Harris to her Son The masquerade at the Haymarket theatre.	227
May 10.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Duel between Lord Ligonier and Comte Alfieri.	229
May 16.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Lord Folkestone elected for Salisbury.	230
June 29.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Parson Waterman; concert at home.	232
July 20.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Lord Rockingham takes a house at Wimbledon.	233
July 27.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Extraordinary dancer at the Opera.	234
Aug. 3.	Mrs. Harris to her Son The Polygon at Southampton; Dibdin.	237

1771.		PAGE
Aug. 10.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Lord Herbert and the Opera dancer.	239
Aug. 22.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Lord Pembroke and the French ambassador at Salisbury.	240
Sept. 7.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Mr. Harris, Jun., expected home from Madrid.	241
Dec. 29.	Lord Suffolk to Mr. Harris, Jun. Summons to London.	241
1772.	PREFACE.	
Jan. 17.	Mr. Harris to his Father Appointed to the court of Berlin.	243
Jan. 30.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Letter from Voltaire; Sir Philip Butler's will.	244
Feb. 7.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Charles Fox's losing 23,000*l.* at cards.	246
Feb. 10.	Mr. Harris to his Mother Heavy snowstorm at Brussels.	248
Feb. 14.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Funeral of Princess Dowager of Wales.	250
Feb. 22.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother Arrival at Berlin; his large house there.	251
Feb. 25.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Strange entertainment at Madame Cornelly's.	252
Mar. 1.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother Audience with His Prussian Majesty.	251
Mar. 10.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother English dance music in request at Berlin.	254
April 11.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Father Account of his employment.	254
April 18.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother Large mansion and delightful garden.	255
May 1.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Lady Townshend's masquerade.	256
—	Mr. Harris, Sen., M.P., to his Son Lord North's budget.	257
June 6.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother Splendour of new palace at Sans Souci.	257
No date.	Marquis de Grimaldi to Mr. Harris, Jun.	258

		PAGE
1772.		
June 27.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Father . . . . . Mengs and the Luca Giordanos.	259
July 11.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother . . . . . Excursion to the palace of Prince Henry.	261
Sept. 1.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother . . . . . At Sans Souci; abundance of fruits.	262
Dec. 8.	Mr. Harris, Jun., to his Mother . . . . . Prince Czartoriski; the carnival.	263
1773.	PREFACE.	
Feb. 9.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Duel between Lords Townshend and Bellamont.	265
Feb. 16.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Masquerade at Almacks; highway robbery in St. James's Square.	266
Mar. 2.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Slingsby the dancing-master.	268
April 6.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Presumed marriage of Lord Townshend with Miss Montgomery.	270
June 4.	Mr. Hooper to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Enquiries into the Duke of Gloucester's marriage.	271
June 9.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland's marriages.	273
1774.	PREFACE.	
Jan. 5.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Deep snow; Ringwood Heath.	275
Jan. 9.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . The play at Winterslow, and fire afterwards.	277
Jan. 14.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Bach's concerts at Carlyle House; Mr. Harris, Sen., appointed Comptroller to the Queen.	278
Jan. 18.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . The birthday; the hairdresser's perfidy.	280
Feb. 8.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Miss Cross and her admirers.	282
Nov. 13.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Private theatricals; Lord Pembroke's letter.	283
Dec. 4.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Lord Holland's coffin; epigram from the 'Bath Journal.'	284
1775.	PREFACE.	
Feb. 3.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Description of Bach's concert-room in Hanover Square.	286

1775. PAGE

Feb. 6. Mrs. Harris to her Son 290
Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton ordered to America.

Feb. 17. Mrs. Harris to her Son 291
Great expectations of 'Braganza' at Drury Lane.

Feb. 21. Mrs. Harris to her Son 292
Operas in fashion; crowded houses; Lady Mary Forbes's assembly.

Mar. 10. Mrs. Harris to her Son 293
Handel's Oratorio at the Haymarket.

Mar. 16. Mrs. Harris to her Son 295
Duchess of Devonshire's plumes.

Mar. 21. Mrs. Harris to her Son 296
Performers at the Pantheon; voracious pig.

Mar. 24. Mrs. Harris to her Son 298
Amusements on the Thames; Ranelagh and Vauxhall.

Mar. 31. Mrs. Harris to her Son 299
Van Butchel's wife embalmed.

April 12. Dr. Jeanes to Mr. Harris, M.P. 300
Count de Guines and his secretary.

April 14. Mrs. Harris to her Son 301
Duke of Queensberry robbed at the drawing-room.

April 20. Mrs. Harris to her Son 302
Dinners to Lord North and to Dr. Johnson, &c.

May 11. Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. 303
Necker's book; Mr. Howard's visit to Paris.

June 2. Mrs. Harris to her Son 304
The brothers Perreau tried for forgery.

June 8. Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. 306
M. de Guines' cause decided in his favour.

June 13. Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. 307
Superstition of an Opera dancer.

June 25. Mrs. Harris to her Son 311
His Majesty's birthday; regatta on the Thames.

Aug. 10. Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. 313
Battle between Spaniards and Algerines.

Aug. 23. Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. 317
Marriage of the Prince of Piedmont and Madame Clotilde.

Aug. 31. Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. 321
Sardinian ambassador's supper and masquerade.

		PAGE
1775.		
Oct. 19.	Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . The Bastile; painful scenes; lettres de cachet.	325
Oct. 30.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Wesley's 'Calm Address to the Americans.'	327
Nov. 14.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . New ministers; debates on the army; arrival of General Gage.	329
Nov. 21.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Day named for trial of the Duchess of Kingston.	328
Nov. 28.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Parliamentary business; Lord North's levée.	333
Dec. 18.	Mr. Batt to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Mr. Thomas Foley and Lady Harriet Stanhope; George Selwyn's bon mot.	337
1776.		
Feb. 23.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Attack on Quebec defeated by General Carleton.	339
Mar. 1.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . The forthcoming trial of the Duchess of Kingston.	340
Mar. 15.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Ball at Lady North's; Duke of Grafton's motion.	341
Mar. 26.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Tax upon dogs thrown out; the proposer worried by the ladies.	342
April 16.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Duchess of Kingston's trial in the House of Lords.	342
May 10.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Convicts to be employed clearing the bed of the Thames.	345
June 9.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Usher of the Black Rod; the Duchess of Kingston under his charge.	346
July 6.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Salisbury races; death of Mr. George Chaffin.	347
July 28.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Salisbury assizes; case of Miss Diana Bowes.	349
Nov. 18.	Mr. Harris, M.P. to his Son . . . . . Lord North's son married to Miss Egerton.	350
Dec. 23.	Mr. Elliott to Mr. Harris . . . . . King of Prussia purposes favouring the Americans.	352
1777.		
Jan. 16.	Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . High play in Paris.	353

		PAGE
1777.		
Jan. 30.	Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Carlain the harlequin.	354
Feb. 20.	Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Duchess of Kingston's reception at Vienna.	357
Feb. 27.	Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Ostentation of a Russian lady.	360
Sept. 12.	Captain Serle to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . English troops landed in America.	363
Nov.	Mr. Elliott to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . King of Prussia's address to the merchants of Berlin.	365
Dec. 4.	Mr. Hooper to Mr. Harris . . . . . American affairs.	366
1778.		
Jan. 14.	Mr. Elliott to Mr. Harris . . . . . Death of the Elector of Bavaria.	370
Jan. 30.	Mr. Elliott to Mr. Harris . . . . . Austria gets possession of part of Bavaria.	371
Feb. 6.	Mr. Harris, M.P. to his Son . . . . . Debates in House of Commons.	371
Feb. 20.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . More debates in the House.	375
Feb. 23.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Duchess of Norfolk's ball.	377
Mar. 10.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . New taxes to meet expenses of the war.	380
April 1.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Barré's motion on the war expenses.	383
April 11.	Mr. Elliott to Mr. Harris . . . . . Military movements in Prussia.	385
April 12.	Mr. Elliott to Mr. Harris . . . . . Prussia's correspondence with France.	386
April 16.	Mr. Elliott to Mr. Harris . . . . . Connection between Prussia and Russia.	387
May 1.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . The King and Queen go to Portsmouth.	388
May 13.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Death of Lord Chatham.	390
July 4.	Mr. Elliott to Mr. Harris . . . . . Rupture between Prussia and Austria.	393

1778.		PAGE
Aug. 20.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Camp of Militia at Salisbury.	394
Nov. 17.	Mr. Elliott to Mr. Harris . . . . . French mediation between Prussia and Austria.	394
Nov. 23.	Mr. Harris to his Son . . . . . Debates on American affairs.	395
1779.		
Jan. 3.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Admiral Keppel's trial.	400
Feb. 6.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Difficulties in the House.	401
Mar. 22.	Mrs. Harris to her Son . . . . . Fox's two motions in House of Commons.	404
April 17.	Mr. Liston to Sir James Harris . . . . . Extracts from official despatches,	405
May 18.	Mr. Liston to Sir James Harris . . . . . Peace between Prussia and Austria.	407
May 21.	Lord Clarendon to Mr. Harris, Sen., M.P. . . Lord Hyde and his re-election for Christchurch.	408
May 23.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son . . . . . Duke of Rutland's illness.	409
May 24.	Mr. Hooper to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Proposed Member for Christchurch.	411
June 1.	Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Insurrection in Ireland.	412
June 10.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to Lord Clarendon . . . Member for Christchurch.	413
June 11.	Mr. Batt, Q.C., to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . Sir James Mansfield elected for Cambridge.	414
June 12.	Lord North to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . Proposing Lord Hyde for Christchurch.	415
June 15.	Mr. Liston to Sir James Harris . . . . . Affairs in Prussia.	416
June 18.	Mr. Batt to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . . The Spanish manifesto.	418
—	Lord Clarendon to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . France and Spain in alliance.	419
June 26.	Lord Clarendon to Mr. Harris, M.P. . . . Ministerial alterations.	419

1779.

PAGE

July 11. Mrs. Harris to her Son 421
Camps on Combe Down, Warley, &c.

Aug. 17. Dr. Farr to Mr. Harris, M.P. 422
French and Spanish fleet in sight off Plymouth.

Aug. 19. Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son 423
Warlike preparations in England.

Aug. 20. Dr. Farr to Mr. Harris, M.P. 425
Batteries at Plymouth.

Aug. 22. Dr. Farr to Mr. Harris, M.P. 427
Spanish admiral's civility to an English lady.

— Mrs. Harris to her Son 429
Six regiments of cavalry on Combe Down.

Aug. 25. Mr. Liston to Sir James Harris 430
Prussian politics.

Sept. 5. Mrs. Harris to her Son 433
Military and naval matters.

Sept. 16. Mrs. Harris to her Son 434
French prisoners sent to Winchester.

Sept. 24. Mr. Liston to Sir James Harris 435
Prussian negotiations with Russia.

Oct. 3. Miss Harris to Sir James Harris 436
Wreck of the Russian frigate 'Natalia.'

Nov. 19. Mr. Liston to Sir James Harris 439
King of Prussia and Bavarian succession.

Nov. 20. Mr. Hooper to Mr. Harris, M.P. 441
Riotous insolence of a Dublin mob.

Nov. 22. Mr. Batt to Mr. Harris, M.P. 442
Presumed changes in the cabinet.

Nov. 29. Dr. Jeans to Mr. Harris, M.P. 444
Duel between Mr. Fox and Mr. Adam.

1780.

Feb. 5. Mr. Liston to Sir James Harris 446
King of Prussia's fortune told.

Mar. 7. Mr. Liston to Sir James Harris 450
Political arrangements of the King of Prussia.

Mar. 10. Mrs. Harris to her Son 452
Sir George Rodney captures a rich Spanish convoy.

Mar. 23. Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son 454
Duel between Lord Shelburne and Fullerton.

1780.		PAGE
Mar. 27.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Elopement of Miss Johnstone with Mr. Anderson.	456
April 11.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son Proceedings in the House of Commons.	456
May 2.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Somerset House opened for pictures first time.	460
June 5.	Mr. Batt, Q.C., to Mr. Harris, M.P. Lord George Gordon's riots.	461
June 7.	Mr. Hooper to Mr. Harris, M.P. Newgate and other prisons burnt.	463
June 8.	Mr. Batt, Q.C., to Mr. Harris, M.P. Destructive proceedings of the mob.	464
—	Mr. Hooper to Mr. Harris, M.P. London under martial law.	466
July 6.	Mr. Elliott to Sir James Harris Russian diplomacy.	467
July 24.	Mr. Elliott to Sir James Harris King of Prussia pays court to France.	469
Oct. 11.	Mrs. Harris to her Son Lord Cornwallis's victory.	470
Nov. 5.	Mr. Harris, M.P., to his Son The chancellor and Lord Mansfield's 'couchées.'	470
1781.		
Feb. 10.	Mr. Liston to Sir James Harris Empress of Russia's letter to the King of Prussia.	474
Sept. 29.	Mr. Liston to Sir James Harris King of Prussia and the manœuvres at Potsdam.	475
1782.	PREFACE.	
April 23.	Mr. Elliott to Sir James Harris Changes in the ministry.	477
May 3.	Mr. Elliott to Sir James Harris Austria suppresses the religious houses.	478
1783.	PREFACE.	
Feb. 1.	Sir John Stepney to Sir James Harris Peace between England and France.	481
July 5.	Mr. Ewart to Sir James Harris Duel between Mr. Elliott and Mons. Knyphausen.	482
July 8.	Sir John Stepney to Sir James Harris Knyphausen's insolent letter.	483

		PAGE
1783.		
July 12.	Sir John Stepney to Sir James Harris Mr. Elliott's honourable behaviour.	485
1787.	PREFACE.	
Sept. 7.	Mr. Grenville to Sir James Harris Lord Aghrim and our military regulations.	488
Sept. 21.	Mr. Grenville to Sir James Harris Proposed modification with France.	490
Dec. 17.	Mr. Grenville to Sir James Harris Wilberforce and the slave trade.	493
1788.		
Feb. 26.	Mr. Pitt to Sir James Harris Restoration of Negapatam to Holland.	496
1794.		
Jan. 17.	Lord Grenville to Lord Malmesbury Arrangement with Prussia, Austria, and Holland.	498
Jan. 28.	Lord Grenville to Lord Malmesbury Proposed treaty with Prussia.	499
Mar. 7.	Lord Grenville to Lord Malmesbury Doubtful results of the Prussian project.	502
April 4.	Lord Grenville to Lord Malmesbury Negotiation with the States General.	503
April 14.	Lord Grenville to Lord Malmesbury Lord Malmesbury to remain with the King of Prussia.	505
June 5.	Lord Grenville to Lord Malmesbury Delay of the Prussian army.	506
June 27.	Mr. Pitt to Lord Malmesbury Subsidy remitted to Berlin.	508
Aug. 16.	Lord Grenville to Lord Malmesbury Bad faith of Prussia.	509
Oct. 24.	Lord Grenville to Lord Malmesbury Lord Malmesbury recalled from Berlin.	510

LETTERS OF THE EARL OF MALMESBURY

AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

1745.

THE FIRST of these letters treat chiefly of the rebellion of the Highlanders and their invasion under Prince Charles Stuart. They are written by strong partisans of the Hanover dynasty and Protestant succession. The Dorsetshire and Wiltshire gentry were almost all so. They had been Cavaliers against Cromwell, but abhorred James II. and the Papists. Many of them suffered in person and in purse for taking part in Monmouth's abortive rising. In my old hall at Heron Court, over the chimney-piece, there still hangs, framed and glazed, the *first* speech of William III. to his Parliament. These sentiments will explain the fear and indignation prevailing, and described by Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Harris during the phases of the rebellion of 1745.

COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY TO MR. HARRIS, M.P.[1]

March 13, 1745.

Dear Cousin Harris,—I return you many thanks for the favour of your obliging letter. I have been but

[1] The Countess of Shaftesbury, married to the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury, was daughter of the third Earl of Gainsborough; and Mr. Harris,

little abroad since I came to town, what with repeated colds and the natural propensity I have to stay at home. However, my constancy to poor Handel got the better of this and my indolence, and I went last Friday to 'Alexander's Feast;' but it was such a melancholy pleasure, as drew tears of sorrow to see the great though unhappy Handel,[1] dejected, wan, and dark, sitting by, not playing on the harpsichord, and to think how his light had been spent by *being overplied in music's cause.* I was sorry too to find the audience so insipid and tasteless (I may add unkind) not to give the poor man the comfort of applause; but affectation and conceit cannot discern or attend to merit.

I have been at none of the new plays that have been lately exhibited, but have read them all. I must own I give the preference to the 'Earl of Essex.' I think it is set off with all the embellishments of poetry which a dramatic piece will admit of, without going beyond nature; and I think some of the scenes between Essex and Rutland, and Southampton and Essex, are very tender and affecting, and an audience must be wholly divested of humanity to be spectators of them without in some measure sympathising with the distress that is represented. As for the 'Brothers,' I have not yet been able to find out the beauties of it, though I have a partiality for the author. However, I intend reading it again, when I expect to find *that* which in a cursory reading I missed.

As for the 'Gamester,'[2] as it shows the wretched

M.P. for Christchurch, was the son of Lady Elizabeth Ashley, daughter of the second Earl of Shaftesbury.

[1] Handel's intellect had been affected by his labours, and at this time he was very eccentric.

[2] Probably the play written by Shirley in 1637.

shifts to which a person addicted to that vice is reduced, and the tricks and artifices of sharpers, and above all, the shocking effects of an immoderate attachment to it, I think it deserves approbation; and I must own I am so old-fashioned as to like the purity of the diction and the modesty of the epilogue, as the ribaldry commonly met with in *them* frequently chokes up the beauty of the sentiment.

Excuse, dear cousin Harris, this hasty bad scrawl from her who is

Your most faithful and affectionate relation, and humble servant,

S. Shaftesbury.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS[1] TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, August 29, 1745.

Were it not for the attendance I am in, I should certainly come and kiss your hands, and hope to do so when at liberty, but that I doubt will not be till towards Christmas. I met Mr. Handel a few days since in the street, and stopped and put him in mind who I was, upon which I am sure it would have diverted you to have seen his antic motions. He seemed highly pleased, and was full of inquiry after you and the Councillor.[2] I told him I was very confident that you expected a visit from him this summer. He talked much of his precarious state of health, yet he looks well enough. I believe you will have him with you ere long. We

[1] Mr. William Harris was a prebendary of Sarum, and rector of Eccliffe, County of Durham, and chaplain and secretary to the Bishop, who lived in Grosvenor Square.

[2] Mr. Thomas Harris, a Master in Chancery.

are still alarmed with various reports from Scotland. One while we thought the storm was entirely blown over, and the young Pretender vanished away; but now the story goes that he is in the Highlands, and that some of his partisans have seized upon two companies of foot, lately raised there, in order to be added to Sinclair's regiment, and forced them to enter into the Pretender's service. The Duke of Argyle has ordered all his vassals, about 3,000, to be in arms and in readiness to march upon the shortest notice; but his Grace has thought proper himself to make a retreat this way, being now upon the road from Scotland, and every day expected in town.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

St. Giles's, September 14, 1745.

Dear Cousin,—I am much obliged and thankful for the pleasure of your letter, and here in return is the Bishop of Sarum's letter (of which I have taken a copy), which we all think a very proper one.

I find the affair in Scotland grows serious. Mr. Doddington tells me a report is current westward that the French fleet from Brest has sailed near our coast, northward by the Irish Channel. Things are in strange confusion amongst the mariners at the helm. It is very happy the nation in general is so well affected to the King, otherwise there would be the greatest danger.

Pray write me anything more you may hear.

I am ever with truth, dear cousin, your affectionate kinsman,

SHAFTESBURY.

THOMAS,

By DIVINE PERMISSION,
Biſhop of SALISBURY.

To the Dean and Chapter *of Our Cathedral Church of* Saliſbury,

And to all Rectors, Vicars, *and* Curates *within Our Dioceſe*,

GREETING.

IT being notoriouſly known that the eldeſt Son of the *Pretender* is now in this Kingdom, and has aſſembled a conſiderable Number of traiterous and rebellious Perſons in Arms,* to the manifeſt Hazard of our Religion and Liberties, and of that, which is the great Security of both, the Proteſtant Succeſſion eſtabliſhed in His Majeſty, and His Royal Family, it is incumbent on me to remind you, though of yourſelves not unmindful, of what you owe, under theſe Circumſtances, to your KING, your COUNTRY, your PEOPLE, and YOURSELVES.

ALL theſe Conſiderations call upon you to exert your utmoſt Endeavours to inſpire the People under your Care, with a Zeal, equal to the Occaſion, to maintain the Right of His Majeſty, and to defend their Religion and Liberties againſt *Popery* and *Slavery*, which ſtand ready to enter, as ſoon as Way is made for them

* See the KING's Proclamation of the Fifth Inſtant.

(which GOD prevent) by Force of these rebellious Arms.

INDIFFERENCE and Unconcernedness under such an Attempt upon our Constitution, would be fatal Symtoms. *Popery* and *Slavery* will never have a fairer Opportunity of returning with Power, than when the People become unaffected with the Fears and Apprehensions of them.

I DO therefore exhort and require you to make the People sensible of the real Danger that threatens them; that laying aside all Party, or private Quarrels among themselves, they may upon this important Occasion, be united, and act like ENGLISHMEN, and like PROTESTANTS.

I COMMEND You and Your People to the DIVINE PROTECTION, and am

Your affectionate Brother and Servant,

THO. *SARUM.*

SARUM, SEPT. *9th.*
1745.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO HIS BROTHER.

Grosvenor Square, September 24, 1745.

Although very much straitened in my time, I must write you a line or two by this post, to inform you that affairs go very ill in Scotland, where the rebels have attacked and defeated the King's troops under Sir John Cope. The action happened between Edinburgh and Dunbar, on Saturday morning early. What account you will have of it in the Gazette I cannot tell, but

as yet no particulars are published by authority, and indeed the whole affair was sometime kept secret by the Government, until at last some intelligence that came yesterday by private letters discovered to us the fact in general. What I have told you may, I think, be depended on. It is reported that the two regiments of dragoons Sir John Cope had with him behaved shamefully, were perfectly put into confusion upon the enemy coming up, broke their ranks, and made off as fast as they could; and by what I can learn, the rest of our army followed their example.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY[1] TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

London, October 24, 1745.

Dear Cousin,—I am unwilling any longer to defer sending you a line, though I have very little to inform you, and if I could as easily and as freely write as converse, yet it would be difficult to impart anything agreeable. Indeed, I see nothing which looks agreeable anywhere. In the midst of real dangers, divided councils, and unprovided against well-conducted attempts, it is not highly pleasing to be necessitated to bear a share in public transactions. But it is every man's duty to contribute cheerfully to the utmost of his power to the service of the community, let his endeavours be successful or not, for events are not at our disposal. Probably my cousin Thomas Harris may have acquainted you with the news of to-day and yesterday. Mr. Pitt[2] moved for an address in very respectful terms, to advise

[1] Fourth earl and son of the author of 'The Characteristics.

[2] Created Earl of Chatham in 1766.

the King to recall the troops (which, by the way, are all horse, and consequently the fittest to be employed in quelling rebellions and repelling descents) all from Flanders at this perilous conjuncture, to protect us from immediate danger. This was eluded by putting the previous question; Ayes 136, Noes 148, Majority 12. Mr. Duncombe, Mr. Hampden, Mr. Gundry, Mr. Thomas Archer, young Horace Walpole, Lord Coote, and all the Norfolk members, except old Horace Walpole, voted in the minority. The speakers for the majority (as I am told, for I did not stay long myself) were Mr. Pelham,[1] Mr. Winnington, Sir William Younge, Mr. Henry Fox, and some others.

Those on the side of the minority were Mr. William Pitt, Lord Barrington, Mr. Doddington, Mr. Littleton, Mr. Hume Campbell, Mr. George Grenville, young Horace Walpole, and Mr. Viner; not a Tory on either side speaking. I leave you to reflect on this proceeding, though I think a very little reflection will suffice. The first report we heard to-day was that the rebels were dissatisfied with their not being timely assisted, and were preparing to return to the Highlands.

But since, I hear from one who read the original letter, that Lord Marchmont has received one, which he carried to St. James's this day at two o'clock, saying, that at the instant the rebels were preparing to return, advice was brought them that 6,000 French troops were landed northward of Edinburgh, upon which intelligence they countermanded their retreat. What foundation there may be for this report, I will not take

[1] The Hon. Henry Pelham was First Lord of the Treasury.

on me to determine; but thus much I think it seems too well to coincide with the account sent to the Duke of Newcastle,[1] a few days since, of eleven small vessels and three large ships being seen off Fife, making to shore, which at first were imagined to be Admiral Byng's squadron, though on nearer inspection discovered to be an enemy. A little, nay very little, time must clear up the truth of all these rumours. One thing I can pretty safely affirm, that very small regard is to be had towards the newspapers.

Poor Handel looks something better. I hope he will entirely recover in due time, though he has been a good deal disordered in his head.

P.S. In my vast hurry I had like to have forgot what I would not willingly have omitted, and that is to tell you of the extraordinary zeal shown by old Lord Aylesbury on this occasion. He has subscribed largely in Yorkshire, where you know he has a good estate, though he lives in Wiltshire.

He is extremely active at present, telling everybody to be aware of their dangers. He says the Papists poisoned his grandfather and made a fool of his father, and that he believes all the Jacobites would turn to Popery very easily if it was to prevail.

I find (but this is private, and don't speak of it) he blames many of his North Wilts friends, and dreads their behaviour in case of bad conjunctions, and with some he has in a manner quarrelled already. His behaviour is very honest and explicit. He goes to Court almost

[1] The Duke of Newcastle was Secretary of State.

every day, to show his public attachment to the Revolution of 1688.

Should things go to extremities, he will act a noble part. I fancy you will be glad to hear this.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Saturday Evening, October 26, 1745.

Dear Cousin,—Having in my last post said something which might alarm you with relation to a landing of French troops in Scotland, I think it is but right to acquaint you that I hear no confirmation of this report. Yesterday noon the King received letters from the north, as did also the Duke of Newcastle; but the contents are not thought to be very material, nor are they made public. People are very ill-informed both as to the numbers of the rebels as well as to what they are doing. This morning the Trainbands were reviewed by His Majesty. By what I saw of them myself, I can venture to affirm that, notwithstanding their deficiency in smartness from want of an uniform, which may possibly expose them to the ridicule of some of our very fine gentlemen, they would make an honorable and an effectual stand, if needful, for their religion and liberties. They are really, upon the whole, good troops. A motion was made yesterday in the House of Commons concerning the national Militia, on which two Bills were ordered to be brought in. God send success to this undertaking, for I look on a well-established Militia to be absolutely requisite for the preservation of our dignity, nay of our very being and constitution.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO HIS BROTHER.

Grosvenor Square, October 26, 1745.

I was to-day accidentally in St. James' Park, when the City Militia were reviewed by the King, who stood on the terrace in his own garden attended by the Duke, Lord Stair, Dukes of Dorset, Newcastle, Bolton, and several others of the nobility. It was a most tedious affair, I make no doubt, to His Majesty, for the London men made but a shabby appearance, and there could be no great entertainment in seeing them.

Their officers were well enough, and to these, as they made their salute passing by under the terrace, His Majesty returned every one the compliment by pulling off his hat. There were no less than six regiments, and I suppose it might be near two hours before they all had gone in review before His Majesty. There is a report about town that the young Pretender has made off, and in a small vessel is getting over to France. I will not affirm the truth of it, but it is certain he not long ago publicly expressed great uneasiness at the French not sending him supplies, agreeably to the engagements they were under to him, and said that he would go himself and solicit the French Court, and bring back with him the supplies he wanted of men, arms, and ammunition; but the Highlanders were not at all pleased with this proposal, doubting whether he would ever return to them again, and so they should be left in the lurch; upon which he seemingly laid aside all thoughts of going to France.

Thus far I believe is true, since which the report

before mentioned has been current and is much talked of. Marshal Wade with his army is advancing towards the rebels. Next Tuesday he is expected at Newcastle. I saw my Lord Wyndham yesterday; he is extremely weak and much fallen away in his face, so that you would hardly know him again. Yet he happened to be in pretty good spirits, and chatted with me about the news that is stirring very readily, and in appearance with some degree of satisfaction.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.[1]

Grosvenor Square, October 31, 1745.

Dear Madam,—Give me leave to tell you that yesterday morning, a good many favourable circumstances concurring, I was so fortunate as to get out time enough to go to the Drawing-room at St. James's, which I assure you gave me the greater pleasure as I knew I should by this means have it in my power to send you some little account of the birthday finery. I endeavoured the best I could to bring off some idea of what I saw of it, but in attempting to describe it to you, I must rely very much on your indulgence to me to pardon the inaccuracies I must of necessity be guilty of. The Princess Amelia had on a white silk, flowered with all sorts of colours, very gay, but not fine nor elegant. Princess Caroline's was a pink, with flowers of green, yellow and silver, which looked extremely beautiful, and was, in my poor judgment, by far the handsomest suit of any I saw.

[1] Mrs. Harris was daughter and heiress of John Clarke, Esq., of Sandford, near Bridgewater, and mother of the first Earl of Malmesbury.

Lady Gower[1] was the richest in her dress: white, with a vast deal of gold and silver brocade upon it. Lady Cardigan had white and scarlet striped damask, not very admirable; but she excelled as to jewels, having on a magnificent solitaire, and her stomacher all over diamonds.

The Venetian ambassadress drew most people's attention by somewhat of singularity both in her air and dress, which was pink, all flounced from top to bottom, with fringe of silver interspersed. She looks extremely young, has the French sort of behaviour, and was much taken notice of and spoke to by all the Royal Family in the circle. I protest to you I can go no further as to ladies. The Prince of Wales had on a light blue velvet coat, laced with silver, and the sleeves of it brocade, as was also his waistcoat. The Duke was in scarlet and gold, and it seemed to be pretty much the same as his ordinary regimentals, only with rather more gold. Lord Kildare was unexceptionably the finest of any gentleman there: his coat was a light blue silk, embroidered all over with gold and silver, in a very curious manner, turned up with white satin, embroidered as the other; the waistcoat the same as his sleeves. I should have mentioned the King[2] first, but that you know on this day he dresses in his usual way, without aiming at finery of any sort; and so he was now, having on a deep blue cloth coat, trimmed with silver lace, and waistcoat the same. He seemed in very good humour, and behaved very graciously to all about him.

[1] Lord Gower was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[2] George II.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

London, November 7, 1745.

Dear Cousin,—As you seemed to desire I would inform you of anything I might happen to hear, though it is late in the evening, and that I have nothing very entertaining or remarkable to communicate, yet I will scrawl over the rumours of the day.

In all probability you will from the prints, if not from other hands, be acquainted with the contents of an express which was brought to the Duke of Newcastle yesterday morning from Marshal Wade,[1] telling him the rebels were marched southward sixteen miles to a place called Peebles. To-day I hear this intelligence confirmed, with the following particulars, viz. that 1,800 of them advanced the first day, and that afterwards the rest proceeded in the same road, divided in three columns, and that when the first column arrived at Peebles, the (1,800) men marched forward. To me there appears no doubt of their having an intention to march into England. Lord Stair and most other people are positive in the opinion I entertain, but there are a great many persons in employments, as well as others, who ridicule this opinion as wild and absurd. The rebels may pass through the north of Cumberland, near Carlisle, into England, and find scarce any interruption from our forces; for the cross-roads are almost impassable, and besides such

[1] Marshal Wade became more famous for the excellent roads he made throughout the Highlands, after the rebellion, than for his efficiency in suppressing it.

light-moving men as they are can easily outmarch a regular army. If they come through Cumberland and Westmoreland into Lancashire (where many thousands of Papists are very likely to join them), it must be five weeks yet before Marshal Wade can overtake them. However, I have it from the most authentic authority that Sir John Ligonier is going from hence with a large command (I am told near 10,000 men) towards the north-west, to wait the consequences of all these motions. There are at present (as Lord Stair[1] tells me) more troops in England than ever were at any one time. The last embarkation brought us 6,000 from Flanders, so we have 17,000 men in and near London. The only thing to be apprehended is an attack from abroad by way of a descent, and this (though from the rebels' behaviour highly probable) is extremely hazardous for our enemies to undertake at such a season of the year. For my own part, I still dread the Papists, who are so immensely numerous. Some messengers are sent to take a gentleman in Hampshire. I don't know for what particular reason, but he is not a person of great distinction, as has been to-day reported. The Pretender's declarations, &c., were all read yesterday at the House of Lords.

The Duke of Newcastle told us the news received that morning made it necessary to proceed with vigour, and therefore moved these treasonable performances might be burnt next Tuesday at the Royal Exchange. This is ordered, and the resolution com-

[1] Lord Stair was a distinguished soldier and diplomatist. In 1715 he was sent as ambassador to the Court of the Regent Orleans, and in 1743 won the victory of Dettingen, over Marshal de Noailles.

municated to the House of Commons for their concurrence. The Duke of Newcastle spoke very strongly upon the danger of the increase of Popery, and called on the Bishops to prepare a law for preventing its growth, assuring them that the whole powers of the Government should be given them to promote the design. Some letters from Scotland, and in particular one which Sir John Gordon read (and which I saw at the same time with the Duke of Argyle) says, the clan of Fraser have joined the rebels, and it is suspected Lord Lovat has headed them. Others say they are the thousand men mentioned to have gone to them in the last Gazette. But I believe, and am afraid it is true, that this affair can't go off without much bloodshed.

What I now scribble is (I am certain) the best intelligence which can be sent, considering how uncertain our accounts are.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, November 12, 1745.

Your kind acceptance of what little news I can send you encourages me to repeat the trouble I have already given you, of a few lines to inform you of how affairs go on in the north, or I should rather say, what are the prevailing reports concerning them; for we are under greater uncertainty than ever as to the route the rebels intend to take.

At Court I know it is said that they will soon retire northward, and occupy again their former camp at Dalkeith. But the letters I received yesterday myself,

and other private ones I saw, from Durham and those parts, all agree in their account of the rebels entering England by what is there called the western road, that is, the road that leads to Carlisle, with the design, it is supposed, to penetrate into Lancashire, where upon their arrival, no doubt there will be an insurrection in their favour, or something of the kind attempted.

It is certain that the Government very much mistrust the affections of the people towards them in that and one or two of the adjoining counties, and therefore, to keep all quiet there, Sir John Ligonier is to march thither immediately with 8,000 foot and 2,000 horse, consisting chiefly of the newly-raised forces. The Duke of Kingston, Lords Gower, Granby, Halifax, and other lords, will on this occasion march at the head of their respective regiments, and though you cannot imagine that any of these lords are much skilled in military matters, and consequently no great feats can be expected from them in that way, yet their personally appearing shows a true attachment to the cause they are engaged in, and will certainly animate the soldiers they command, and may in that event be attended with very good effects. The Duke of Cumberland is very desirous of accompanying Ligonier in this expedition into Lancashire, and has ordered all his equipage to be got in readiness; but has not yet got the King's leave, and it is doubted whether His Majesty will think it proper for him to go.

It may be some satisfaction to you, if I tell you that after Ligonier is set out, there will still be left here, in

and about the capital, a sufficient body of troops to guard against all emergencies.

I should have told you before, that the Duke of Bedford, at the head of his regiment, goes along with Ligonier.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, November 30, 1745.

We are here in some concern about the aspect of affairs in Lancashire. The rebels do not seem much inclined to give battle to the King's forces, which are so greatly superior to them. I had by yesterday's post a letter from Durham, in which I have the following account:—'As to the rebels, their numbers have of late decreased, and many have deserted in small parties; the rest by promises, by threats, and by delusions have been prevailed on to advance, though with a very slender prospect of success. Our army has been returned some days from Hexham, after a most terrible march, attended with the severest circumstances of weather and roads. The horse halted here two days, and yesterday advanced southward by way of Darlington and Northallerton. This evening Marshal Wade arrived here from Newcastle, and the foot are all in motion; so it is supposed they will march to-morrow, taking the same route that the horse have taken.'

I should have observed to you that this letter is dated the 26th instant. As to Ligonier's army, on which I build chiefly all my expectations of success, it was said this morning an express arrived with the news of the vanguard of it being got within thirty miles of the

rebels. I believe this is very true, and yet am of opinion the rebels will find means to retire, if they possibly can. Our spirits here are not a little kept up with the good news of the Sheerness man-of-war taking a French ship, called Le Soleil, off Yarmouth bound for Montrose.

She drove down first upon the man-of-war, which had lain-to for her; but the night parted them, and next day she had got ten miles ahead, but was come up with before night. The captain of the French ship would have fought, but two gentlemen on board came up to him with pistols and threatened to shoot him if he did not strike.

Many officers of distinction were on board of her, among which there is the greatest reason to suppose one is the Pretender's second son. He must soon be known if he really is taken.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, December 5, 1745.

Very anxious were the whole Court and town yesterday what news we should receive from the Duke of Cumberland. The express that arrived here last Monday evening brought word he had got within five miles of the rebels, so that an engagement was hourly expected.

But, after all, it seems they have given the King's army the slip, declined fighting, and are gone towards Derby. This account came last night. What course the rebels intend to take is uncertain. Most probably they will play Marshal Wade the same trick they have done

the Duke, and so escaping from both the King's armies, make the best of their way back into their own country. However, as they do not appear to proceed on any settled plan, and are a parcel of mere desperadoes, one does not know but that, if opportunity offers, they may not boldly push on this way to try their fortune near the capital; though such a rash venture must, I should think, prove inevitable ruin to them. Lest something of this kind should happen, and to guard against all events, a third army is to be formed, and to assemble either at St. Albans or somewhere not far from hence, under Lord Stair's command, who is getting his equipage ready for it.

As to the number of the rebels, it is variously told. Lord Derby was on Monday last at the King's levée. He is just come up out of Lancashire, and the King talking with him on this point, he said, 'Sir, whoever tells you the rebels are fewer than 10,000 deceives you.' This was thought to be a pretty strong expression for his Lordship to use to the King. But Sir Harry Liddel (likewise lately arrived in town, and on the road not far from the rebels), being at Court yesterday, and asked by the King what he took to be their number, said about 7,000, to which the King assented; so that I believe you may look on Sir Harry's account to be more correct than Lord Derby's.

Since I wrote thus far I hear that the rebels are directing their march towards Nottingham, which still leaves it uncertain what their intention is.

It is said the young Chevalier is much broke in his health, for though he has a strong constitution, he has gone through greater fatigues than it could well bear;

and now I hear he is taken ill of an ague and fever, which, if true, must a little distress him.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, December 10, 1745.

At the very time I received the favour of your letter yesterday, I was thinking to have enquired of you what particulars you knew of Lord Wyndham's disposition of his affairs; but now you have made that unnecessary, by being so obliging as of your own accord to inform me in this respect, for which I return you my very sincere thanks. Indeed, I had a good deal of curiosity to hear how he had distributed his wealth. Not long ago I was told he should say he declined making purchases in land, that by leaving what he had in money, the scramble might be made the easier among those that came after him.

But this scramble is not so perfectly equal as from his own words might have been expected. The Baronet carries off a larger share, I believe, than all the rest put together.

The imaginary approach of the rebels last Friday evening caused a general consternation among us, and it is beyond the power of words to describe to you the hurry both Court and city were in.

The King declared he would put himself at the head of those troops that are assembling on the northern road, and all the chief of the nobility would have gone with him as volunteers. Now that there is better news come, and that the rebels, finding their measures broken with regard to London by the Duke's extraordinary

vigilance, seem to be going back again by the same route they had before taken, no more is said of His Majesty taking the field in person, and all things are pretty quiet, and people's fears somewhat allayed. The rebels were in a miserable condition when they entered Derby, quite spent with the fatigue of their long forced marches. The Duke of Devonshire offered the inhabitants of the town of Derby that, if they would exert themselves and take arms, and join him and his regiment, then he would make a stand against the rebels and keep them out of the town; but, alas! not a single man in the town would stir in its defence, so greatly were they intimidated with what they had heard of the enemy.

So the Duke left them to take their fate, and it seems they have met with worse treatment than any place the rebels have yet been in; their plate and furniture has most of it been seized and carried off. It is supposed the rebels are meditating a retreat into their native country, where I am afraid a reinforcement is ready to join them from the Highlands, which may prolong the calamities the nation at present suffers from them.

It is still a matter of some doubt whether one of the Pretender's sons be not in the Tower among the prisoners brought up from Deal. When they came through Rochester and the other towns on the road hither, they were terribly insulted by the mob, and even in danger of their lives, had not the guard that attended them interposed for their preservation.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, December 14, 1745.

I do not at all wonder you should be under some concern as to the news you expected to hear from hence these last two or three posts. I assure you nobody can be more subject to panics than the whole city and Court seem to be at present. Very late on Tuesday night last, long after my doors were locked up, an express arrived at the Duke of Newcastle's, with an account that the French were actually landed at Pevensey Bay, in Sussex. The Duke went with the story to Court immediately, and by the morning the alarm became universal; but before any steps could be taken in consequence of this news, a second express brought the Duke word it was nothing more than a gang of smugglers that landed in the Bay and gave out the French were coming, on which the Custom House officers and many others fled off and left the smugglers literally a clear coast to bring all their run goods on shore, and to dispose of them in such manner as should be best for their security.

Yesterday another idle rumour spread itself everywhere, that the Duke of Cumberland had left off pursuing the rebels, and was on his return hither; but to-day I have from good authority that a contrary account came to the King from him this morning: that he was got to Wigan, twelve miles this side Preston, where the rebels are supposed to be; that the rebels were many of them so exceedingly fatigued that they dropped their muskets and other arms on the road; that

he hoped to be upon them very soon, and had great reason to believe that between Preston and Lancaster the people of the country would rise and fall upon the rebels, they having intimated some design of the sort, in which, no doubt, the Duke will give them all possible encouragement. General Oglethorpe,[1] at the head of 500 horse, has been detached from Wade's army, and has actually joined the Duke, and it is thought all Wade's horse will instantly take the same route as those under Oglethorpe. I think I have likewise pretty good authority to tell you that 3,000 Hessians are by this time embarking in Holland, and are ordered to land in the north, probably in Newcastle, in order to make head against the rebels that are now joined with a few French there, and disperse them before they grow too formidable. Since I wrote the above I hear an express arrived this afternoon with certain account that His Royal Highness had overtaken, attacked, and entirely defeated the rear of the rebel army; also that letters are come that three more French ships bound for Scotland have been taken, and brought into one of our seaport towns.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, December 19, 1745.

As to the good news I wrote you word of in my last, it mortifies me a little that I can confirm it only in part, and not so fully as I could wish. The Duke, indeed, is still pursuing the rebels, and some of them

[1] Remarkable for having lived to the age of ninety-nine. He had served under Prince Eugène.

have fallen into his hands; but I do not find he is so very near coming up with them, or that so many of them are killed and taken prisoners, as it was at first reported.

One would really think that these Highlanders had wings to their feet, like so many Mercurys, that they can thus fly from the King's Light Horse and escape the Duke, with all his activity and diligence.

However, I don't yet despair of hearing of their being caught at last, and punished as they deserve for their treason and other crimes. We are not yet free from alarms of the French invading us. A few days since, Vernon sent word to the Admiralty that the enemy's embarkation at Dunkirk was entirely completed, and that the wind had for some time past favoured them, had they had resolution to have sailed out. But it should seem, while he is ready to attack them almost at the mouth of their harbour, they don't care to stir from thence. If they venture out under cover of night or a thick fog arising, they will be in extreme hazard of having their transports separated, and by that means their whole design at once ruined; so that I would not have you entertain any fears on this account, especially as one may reasonably presume to hope that that good Providence which has hitherto been our protector in times of danger will still continue to be so.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

December 21, 1745.

In great haste I sit down to write you word that an express came in this morning from the Duke with an

account that on Wednesday, towards the dusk of the evening, he came up with and attacked the rear of the rebels; the action continued till after it was dark—it was not a general one. The Duke ordered Cobham's and Mark Ker's dragoons to dismount and drive the enemy from behind the hedges, which they had lined with some of their best men, in order to prevent the Duke's advancing towards them. Forty of our men were killed, and four officers wounded, of which Colonel Honeywood was one; the loss of the rebels is not known. The rebels quitted their post, which was a village called Shafton, a few miles this side Penrith.

The Duke was resolved to bring on a general engagement the next morning. I saw a private letter which came yesterday from an officer of distinction at Stirling, which says that the Castle there is in a good state of defence, that 600 men from Glasgow had just then joined them, and that when the Campbells from Argyllshire were come up to them (and they were every day expected), they should then be superior to the enemy. He says the rebels with the French are now entrenching themselves at Perth.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, December 26, 1745.

I perfectly agree with you that in these critical times, when one has too much reason to apprehend that every express that arrives will bring news of the utmost consequence to the public, that any delay of intelligence is extremely irksome, and gives a good deal of room to entertain uneasy thoughts. I assure you I very often

reckon with myself how long an express will be coming hither from the Duke, and if I do not hear of it by the time I have calculated for it, I am very apt to suspect that all is not well with him. This I mention to you that you may see that we have here what pretty nigh answers to your interval between post days.[1] I put great confidence in those foreign troops in our pay that are to land in Scotland, where I hope their arrival (which I expect every day to hear of) will turn the scale in our favour, and bring that kingdom again into its proper order and regimen. I know not what you will have to-night in the 'Gazette,' but was just now informed that the Duke had sent word to the King that he was before Carlisle, and should in a few hours be master of it, the rebels having left a very few only to garrison it; and, indeed, I am astonished how any of them could be prevailed on to stay there, since they could not but foresee that by-and-bye they must necessarily fall a sacrifice, and be forced to yield themselves up to the King's army. It is said that General Hawley has taken several waggons from the rebels, a little beyond Carlisle, loaded with the plunder they had gathered in the several counties they passed through. It is also said that pretty near the place where this capture was made, the rebels were towards the dusk of the evening to cross a river, and, in the dark and the hurry they were in, mistook a deep place for that where they were to have forded over, and thus many were drowned in their passage.

All circumstances put together, you may be assured that by this time the rebels are driven out of England;

[1] These letters were all addressed to Salisbury.

and I trust that such precautions will be taken for the future as will effectually prevent their making us a second visit.

P.S.—I have it from authority that I think may be depended on, that there has been a great desertion among the French forces in Scotland under Lord John Drummond.

Five or six hundred of them have at different times got into Stirling, and voluntarily surrendered themselves prisoners to General Blakeney; and Lord John is said to be in great fear of losing still more of his men, as they all express a bitter dislike to the expedition they are engaged in. Some of the principal officers that the Pretender's son has with him have, by his order, been put under arrest upon suspicion of their carrying on a secret correspondence with our Government. Lord George Murray is said to be one of them that are thus arrested. I am told that old Gordon of Glenlucket commands the rebels that are left in Carlisle. Lord Elcho was taken prisoner, either at or soon after the action at Clifton; he is dangerously wounded.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Lincoln's Inn, December 28, 1745.

I wish, indeed, that the Duke could have come up with the rebels to have had a fair combat with them. It is really a shame upon our whole nation that such a vile crew of unheard-of wretches should of a sudden enter the kingdom and penetrate into the very heart of it, and then retire back to their mountains again, and there

bid us defiance. I doubt there has been some mismanagement on our side.

I believe I told you that the Duke, when he was in pursuit of them, and got about as far as Preston, received orders from here to halt, and he did so, and lost about ten hours' march by it. These orders were afterwards indeed countermanded, and he went on; but it seems could never gain ground upon the rebels after that, and thus they have escaped.

The apprehension of the French landing in Sussex occasioned the sending those orders to the Duke. It is supposed the Duke has got possession of Carlisle by this time, and is on his return home. The King has, I am told, enjoined him on no account to go beyond the Borders. Whether such an injunction be proper or not, I won't presume to determine; yet, if he had any prospect of distressing the enemy by following them into their own country, it is a pity he should be restrained. Besides, had he gone on to Edinburgh, who knows but he might have reconquered the ladies there, who, it was said, were almost all of them captivated with the young Chevalier, and this would have made his victory complete.

At present, our fears of a French invasion seem pretty well gone off, and it is not now so much talked of as it has been. I am sorry to tell you there is a great misunderstanding between Admiral Vernon and the Board of Admiralty[1]—he is for ever making complaints of one kind or another, and in a style as rough as the element where he commands; and they return

[1] This ended in Admiral Vernon being struck off the list for making public some official letters.

him sometimes very short answers—often none at all. I need not put you in mind how much the public service has suffered by our admirals being out of humour; if nothing else, past experience should make us wise, and convince us that a discontented commander is not to be depended on. It is said that Vernon will be recalled, and if he cannot be brought into proper temper, I should not be sorry to have the report confirmed.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

London, January 25, 1746.

Dear Cousin,—I was once sitting to scrawl over a line last post, but was prevented by some business breaking in upon me. I am glad, however, that I did not, for I find it is the fashion to be extremely cautious in what one reports.

You have, no doubt, read the Gazette of Thursday attentively. I need not make any comment on it, but as you have been used to peruse commentators, perhaps you may discover the meaning of it. To me much explanation seems wanting. The affair turns out another Preston Pans *almost*, but don't quote me for your author. The Flanders regiments behaved poorly.

I should not be surprised to hear the rebels have attempted to attack Edinburgh. This morning I had some discourse with an old officer, which brought to my mind what I remember you formerly observed to me about our modern way of making war, viz. that *eminus* we exceeded the ancients, but *cominus* we fell below them. The cause of our attaching ourselves so entirely to the

show-moving, or rather still *eminus*, manner of fighting, I find to be chiefly owing to our learning the art of war from the Spaniards, who were (as now) always a solemn, slow people. For the Spanish infantry were, soon after the invention of gunpowder, and also for a long time after, the terror of Europe.

We never used bayonets in our service till after the battle of Steinkirk, in King William's time. Now the Highlanders, by their way of attacking (new to our troops), make a quick impression and throw our men into confusion. This I imagine to be the principal reason of the Highlanders gaining such repeated advantages.

There is a rumour flying to-day at Lloyd's coffee-house that our Jamaica fleet and that of the French had fallen in together, and were left by the vessel which brought this intelligence engaging each other. As the French were superior to our fleet in the bigness of their ships, I hope this is only a story raised by the interests to raise their premium.

My wife proposed to have written to you herself, but has been prevented. She joins with my mother and self in compliments to yourself and Mrs. Harris.

P.S.—The Duke of Northumberland set out for Scotland last night at twelve o'clock. Lord Mark Ker goes next Monday.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Lincoln's Inn, February 8, 1746.

I perfectly agree with you, Madam, that there are many circumstances at present extremely dissuasive with regard to my journey into the north, and yet now that the Duke's arrival there has given a most happy turn to our affairs, and we have pretty good reason to think ourselves nearly secure as to our Scotch neighbours, I believe I shall at last struggle through the hardships of bad roads and bad weather, in order to make my little flock a visit, this being the only opportunity I can expect this great while for the purpose. You see by the last Gazettes what mighty matters the Duke's presence has done in Scotland, without striking a single blow driving the rebels before him; but this is not all that his presence has done in Scotland, for I hear that the principal ladies of that country, whose hearts the young Chevalier had made an absolute conquest of, he has found means to win back again and recover them to their former loyalty—a victory which, though some dull politicians may pass over as of no great consequence, does, however, not a little redound to the Duke's honour in the eyes of the more polite part of the world. His stay at Edinburgh was, you know, very short—barely time enough, one would think, to rest himself after the fatigues of his journey, and yet during that time he had a Drawing-room there for the ladies. Lady Somerville had the conducting of it, and introduced a vast number to him, three parts of whom had not long before been to wait on the young Chevalier

in the very same place. This the Duke was well apprised of, and only smiled at among his friends, putting on the most gracious air he could in the Drawing-room, which has been attended with such success, that they say the poor Italian is no more thought of. It is now the current opinion all over town that the rebellion is quite at an end, and that the young Chevalier will cross the seas by the first opportunity he can get. Upon a presumption of this kind it is, that the Duke has sent Admiral Byng orders to intercept him if possible, and at the same time intimated in what station there is the best chance of catching him. It is some alloy to the joy the ministry feel, from the good news they have had from Scotland, that here at home their measures are a good deal broken into. The supplies go on heavily, and their scheme for raising them is in general disapproved of. The taking Pitt into their party gives vast offence to some of their best friends, and probably may occasion a great desertion. He is not, as I can find, actually made Secretary-at-War, but the King's consent has been asked for it; and with, as some say, the utmost difficulty obtained, though others seem positive that the King can never be reconciled to him.

Yesterday morning I was at Handel's house to hear the rehearsal of his new occasional Oratorio. It is extremely worthy of him, which you will allow to be saying all one can in praise of it. He has but three voices for his songs—Francepina, Reinholt, and Beard; his band of music is not very extraordinary—Du Feche is his first fiddle, and for the rest I really could not find out who they were, and I doubt his failure will be in this article. The words of his Oratorio are scriptural,

but taken from various parts, and are expressive of the rebels' flight and our pursuit of them. Had not the Duke carried his point triumphantly, this Oratorio could not have been brought on. It is to be performed in public next Friday.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

April 28, 1746.

Madam,—I very sincerely congratulate you on the late joyful event that has happened [1] to yourself, and hope that you find your strength every day recovering, and that the little gentleman continues perfectly well.

But I have now another occasion for wishing you joy —that is, of the Duke having attacked and defeated the rebels near Inverness.[2] The news came yesterday from my Lord Justice Clark, from Edinburgh, and was confirmed this morning by the arrival of Lord Bury, one of the Duke's aides-de-camp, who brought His Majesty a letter from the Duke giving a short account of the engagement.

I need not repeat to you what is in the two Gazettes published on this occasion, because I take it for granted you will see them.

It is said the Pretender's son fled immediately after the defeat of his army, escorted by only a few light horse. Where he is gone to is not known. The Duke did great execution with his cannon. The troops the Pretender had that belong to the French king laid down their arms very contentedly, and I am told they

[1] The birth of a son, the first Lord Malmesbury, on April 21.
[2] At Culloden; fought April 21.

made no sort of haste to quit the field of battle, choosing rather to be made prisoners of war by the Duke than flee into the more northern parts of Scotland, where they would be almost sure of being starved. The day before the battle was fought, about the close of the evening, 3,000 of the rebels came towards the Duke's army to reconnoitre; upon which the Duke, imagining their design was to stand an engagement, gave immediate orders for his artillery to be brought up, and this took up some time. After he had made a proper disposition of it, he began the attack.

I think the Gazette mentions the Marquis of Lothian's youngest son being killed. He is the only person of distinction of the King's forces that fell in this action, that I can hear of. You cannot imagine the prodigious rejoicings that have been made this evening in every part of the town; and, indeed, it is a proper time for people to express their joy when the enemies of their country are thus cut off.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

London, April 29, 1746.

Dear Cousin,—It was a real pleasure to hear, by yours received last night, that Mrs. Harris and the young gentleman continue so well in health. As I have an hereditary affection for him, I shall gladly embrace the first opportunity of showing him any regard, by accepting the office you assign me with all imaginable satisfaction.

I also cheerfully lay hold of every occasion of expressing with what sincerity and esteem,

 I am, &c.,

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Lincoln's Inn, May 3, 1746.

I believe the rejoicings for the Duke's victory were so general, that even small market-towns were illuminated, and did everything they could to show their loyalty on this occasion.

What you mention of your neighbouring city, as well as your close, looks as if they were somewhat backward; and, indeed, the affair of illuminations is very troublesome to private families, and which one always chooses to let alone, if possible. But as to the ringing the bells, I am surprised that any of the chapter of Sarum should hesitate about giving leave for it, as this proceeding could but incense the populace very much. Yesterday came on the long-expected debate in the House of Lords. I fancy you will not a little wonder how a debate could well be carried on, since it is pretty certain all the considerable speakers on the side of the Opposition have of late gone in with the Court. However, the Opposition mustered up all their forces on the occasion, and made a better figure than could have been expected. The motion was made by Lord Oxford to address His Majesty to discontinue the war upon the continent, inasmuch as the States-General had plainly showed, by their conduct for some years past, their aversion to entering heartily into it, and it was impossible we should make anything of it, unless they did heartily enter into it;—to apply ourselves to the strengthening our marine, and to distress the enemy by taking advantage of the superiority we had over them in our naval

force. The Duke of Beaufort seconded the motion. The Hanover troops, I should have said, were mentioned on this occasion; for if the war on the continent was discontinued, they would not be wanted. Lord Talbot spoke in his usual way, saying many bitter things against the Ministry, and frequently calling them ignorant, unskilful, &c. He afterwards fell on the States-General; but as he was abusing them, with more zeal than discretion, the Lord Chancellor interrupted him by calling to order, and said that, however the States-General may have erred in their conduct, yet, as they were our ancient allies, they ought to be treated with decency, especially in an assembly as theirs, where the strictest regard to order and decency was constantly required, &c. Lord Talbot was not much baulked with this rebuke, but went on again, with great warmth. Lord Westmoreland spoke on the same side, as did too Lord Lonsdale; and though Lord Lonsdale was more moderate in his expressions than Lord Talbot, he was not less severe upon the Dutch, insinuating it would be better to have the Seven United Provinces in the hands of France than be thus deceived with the notion of having in them faithful friends and allies, when they meant only our ruin and destruction.

The Lord Chancellor answered him, and although he made great concessions as to the wrong policy of the States-General in not having acted more vigorously, yet still he vindicated them as to some particular facts they were charged with, viz. their negotiating a separate peace or neutrality with France, which was what the Lords on the other side had intimated. The Duke of Newcastle was very copious on this point. Lord

Harrington spoke to it, but very short. Lord Halifax made a very elegant speech, and justified himself very handsomely for voting now in favour of the Hanover troops, which formerly he had been so vehement against. Lord Sandwich spoke to the same purpose, being in pretty much the same circumstance with Lord Halifax. Upon a division: for the motion, 26; against it 81. I wish I could give you a more perfect account of this great debate, but though I was present, the crowd was so prodigious, that it was with difficulty I picked up what little I have now troubled you with.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, May 29, 1746.

The talk of a peace is now more than ever, yet are there so many and so great difficulties in the way, I don't see how it is possible for our Ministry to surmount them. I am told a Bill is now preparing, and will soon be brought into the House of Lords, for putting the Highlands of Scotland under quite a new regulation; and you may be assured, until some Bill is passed effectually to subdue that herd of savages, we shall never be free from alarms of invasion in the north of England.

The news we have from Scotland is very little to be depended upon—even what you have in the Gazette is often notoriously false. Most of the private letters from thence affirm that the Pretender's son never went aboard of the French ship, as was reported, but that he was still lurking about in the Highlands.

Last Saturday a small casket was brought up from

Scotland from the Duke, which was taken just after the battle of Culloden among the Pretender's son's baggage, and is supposed to contain some letters of importance that he had received since his arrival here. The King thought them worth his looking into himself, and was employed all Sunday morning (except the time he was at chapel) in turning them over, and seemed very intent upon them. This is certainly fact, but what he found among them I cannot as yet learn.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, June 24, 1746.

I am very glad to hear that you got so well through the race week, which I know always used to be a time of bustle and confusion, and must have been more particularly so at this time, when there happened to be such a set of bacchanalians to riot about Salisbury. The noble Duke that made one of our party I have since seen in this part of the world, and I find his Grace shows as much gallantry as ever to a certain maid of honour you have often observed him with, and whom he still pursues. What will be the event of this affair is to me very dubious.

It is at last agreed that Lord Petersham and Lady Caroline Fitzroy are to be married, though neither he nor his father, Lord Harrington, have a single foot of land to make any settlement with. Lord Harrington's elder brother, Mr. Charles Stanhope, who is unmarried, has a good estate, but will not do anything upon this occasion to oblige his nephew, whose sole subsistence is his commission in the army; and yet he and Lady Caro-

line are looking out for a house in this square, where there is scarce any to be let, and if any, at a prodigious rent; but perhaps you may have heard. I am sure I see it the practice here, that lands, tenements, &c., are considered as very troublesome things, and fine gentlemen spend on as freely without them as if they had them in the greatest plenty. I suppose you know there has been for some time a contest at Court who should succeed Sir John Hynde Cotton as Treasurer of the Chamber. Pelham has at last carried his point in favour of his brother-in-law, Mr. Arundel, who has got it. Lord Halifax, the other competitor for it, is preferred to a much better place, viz. Cofferer of the Household, in the room of Waller; and Mr. Jeninson is to be restored to his old post of Master of the Buckhounds.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, July 8, 1746.

I suppose you may have heard that the Duchess of Manchester has been long talked of for an Irish gentleman, one Mr. Hussey, who has about 1500*l.* per annum at present, and will have a great deal more on the decease of his father in Ireland.

They declared their marriage last week, but it seems have been married a twelvemonth or upwards. He is about seventeen or eighteen years younger than the Duchess, and his father did not much approve of the affair, fearing there would be no children; but it is said the Duchess is now with child, and intends going over to Ireland to lay in, and make the old gentleman there happy in seeing a grandchild. The rebel lords in the Tower

have petitioned to have solicitors and counsel appointed them, and this, I believe, is granted. Lord Cromartie has likewise earnestly begged of the King that his two friends, Lord Elibank and Sir John Gordon, might be allowed free access to him in his confinement; but I am told this is not much relished at Court. Elibank was formerly in the army, and upon some pet gave up his commission, and has been ever since, as you may suppose, of the number of the discontented.

They say that not long ago, at a coffee-house, before much company, he was bragging of the valour of the Scotch, and that he was sure one of them could at any time at a boxing-match fairly beat the greatest hero this nation could produce. Lord Windsor happened to be by, took fire, and immediately cried out, '*My Lord, let you and I this instant go into the court belonging to the house, and make experiment of the truth of what you assert.*' He insisted so much upon it, that while some of the company held him in, Lord Elibank, who has more spirit than strength of body, was glad to get off as fast as he could, and has never appeared at that coffee-house since.

The Duke is expected in town very soon, and it is thought, to avoid noise and disturbance, will endeavour all he can to arrive here *incog.*; at least, this is the notion they have about the Court, and it is not at all improbable.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, July 24, 1746.

After acknowledging the favour of yours, you must give me leave, in imitation of the old epic poets, at once to hurry you into the midst of things, and, without saying a word how I got a ticket, how I obtained leave of absence, &c., only assure you that I was yesterday morning most advantageously seated in Westminster Hall to hear the trials of the Scotch Lords. My Lord Chancellor, preceded by the House of Lords, all in their parliamentary robes, came from the House, through the Court of Requests, through his own room, and so between the King's Bench and Chancery into the new erected Court, about twelve o'clock, and took his seat upon the woolpack as Speaker.

Then, with great ceremony, came up bowing to him two clerks of the House, and presented him his commission of Lord High Steward, which he gave them back immediately, with orders to read it; at the same time signifying to the Peers and all persons in Court to stand uncovered whilst it was reading. This ceremony over, Sir William Saunderson and one of the heralds marched up to him (with the same form as the two clerks), and presented him with his white staff, and his Grace (for so he is now styled) having taken it, got up, and walked up to a chair placed at a little distance before the throne, and there seated himself. Soon after, by order of the House, he sent for the prisoners to the bar, who, as they were brought up

by Williamson, the Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower, made most profound obeisances.

The Lord Steward made them a short speech, telling them that, notwithstanding they were indicted, yet all that was hitherto done amounted but to a *charge*; that they were at full liberty to make their defence, and then spoke of the benefit they had in being tried by such an august body, &c. The Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromartie both pleaded *guilty*; but Lord Balmerino objected to his indictment that he was called Lord Balmerino of Carlisle, which place he did not belong to—but this was over-ruled; then he said he was not at Carlisle the day mentioned in his indictment. The Lord Steward told him that, as to this point, it could not be at all considered until after he had pleaded, and then, in the course of his trial, he might urge the objection, if he thought he could avail himself of it.

After some sort of hesitation, he pleaded *not guilty*; upon which the Lord Steward ordered the two Earls to withdraw, and so Lord Balmerino was left alone at the bar. Sir Richard Lloyd opened very short, and then Serjeant Skinner went on with the charge, and entered into a pretty long detail of the rebellion and the part the prisoner had in it. The Attorney-General spoke next, and in what he said plainly referred to what the prisoner had objected. Sir John Strange began examining the evidence. Noel Lloyd and the Attorney went on, and it was so clear that it gave them but little trouble.

However, the Lords were not so thoroughly satisfied but that they thought proper to go to their own House to consult a little among themselves. Accordingly, they

marched out, and about an hour afterwards in again, with great formality; the Masters in Chancery, the two Chiefs, Master of the Rolls, all the Puisne Judges in town, the Heralds, six or seven Maces, and a vast train of my Lord Steward's gentlemen leading the way, both when they went out and when they returned, and every Lord walking according to his degree.

There was some little debate in their own House about proposing to the judges the point Lord Balmerino had started; but it was soon determined by the judges, and Lord Chief-Justice Lee declared (after the Lords were come into Court again) that he and his brother judges were of opinion that the fixing the fact to the particular day mentioned in the indictment was not necessary. Then Lord Balmerino withdrew, and the Lords unanimously voted him *guilty*, the Lord Steward putting the question to every Lord singly, one after another, in their order. Lord Balmerino was then called in, and acquainted with what had passed. Then the Lords went to their own House, and adjourned until to-morrow morning, when sentence will be passed upon all the three Scotch lords.

The Lords, in giving their opinion, all used the same expression, 'Guilty, upon my honour,' and added nothing to it, except Lord Windsor, who said, 'I am sorry for it, but I must say Guilty, upon my honour.'

This was not much observed, and passed off, yet it was quite singular, and it sounded to me a little odd.

I make no remarks, but, as you know somewhat of the noble Lord, leave you to make your own upon it.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, August 28, 1746.

Pray excuse my sending you such a very grotesque figure as the enclosed. It is really an exact resemblance of the person it was done for—Lord Lovat—as those who are well acquainted with him assure me; and, as you see, it is neatly enough etched. Hogarth took the pains to go to St. Albans the evening Lord Lovat came thither, in his way from Scotland to the Tower, on purpose to get a fair view of his Lordship before he was locked up; and this he obtained with a greater ease than could well be expected: for, upon sending in his name, and the errand he came about, the old Lord, far from displeased, immediately had him in, gave him a salute, and made him sit down and sup with him, and talked a good deal very facetiously, so that Hogarth had all the leisure and opportunity he could possibly wish to have, to take off his features and countenance. The portrait you have here may be considered as an original.[1]

The old Lord is represented in the very attitude he was in while telling Hogarth and the company some of his adventures.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Ben's Coffee-house, September 25, 1746.

You must know that here we deal chiefly in poetry and such things as are best accommodated to a courtier-like taste, which is the prevailing one in and about St.

[1] This portrait is lost.

James's. Among others of this kind lately published, we have had an ode by Sir Charles Williams, addressed to Harry Fox, on the Duchess of Manchester's marriage. In this ode Fox and all her Grace's humble servants are reckoned up—Lords Leicester, Cornbury, &c.; but her favourite, whom she married at last—Mr. Hussey—carried his point against them all. This ode was handed about before Hussey and the Duchess set out for Ireland, and Hussey was quite outrageous against Sir Charles—the supposed author of it—and went all over the town in search of him, threatening vengeance everywhere; but the knight withdrew, and made a timely retreat into the mountains of his native country, and so escaped the danger his wit exposed him to, Hussey not having leisure to follow him into Wales. Abundance of idle things have come out in consequence of this, not worth troubling you with; and even this I ought, indeed, to apologise for sending you; however, if it makes you smile, my purpose will be answered.

COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY TO MRS. HARRIS.

November 29, 1746.

Dear Cousin,—It gives me real pleasure to have contributed anything to your amusement, and should have been happy in the opportunity of assuring you of it personally; but our route to London having been fixed by the way of Wilton, will disappoint me of that satisfaction.

This post has brought us very little news, only that three matches are talked of, viz. Mr. Monckton (Lord Galloway's son) to a grand-daughter of Mr. Dacosta, a

Jew; Mr. Brand to Lady Pierpoint, and Mr. George Grenville to Miss Wyndham. The tax on coaches and on cards, it is said, is certain; and in order to raise a sum for the civil list, there will be another sixpence in the pound payable upon places and pensions. I suppose you have heard something of the behaviour of Mr. Radclyffe at the King's Bench. He told the attorney that he was surprised he would press matters so hard against him; 'for, sir,' says he, 'I am very much mistaken if you are not of the same way of thinking.' The attorney told him he only did the duty of his office, and so far from having any knowledge of him, he never saw him before.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, November 29, 1746.

I take for granted that you have heard of the proceedings against Radclyffe, who calls himself Earl of Derwentwater.[1]

He is one of the most insolent men I ever heard of; and when brought up to the King's Bench to have the day of his execution fixed, behaved in such a manner as if he had a mind to set the Government at defiance; but since that he has grown a little tame, and has condescended to write in a humble strain to the Duke of Newcastle, to obtain a reprieve, and his niece, the Dowager Lady Petre, carried the letter for him, and seconded his request with all possible earnestness. The Duke received her with great politeness, but would give her no determined answer. It is generally thought that Radclyffe will get off, though he is far

[1] Attainted after the rebellion of 1715.

from being any object of His Majesty's clemency. Poor Lord Moreton has involved himself in infinite trouble by taking a foolish tour into Brittany, and afterwards writing by the ordinary post a letter with remarks about the strength of Port L'Orient, and other places he was at. This letter was intercepted by the French Ministry, and though written in a careless way, without any design to give intelligence, has provoked the French Court very much against him. Radclyffe intimated publicly in the King's Bench that if he was to suffer, Lord Moreton should go his last journey with him, and be executed at Paris the same day.

This indeed looks like bravado, but it must needs shock Lord Moreton very much when he hears of it.

We every day expect to hear of Sir William Younge moving the House of Commons to bring in articles of impeachment against Lord Lovat.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO HIS BROTHER.

Grosvenor Square, December 13, 1746.

Dear Brother,—It is now very much talked of that Lord Cromartie will at last meet with the punishment due to his deserts, and next Monday se'nnight is said to be appointed for his execution.

It is certain that of late some facts have come out greatly to his disadvantage. I have heard myself some officers that were prisoners at Aberdeen, affirm in the most solemn manner that they were present when Lord Cromartie had some of the King's men that were taken prisoners hanged up, both officers and privates. Lord Lovat is now really sick, and under great anxiety

about his trial, so that I doubt that he will not hold it long.

I find the story of Lord Clancarty's being the person that assumed the title of Duc d'Anville, and commanded the French fleet lately in the West Indies, begins to gain credit. Had he succeeded in his expedition against Cape Breton, he was on his return to have made a descent somewhere on our coasts, in favour of the Pretender. The French officers under him were so much disgusted at a foreigner's being set over them, that they took all occasions to dispute his orders, and at length worked him up to that degree of passion which ended in the catastrophe you have seen related in most of the public prints.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Lincoln's Inn, February 28, 1747.

Lord Radnor seems fully resolved not to come up to town nor to have the least concern with the approaching trial. He says he will not ask for any tickets, which is some sort of disappointment to some of his Lordship's friends.

The notion that now prevails is, that a peace of some sort or other is upon the point of being concluded; that the Dutch hang back as much as ever; that the Duke, finding this, grows weary of his situation, and has thoughts of returning hither immediately. This I tell you as the notion at present, and upon it you see the *Stocks have risen gradually for some days past.* What seemingly confirms the report of peace is, that the Government the other day sent orders to the Downs

to stop the three great privateers, fitted out at a vast expense, the very instant they were ready to set sail. The men-of-war then in the Downs executed these orders, and went so far as to take away part of the privateers' tackle, to prevent their stealing off afterwards, which perhaps they might have done. But some people pretend the East India Company had intelligence that these privateers were bound for the East Indies, with a design to attack some freights of the Company in that part of the world, and so, at their request, the Government took this extraordinary step. Whatever motive the Government proceeded upon, it occasions no small stir in the city, and great pains are taking to have the embargo removed. The Scotch Bill that the Lord Chancellor brought into the House of Lords last week, and made a fine speech an hour long, showing the expediency of it, has since been discovered by some of the sharp-sighted Commons to be a Money Bill, because of the equivalent therein to be assigned to those who yield up their heritable rights and jurisdictions, upon which nothing more was done in the House of Lords; it is silently dropped there, and is now moved for in the House of Commons. I mention this to you as a very uncommon instance of the Commons' strictness in adhering to what they think a privilege, and the Lords' easiness in complying with them in it.

LADY SHAFTESBURY TO MR. HARRIS, M.P.

March, 1747.

I am sincerely concerned to hear you have been under an anxiety for my little cousin, but hope all

fears are now perfectly removed, and that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in town against the Lent season. The last opera (or rather the scenery) is, I find, very much admired by the generality of the town, but I am so unfashionable as not to have been yet to see it. I was to see the new farce, which I think has neither wit nor spirit, but its merit consists in the representation, and may be looked upon as one of those entertainments which divert some minds, but are far from being an improvement to any. I flatter myself I shall find more wit in the diction and morality in the design in the new comedy, which is to be performed to-day, and for which I have the stage-box to-morrow. I hear Violette, the dancer, had an extravagant full house. I hear the Duke of Richmond gave her sixty guineas for a ticket; the Duke of Devonshire fifty; and Lord Hartington took forty tickets at five guineas each. If this be true, their prodigality flows (I think) in a very irregular channel. I suppose you have heard of the many weddings we have lately had. Lady Kildare's has been the most magnificent, consequently the most talked of and most exaggerated. Mr. Drake is so happy to be married to Miss Raworth, who, with an immense fortune, has great goodhumour and complacency of temper, and extreme good understanding, and one who will not think Solomon's description of a wise and good woman too mechanical, though it may be thought so by this refined generation. Lord Aylesbury (who died Tuesday last) has left a rich widow, her jointure being very considerable, and he has left her absolutely his fine house in town, and half the jewels, which are con

siderable. The other half he has left his daughter by her and 30,000*l.* fortune. To Sir M. Powis he has left 1,000*l.* and to Lady Frances Brudenel 500*l.* 3,000*l.* a year that was settled goes between the Duke of Chandos' son and Lady Betty Bathurst, his daughter. All the residue he has left Lord Bruce, which, it is thought, will amount to 14,000*l.* or 15,000*l.* a year. The trustees are Lord Oxford, Mr. Harley, Mr. Popham of Wilts, and Mr. Goddard of Swindon. This young Lord Bruce has already a baron his junior, for the King has just been pleased to make Lord Kildare, Lord Greenwich. It is thought that if Lord Lovat applies to-morrow to have his trial put off, it will be granted. I hope you will excuse this sad scribble, wrote in great haste, lest the post-bell surprise me.

P.S.—As the post has not called for this, I take the opportunity to insert what news I have heard since I wrote this, viz. that Mr. Talbot of Wilts is another trustee to Lord Aylesbury's will, and that he has left 300*l.* a year to Mr. James Brudenel, Lord Cardigan's next brother; Lady Aylesbury's jointure is 3000*l.* per annum. Murray, the Pretender's secretary, was this day discharged from his imprisonment in the Court of King's Bench, by the consent of the Attorney-General.

MR. THOMAS HARRIS[1] TO MRS. HARRIS.

Lincoln's Inn, March 10, 1747.

Madam,—We are all wholly taken up with Lord Lovat's trial. I was there yesterday, but cannot pretend to give a full account of the ceremony, which

[1] Brother-in-law to Mrs. Harris, and a Master in Chancery.

might take up a volume in the Herald's books. It was the largest and finest assembly I ever saw; the House of Commons on one side, ladies of quality on the other, and inferior spectators without number at both ends. After the first ceremony of reading the High Steward's commission and the articles of impeachment and the answer, the Lord Steward made a short speech to Lord Lovat, informing him of the method of proceeding, and how he was to act in his defence. Sir William Younge then began with a flourishing speech, which he read, and which lasted about half an hour. Lord Coke spoke after him not quite a quarter of an hour, and then the Attorney-General was about an hour and a half in opening all the evidence against him. Sir John Strange then called the first witness, to whom Lord Lovat objected as being his tenant (for there is an Act of Parliament which seems in this case to prohibit tenants from swearing against their lords); but he could not prove the person to be his tenant, so the objection came to nothing. He was examined for an hour, and after him another, and then the Court broke up, about half an hour after five o'clock.

Lord Lovat spoke a good deal of the harshness of not having counsel to help him, being so old and infirm; but the law being against him (though, I think, most unreasonably), it was not allowed. To-day they met again, and Murray (secretary to the Pretender's son) being called for on evidence, Lord Lovat objected to him that he was attainted by Act of Parliament, and so could not be a witness. This objection was answered by the managers, and then the Lords went back to the House of Lords and debated it among themselves; and

at last it was resolved that he was a good witness. But all this took up so much time, that they then adjourned; and to-morrow they are to begin with the examination of Murray; so it can hardly be said that anything was done this day.

I was not there to-day. To-morrow morning I shall be going thither, soon after six, else I shall not get room; for the show is so fine that it fills like a playhouse, or our assembly on St. Cecilia at Sarum.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Lincoln's Inn, March 13, 1747.

Thursday, you know, was Lord Shaftesbury's wedding-day. The counsellor and I went and kept it with his Lordship and a most numerous assembly of relations. It is impossible to talk of anything now but Lord Lovat's trial, which has justly enough engrossed the whole discourse of the town. I was not myself at the trial last Wednesday, when Secretary Murray was examined; but it seems he spoke of Lord Barrymore, Sir John Hynde Cotton, and Sir Watkin William Wynne as having communicated very much with Lord Traquair, who came to London to negotiate matters for the Pretender in 1743, but said these gentlemen were shy of signing and sealing the association then on foot in order to unite the Jacobite party.

Murray, it is supposed, would have named others, had he not been interrupted by Lord Talbot, who said it was wrong to mention any names.

It appeared by Murray's evidence that Lord Traquair has been all along a principal agent for the Pretender,

both in Scotland and England. Murray, in his manner of speaking, acquitted himself very well, and gave a long narrative of the scheme laid for raising the rebellion, which would probably have broken out much sooner, but that Cardinal Fleury, who was a great promoter of it, happened to die at the critical time when it was all concerted and on the point of breaking out.

Yesterday I was at the trial, when eight or nine witnesses were examined, and of these the chief were two Frasers, who had both of them acted as secretaries to Lord Lovat. One of them was sent with a message from Lord Lovat to the Pretender's son at Edinburgh. The message was that Lord Lovat would have waited on the young Pretender himself, but that his age and infirmities were such as would not suffer him to undertake an expedition of that kind; however, he would raise his clan for the service, and put his eldest son at the head of them.

Upon the delivery of this message, the young Pretender answered, 'It was very well.'

The other Fraser, secretary to Lord Lovat, swore to Lord Lovat's dictating to him several treasonable letters (produced and read in Court) written to the Pretender's son, to Secretary Murray, to the Master of Lovat, to Lord Tullibardine, and others of the rebel party, each of which letters was sufficient to prove Lord Lovat's being engaged as deep as possible in the carrying on the rebellion. The letters are written, in my opinion, so much in the French style—full of compliment and, in some respects, very abject; for he concludes that to the Pretender's son, 'Your most constant and *faithful slave, Lovat.*'

Sir Everard Falconer was then examined, who went to Lord Lovat, then a prisoner at Fort Augustus, and said that in talking with him about the rebellion and his engaging in it, he imputed his unfortunate conduct to the being deprived of his independent companies, which raised his resentment against the Government so high, that if Kouli Khan had landed he should have gone and joined.

The trial is adjourned to Monday, when the evidence against the prisoner will be finished. I believe Lord Lovat's defence will be but short.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Lincoln's Inn, March 17, 1747.

I was yesterday at my Lord Lovat's trial. The managers went on with the written evidence against him. First a letter of Lord Lovat's to his eldest son was read, dated 1745–6, signifying that the Prince (meaning the Pretender's son) would come and fish for salmon in the river by his house, and though he did not covet this honour, yet, if the Prince came, gave orders for his being royally entertained. One of his secretaries was called up to prove the letters being genuine. Then a letter was read from the Pretender's son to Lord Lovat—very short, wishing him to come and join him, and referring for the rest to Lochiel, who wrote by the same hand, dated Glasgow, January 4, 1746. Secretary Murray was called up, and swore that this letter was all of it written by the Pretender's son, and that he was in the room and saw him write it. Then

Lochiel's[1] letter was read which the Pretender's son referred to—pretty long, and filled with various kinds of business, though all respecting the rebellion. Lochiel commends Lord Lovat for the pains he had taken to bring over some heads of clans to the Pretender's party; commends him for his steady attachment to the cause, in spite of all the Lord President and Lord Loudon had done to draw him off; tells him the Kings of France and Spain owned the Pretender's son their ally, and the former had actually sent him over an ambassador; that the Pretender's second son and Cardinal Teucin had both written word that a good body of forces would presently be sent over to Scotland, and that the army was in high spirits; presses him to come to them in person, and promises him he shall not undergo the drudgery part of a general; that his counsel is wanted; that he shall have a place in the Pretender's coach along with the French ambassador and Lord Pitsligo. These, I think, were the most material of the letters that were read. I was surprised to hear that one read which Lord Lovat wrote to the Duke of Cumberland after he was taken prisoner, nor can I account for it, unless it were to show how double a part he acted; it is the very same letter you have seen printed in several of the newspapers.

After the letters were all read, Sir John Strange, in a set speech of an hour long, summed up the whole

[1] Cameron of Lochiel was one of the most powerful, and by far the ablest, of the Highland chieftains who espoused the Stuart cause. He was wounded at Culloden, but escaped to France. The gun and portrait of Prince Charles, given by him to Lochiel, are now at Achnacarry, in the possession of his descendant, and many of the hiding-places of the fugitive Chevalier are to be seen in the hills of the Camerons.

evidence that had been given in (*viva voce*) against the prisoner. When he came to the letters, he said, as they had been read so very lately, they could not but be fresh in their Lordships' memories, and it would be taking up their time unnecessarily to enter into the detail of them. Sir John's speech was very well approved of. My Lord High Steward gave the prisoner notice to prepare for his defence; on which account, as also for the recovery of his health (which he greatly complained of), Lord Lovat begged a respite of four or five days. But this the Lords would not agree to; for, adjourning to their own House, they there resolved to proceed again upon the trial next Wednesday. And so to-morrow Lord Lovat is to bring up his witnesses, one of whom is a Scotch member of the House of Commons, who Lord Lovat fancies can allege somewhat in his favour.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

London, March 17, 1747.

The whole conversation of this place is at present absorbed in Lord Lovat's trial; but as I must confess the subject is irksome to me (who hear but too much of it almost every day), you will be, I dare say, contented to be informed of any intelligence relating to that particular from another quarter; and especially as you may be acquainted with what has passed by my cousin, Thomas Harris, who has attended Westminster Hall pretty constantly. The trial interrupts our harmonious system extremely. To-morrow Handel has advertised 'Joseph,' though I hope he will not perform, for nothing can

be expected whilst the trial lasts. The week after, we flatter ourselves that 'Judas' will both give delight to the lovers of harmony and profits to the fountain whence it flows. However, I am not certain that 'Judas' will be performed next week.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

When I wrote to you last, I believe my head was so full of Lord Lovat's trial, and Lord Shaftesbury's feast, that what between one and the other I really forgot acknowledging your letter you had favoured me with of the 7th inst.

I must now return to my old subject, with which I am afraid I have by this time almost quite tired you and my brother.

I was not myself at Westminster Hall yesterday, but am told that Lord Lovat, being then called upon to produce his witnesses, began to complain of the difficulties he had to struggle with—that he could not get them up from Scotland, and, in short, he had none at all in readiness to appear in Court; but if time were allowed him, and proper authority given, some might yet be brought up. Somewhat to this effect he said, in a manner waiving making any defence. Upon this, the Lords, adjourning to their own House, after a short stay, resolved that no longer time should be allowed, and that they would proceed; and signifying as much when they came into Court again. They gave the Solicitor-General (to whom, by concert among the managers, that part was allotted) leave to reply; and reply he did, with all the power of elo-

quence, so as to gain universal applause from the whole audience. Lord Lovat had still a mind to cavil at the proceedings, which, however, did not prevent the Lords going on with their usual forms, and the prisoner being withdrawn, the Lords unanimously found him *guilty*, and so ended the affair yesterday. To-day the Court sat again, and the prisoner being brought to the bar, was asked why judgment should not be pronounced upon him ;—the Lord Steward put this question. Then Lord Lovat began a long story of his conduct in former times, so far back as King William and Queen Anne ; when he came to the late King's reign, he dwelt much on the part he then had acted in favour of the Government. He told his story so very unmethodically (all off-hand) and such a vast variety of facts, that though I was pretty near him, and attended the best I could to what he said, and the clerk of the Court repeated everything after him very distinctly, yet I must own to you I could not make much of his narrative.

There would be no end of telling you his reflections, some of which were odd enough. He, with a sort of sneer, complimented the Solicitor-General, and took notice of his eloquence and bright parts, and hoped that his (the Solicitor's) being born in North Britain would not be an hindrance to his rising to that preferment which his great merit might entitle him to. He spoke much of his intimacy with the late King, and with some of the nobility—the late Lords Stanhope, Sunderland, and Townshend, and the present Duke of Argyle.

After he had gone on for three-quarters of an hour,

rambling from one story of himself to another, scarce touching at all upon what had passed in the late rebellion, the Lords (wearied out, it is probable, with the prisoner's harangue) adjourned to their own House; but very soon returned, and then my Lord Steward put his first question again to Lord Lovat, who made a sort of shuffling answer. My Lord Steward then thought it time to pass sentence, which he did in a pretty long and well-composed speech, which, as you will very shortly see printed, I will not injure by giving you an imperfect sketch of it. After sentence, Lord Lovat talked on as he had done before, and concluded as you see in the 'Whitehall Evening Post,' or to that effect, and sneered at the Solicitor again.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Lincoln's Inn, March 26, 1747.

What I told you of a committee being appointed by the House of Commons to enquire into the affair that happened this day se'nnight at Vintners' Hall still continues the subject of discourse; the twelve managers for the Commons at Lord Lovat's trial are the persons that compose this committee, so it is somewhat in the nature of a secret one, being thus limited. Carew, Sir James Dashwood, and some few others of equal wisdom of the House of Commons, were at the Vintners' Hall, to assist the independent electors of Westminster with all possible zeal in support of the 'good old cause,' as they term it.

But when Sir William Younge moved for the enquiry, these gentlemen, I am told, thought proper to get up

one after another, and excuse themselves the best they could, and pretended they were not in the room when the fray happened, and consequently were not in any way concerned in it.

You cannot but smile to see these heroes of the party thus obliged to recant and disclaim the very actions they most approve of. I do not hear what progress the Committee has made. Five of them have visited the unhappy sufferer, Mr. Williams, and have taken down from his own mouth an account of all that passed of the ill-usage he met with. No doubt, you have heard the report of Violette's removing from Burlington House to a more illustrious one, owing to a masquerade transaction; but though this is much talked of, I cannot for my own part give any sort of credit to it, having myself met her and Lady Burlington going into the City together yesterday morning, which is a fact in my opinion inconsistent with that report.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO J. HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Lincoln's Inn, March 28, 1747.

I make no doubt you are curious every post to hear what will be Lord Lovat's fate, but we are almost in the same uncertainty about it as you can be. Tuesday or Wednesday se'nnight was proposed in the Council for his execution, but though the majority there would have fixed it to that time, yet some difficulties were started, and the affair was put off, to be determined in another meeting of the Council. In the meanwhile, Lord Lovat's Scotch friends are busy in endeavouring to save him, and their intention is to have him confined to

the Tower for the remainder of his life.[1] The Duke of Argyle is at the head of this party, which is no wonder at all, considering, besides the natural attachments the Scotch have to one another, the Duke owes Lord Lovat a good turn for letting the world know how active his Grace was in serving the Government in 1715, and for some panegyric which the Duke is not a little pleased with.

Handel's 'Judas Maccabæus' certainly comes on next Wednesday.

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO J. HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Grosvenor Square, June 27, 1747.

I have but little time for writing this post, and yet must take what I have to communicate to you a piece of news from abroad that gives us infinite concern.

A messenger is arrived to-day with news of a very smart engagement between the Allies and the French, somewhere between Maestricht and Louvain.[2] It lasted eight hours, and in conclusion the Allies were obliged to retire, and left the French masters of the field of battle. The Dutch troops behaved very ill, the English with great bravery. Sir John Ligonier is said to be taken

[1] Lord Lovat was beheaded this year. He had during his life of eighty years betrayed both parties; in 1702 the Pretender; and was imprisoned in the Bastille. He bought his release by changing his religion; and after opposing the rebellion of 1715, for which he was created Lord Lovat, he again turned against the Government in 1745. Soon after the execution of the Scotch lords, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed with France, and Louis XV. compelled the Chevalier to abstain from all overt acts of aggression.

[2] The Battle of Lawfeld; Sir John Ligonier was taken, but immediately released by Louis XV. He had served through the campaigns of Marlborough, was created an earl, and made Commander-in-Chief in 1757, and died in 1770 aged ninety-two. The French were commanded by Marshal Saxe.

prisoner. The Duke is safe, though he was in extreme danger in endeavouring to lead up the Dutch. What our loss is I cannot tell you. Particulars are kept very close, and what I have told you I did not learn without great caution not to report here about town, because the Government will perhaps add circumstances we don't as yet know, when they publish the story, that may somewhat soften it. I should have written to my sister, but was loth to mention to her directly such a melancholy event, and so chose to have it pass through your hands. In the battle I have told you of, the Hessians acted like the Dutch, and are much blamed. The Hanoverians did their duty, and came off with honour. The Duke's person was attacked, and his adversary about to strike at him; the Duke was too quick for him, and gave him a blow that disabled him.

LADY SHAFTESBURY TO MR. HARRIS, M.P.

St. Giles',[1] July 1, 1747.

Any occasion that deprives us of the pleasure of seeing yourself and cousin Harris is mortifying, but I hope Mr. Bathurst[2] will be a gainer by our loss, not doubting but your influence, exerted, will procure him success, which all who know him heartily wish. I have the pleasure to inform you, from very good authority, that Warren has sent into Portsmouth twenty-three of the Martinico fleet, and it is said four men-of-war are brought into Plymouth.

I am sorry our land operations are unprosperous,

[1] Lord Shaftesbury's country seat in Dorsetshire.
[2] Mr. Bathurst was standing for Wilts at the general election.

and that the Duke is deprived of Ligonier's assistance and advice, and doubt, from the situation of the Duke's army at present, that the French will make themselves masters of Maestricht, notwithstanding the reinforcement thrown in there and the strength of its fortifications, especially when we consider the fate of other towns as capable of being defended against the attacks of an enemy. If any further particulars concerning this battle should be transmitted to you, my Lord would take it as a particular favour if you would communicate them to him. The attention of people here and at most places is turned entirely towards elections, that, I believe, if it had not been for our unfortunate loss in Flanders, they would have forgot there was an army abroad, and what an important crisis it was.

The best advices from Wareham are, that the two Mr. Drax are likely to be returned, but that a petition will be presented as soon as the House meets against them. Monday there was a meeting at the 'Antelope,' at Dorchester, to consider on *proper* persons to represent this county, which my Lord did not so much as hear was intended till so late as Sunday morn, by a letter from Pleydell, and having so short a notice excused himself.

I hear Mr. Chaffin and Pleydell were proposed, but the latter declining, Mr. Portman named George Pitt, and was seconded by Deddington, and an express sent to Shaston to acquaint him of the resolution of the meeting.

THE REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

October 22, 1747.

I must write you a line this post, if it were but to congratulate you upon account of the victory we have gained at sea over the French fleet. By this it appears very plain what is the proper element for a country situated as ours is to keep to, in order to be in any degree successful in carrying on the war. Admiral Hawke,[1] with fourteen men-of-war, met on the 14th inst. the French squadron, consisting of eight ships of the line, and convoying a fleet of merchantmen, bound for the West Indies.

After some hours' engagement, our admiral entirely routed them, and six of their ships were taken. The action happened a small distance off Cape Finisterre, and lasted till after it was dark. In the night, Captain Saumarez, of the 'Nottingham,' fell in with two of their men-of-war, both superior to him (the only ones that had escaped), and fought resolutely, till, having his legs shot off, he lost his life; this was about ten o'clock at night. His lieutenant thereupon assumed the command of the ship, and brought her off, though much damaged. All our captains did their duty very well, excepting only Captain Fox, of the 'Kent,' who, when called upon by the Admiral to exert himself, seemed to have less inclination to fight than became him; so that the Admiral

[1] Admiral Hawke, the son of a barrister, and one of our first naval heroes. He three times defeated large French fleets by adopting the same principle as Nelson, namely, of coming to close quarters with them. These were his orders to his captains, who were worthy prototypes of Nelson's 'fire-eaters.' His despatches also remind one of our great admiral. Hawke was made a peer with a pension of 2,000*l.* in 1776, and died in 1781 aged seventy-eight.

without more ado immediately sent to his ship, and ordered him to be suspended, and he is to be tried by a court-martial, the Admiral having already requested it of the Lords of the Admiralty to have Fox's behaviour enquired into. I don't find there are many captures of the merchantmen yet made; though, no doubt, many of them will by-and-bye be picked up, as they must necessarily have been dispersed after the engagement. The French showed great gallantry during the action.

I am credibly informed that on board one of their men-of-war there were found 160 men lying dead, besides as many more wounded.

THE REV. WILLIAM HARRIS TO MRS. HARRIS.

Grosvenor Square, October 31, 1747.

I believe you will think it very strange for one in my way of life, of a sudden to throw myself into so gay and crowded a scene as you may easily suppose the Court to be on His Majesty's birthday, but so it really was. I went yesterday about noon to the King's levée and afterwards to the Drawing-room, and I assure you it was no small inducement to me to engage in this Court expedition, that I thought it would probably give me opportunity to hear or to see somewhat that I might send you this post, just to answer your curiosity a little, if you should happen to have any with relation to the show and ceremony of that day. At the levée the King [1] seemed very inquisitive about the arrival of Admiral Hawke.

He talked chiefly to the Duke of Bedford, who

[1] George II.

told His Majesty the whole fleet was come in, one ship only excepted, which was expected soon to follow. The Duke said that, just before they came on our coast, the weather grew extremely rough, and they had much ado to bear up against it, being in no very good condition to ride out a storm. The King after this discoursed a little with the Prince of Baden, and then withdrew; but stayed a very few minutes, and then came out into the Drawing-room, before any of the Royal Family were got thither, which I take to be contrary to the rule of the Court. The Prince and Princess of Wales, their three sons and their eldest daughter, followed soon after, and last the Princess Amelia.

The King was dressed in black velvet; the sleeves of his coat and his waistcoat were red, embroidered with gold. The Prince had on a crimson damask, laced with silver, very rich and handsome; the Princess—white, done all over with flowers of various sorts and colours. As for their children, they were all decked out too; and quite oppressed, poor little creatures, they seemed to be with their fine clothes. Princess Amelia had on light blue, embroidered very much with silver and some coloured flowers.

The Duchesses of Richmond and Bedford were both in striped satin, as I take it; the former white and scarlet, with a gold flower; the latter white and green, with a silver flower running over it. Duchess of Roxburgh—scarlet satin, with silver trimming. Lady Pembroke—light blue; Lady Yarmouth—light purple; both with a large silver pattern. The latter, I am told, was much admired by the King, whom I observed taking notice of it. Lady Lincoln was in chocolate colour,

with a trimming of silver; and in the trimming, I think, were several made flowers, in natural colours and form.

Miss Pelham was introduced to the King—the first time, I fancy, of her being at Court—and another young lady, either her sister or a Miss Arundel. I wish I could describe to you what the Venetian ambassadress wore. It seemed to me to be a sort of cream-coloured satin, covered everywhere with gold mosaic-work embroidery; her head adorned with purple flowers and diamonds interspersed. Her whole dress was rich and elegant, but she looked very ill. The King was particularly complaisant to her. I saw no finery among the gentlemen that was at all remarkable.

Upon the whole, I think the Court did not appear so, splendid as it used to do on these occasions.

COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY TO MR. HARRIS, M.P.

November, 1748.

This waits on you with inquiries after your healths; and hope to have the pleasure to hear you got safe home Thursday evening. The papers to-day afford but little news, but by private letter we hear that it is certain the Duke of Newcastle's visit to Leicester House was owing to a message from the Prince of Wales, that he had something of importance to communicate; and he accordingly laid before him the intelligence he had received of a new rebellion forming, and almost ready to break out, in the Highlands. The Duke assured His Royal Highness that His Majesty would take very kindly this information, which he observed

to concur exactly with the accounts sent the Government above a month ago. I heartily wish this may produce a union between the King and people, which sure can never be more necessary than at this crisis, when new dangers threaten us from the untameable bigotry of the Scotch Jacobites, encouraged, perhaps, by the insolence of their friends in many parts of England.

We hear that one of the Frasers who was witness against Lord Lovat is already murdered in Scotland, and his house burnt down to the ground. Lord Elcho and some others of his fellow-rebels are returned to the Highlands, and the youngest son of Lord Lovat, who was lately at Utrecht, is come over and joined his father's clan, and seems resolved to keep possession of the estate. I hear Mr. Littleton has written a poem on his wife, in the manner of Milton's 'Lycidas,' which it is thought will soon be in print; and the rest of his poems, and those of his cousin Mr. West, with several pieces of theirs never yet published, will be inserted in a miscellany which Dodsley[1] is to give of the best poetical writings which have appeared for several years past.

I am, dear cousin Harris, your affectionate relation, and humble servant,

S. Shaftesbury.

[1] A miscellaneous writer and prosperous bookseller, who had been a footman; he was the projector of the 'Annual Register.'

COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY TO MR. HARRIS, M.P.

St. Giles', October 15, 1748.

I was extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter and partial compliments to your humble servant and St. Giles', which are never more gay and happy than when you are here; and hope you will not forget your kind promise. I am sorry to inform you that yesterday, about two o'clock at noon, a fire broke out at Cranbourne, occasioned by two little children, whom the mother had left alone, wantonly setting fire to turfs, with an intention to divert themselves with a bonfire, not apprehensive of the consequences; and the fire being driven by a high wind, the destruction was so sudden that, before our engines and men could come to their assistance, several houses were burnt. Water, too, was scarce; and the people of the place, for the greater part, so stupidly frightened, that they stood amazed, and gave no assistance; so that, by what I hear, if our labourers (who are at present, you know, a considerable number), our servants and engines, which were skilfully managed by Mr. Oxenbold, the plumber, had not gone with the utmost expedition, the whole town would probably have been consumed. As to the effects of the poor sufferers, the fire was merciless (for the most part of fifteen or sixteen families saved nothing), but to lives, thank God, it was favourable, there not being one lost. Old Mr. Floyd's house was soon burnt down to the ground, and nothing saved. We were going to dinner to Mr. Sturt's just as this sad accident happened. There we met several sporting

gentlemen, viz. Duke of Hamilton, Lord Eglinton, Major Foukes, and a Mr. Hamilton. They have alarmed us by saying that Lord Talbot is going to take Stillingfleet's; Lord March, Mr. Fry's; and somebody else, I forget who, Mr. Ogden's—where, if they come, they will weary themselves (and, indeed, their neighbours too) in the way of destruction; but I hope they will bend their course somewhere else.

COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

St. Giles', December 10, 1748.

I received a letter this morning from a female correspondent of mine in town, with a description of some of the birthday finery which, if you have not received from the accurate pen of my cousin George Harris, may be some amusement. The Princess of Wales had a very rich yellow and silver, that looked like an embroidery; Lady Yarmouth and Lady Pembroke in scarlet and silver; Lady Burghley in a rich white and gold and ermine petticoat; Lady Lincoln, a buff-coloured damask, trimmed with a good deal of fancy, as well as housewifery, with purple and silver gauze fringe and flowers, which altogether looked pretty. The ground of most of the silks was figured with plate silver, which had a good effect in the dancing.

Lord Lincoln was thought the finest of the men. There were very mortifying disasters happened that night. Miss Young, in making her curtsey to His Majesty,[1] entangled the heel of her shoe in her train, so that she fell quite backwards, with her legs up.

[1] George II.

The laugh was so general, that nobody thought of helping the poor young creature, until His Majesty, though as well diverted as the rest, said he would go himself; but, as you may imagine, was prevented. Lady Young was not in less confusion than her daughter.

The second bustle was about Miss Yorke, whose hoop in climbing over the foreigners' box, caught in such a manner, that all her petticoats flew up, to the undermost flannel.

Lady Anson, in endeavouring to help her, was caught in the hoop, which pulled off her fine diamond sprig and her head-dress. I hear His Majesty looks extremely well, and never appeared with a greater air of satisfaction; so that we may infer from hence all is well.

I hear Barry pleases extremely in the part of Romeo, and that Mrs. Collier shines very much in that of Juliet; that the houses have been constantly full when this play has been performed. I am informed Mrs. Porter is to make her appearance, at the request of Mr. Quin, in Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus,' and to play the part of Volumnia, which, though the character is adapted to her time of life, I fear she will not be well received in it. I have enclosed a riddle for your amusement at a leisure hour, and don't doubt that when I have the pleasure of seeing you Wednesday, you will have guessed it.

COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

February 11, 1749.

My sister went with me last night to hear the Oratorio, where we wished much for the agreeable company of our Salisbury friends.

I cannot pretend to give my poor judgment of it from once hearing, but believe it will not insinuate itself so much into my approbation as most of Handel's performances do, as it is in the light *operatic* style; but you will receive an opinion of it from much better judges than myself, as I saw both my cousins Harris peeping out of a little box, and very attentive to the music. I think I never saw a fuller house. Rich told me that he believed he would receive near 400*l.*

I cannot give you an account of any of Lord Ranelagh's *wedding* finery, except the coat in which he was presented, which was decently grave and handsome. It was a purplish brown, with gold buttons, and the waistcoat had a broad gold lace upon it; but I could not see whether it was a coloured one, as the coat was buttoned.

Lady Ranelagh's clothes were extremely fine, and pretty—they were a white and gold and colours, and looked very much like an embroidery. I think she said it cost 3*l.* 18*s.* a-yard—she went through all the presentment in the same. She had a straw-coloured night gown, with silver and colours, that is extremely pretty, which cost thirty shillings a-yard; and at Lady Romney's *rout*, last Monday, she had on a white and gold; but whether made for her wedding or no, I cannot tell. I

am very happy in the honour of her acquaintance, as she is a very sensible, good-natured young woman; and, were I a man, should envy *Lord Ranelagh's happiness.*

COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

St. Giles', December 4, 1749.

Being willing to lay hold on every occasion of conversing with you, I have enclosed the bill of fare of the entertainment my brother, Lord Gainsborough, had in honour of a fair saint, that you and my cousin Harris pay a regard to, and desire the favour of you to return the paper at your leisure. I see, by our newspaper to-day, that Lord Grantham has recovered ground, and got a small majority; but the poll, it is thought, will not be over till Tuesday. Sure there never was any election carried on with so much violence on both sides; the scandal and dirt flung upon Lord Gower's family, and the Duke of Bedford's, is shocking, and is enough to terrify anybody, and make them have some regard, great as they are, how they exasperate an English mob. Their rage was so great on Friday last against Lord Grantham, that I hear he was forced to fly into the church for sanctuary; and the mob dress Lord Grantham every night in a shroud, put him in a coffin, and carry him in procession about the streets, and make a bonfire of his effigies. I suppose you have seen abundance of printed papers that have been published on this occasion. Several have been transmitted to us, but (one or two excepted) I think them very low, scurrilous performances, and not worth troubling you with. I hear there has been a great bustle amongst the great ladies

at an entertainment at Lord Sandwich's, upon the ceremonials of giving the French Ambassadress place. The Duchess of Norfolk, though the first duchess, gave it; but the Duchess of Bedford would not make the same compliment, upon which the Ambassadress stopped, and chose to be last as she could not be first. Some people, I find, think the Duchess of Bedford did right, as they think the Ambassadress ought only to take place as the youngest Countess; but her Excellency, it seems, wants to take place as a princess of the blood. Upon the Duke of Grafton telling her that would not be admitted, she would not appear at the ball. The Ambassador, however, was there himself, and was taken out after Lord Lincoln, who was the Lord-in-waiting. Lady Caroline Collier was, I hear, thought the greatest beauty amongst the dancers. I am informed (but I can scarce credit it, even though it is of Lord Coke and Lord Leicester) that Lady Mary is now kept up in a room, at Lord Leicester's, only fit for a servant, with a glass door to it, that they may see what she is doing, and are so low as to listen when she has anybody with her. I am glad there is one tyrant of a husband the less in the world by Lord Lymington's death, as now poor Lady Lymington will have a good jointure and her children to enjoy. I hear Sir George Vandeput's old mistress is at last going to be married to Lord Chedworth, who has been in search of a fortune some years, as have most men, to do them justice.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

London, February 13, 1750.

Dear Cousin,—I am extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter received yesterday. Indeed, I proposed to have sent you a line before this time, but knowing of nothing worth writing about, I forbore teasing you. Our silk affairs are [1] (I trust) in a good way. It is shocking to see how coldly things the most beneficial to the public are treated, when unconnected with what is called political views; nay sordid, pitiful, sneaking, dirty, lucrative considerations weigh excessively. However, as the grand affair of the nation (I don't mean the National Debt or such a trifling matter), the Bedford Turnpike Bill, is over, I hope people may attend a little to the general advantage of the community. The Duke of Bedford has received a total defeat this afternoon in the House of Commons; the numbers on dividing being, for engrossing the Bill, 154; against it, 208.

I have seen Handel several times since I came hither, and think I never saw him so cool and well. He is quite easy in his behaviour, and has been pleasing himself in the purchase of several fine pictures, particularly a large Rembrandt, which is indeed excellent. We have scarce talked at all about musical subjects, though enough to find his performances will go off incomparably.

[1] Lord Shaftesbury took great interest in improving the silk manufactures of this country.

COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

November 28, 1750.

One of our servants went to Woodyates [1] on Monday, when the postchaise-boy told him that Mr. Martyn had desired he would, by the first opportunity, let us know of my cousin Harris's illness; and as it is impossible for the mind to be in a state of indifference with regard to one's good friends, we could not wait the slow return of the post to be informed how he did; and I think the horse is better for his journey and the good news he brought. The several operations my cousin Harris has gone through must have weakened him, no doubt; but hope, please God, he will speedily gain strength, that I may have the pleasure of congratulating you both *here* on his happy recovery.

I find most people are inclined to believe the Ministry are in discord and jealous, and that the Bedfordian set will be honourably kicked up or down stairs. A friend of yours says, *he is not a sufficient connoisseur in politesse and ceremonials to know whether a nominal advancement in dignity and post, without power, be up or down;* but I know it is generally thought *the last*, and I believe it will *end so*.

No doubt, you have heard the current report of the several changes of situation in the Ministry,[2] and therefore shall not take up your time in repeating them, as I find most people agree in their accounts, from their correspondents in town.

Lord Bath, I hear, is returned with his son from France,

[1] The seat of Mr. Stephen Fox in Wiltshire.

[2] Mr. Pelham was Premier, and Lord Hardwicke Lord Chancellor.

in very good health and spirits, and very happy in the care he has taken to form the manners and perfect the education of his son; which, I should have imagined, might as well, or better, have been done here.

I hear, Mackel's 'Life of the Duke of Marlborough' is to come out this winter. What has occasioned the delay was the waiting for the French translation, as he was advised by Lord Chesterfield not to publish it till that was ready; so that now they are both to come out together. I am very sensible that I ought to make an apology for this sad blotted letter, but honestly I have scarce time to add the unalterable assurance of my being, &c.

COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

December 3, 1754.

As I had not an opportunity of returning you my thanks in this manner for your obliging letter *soon* after I received it, I deferred it a little longer, hoping to enliven my epistle with a detail of the birthday finery; but a treacherous memory deprives me of this advantage, and where there is such a profusion of finery, I find it confounds those that have in other things that power or faculty of the mind to perfection.

However, without further preface, I shall acquaint you with those that occur to my memory; and first for the Prince of Wales, who looked as blooming as his clothes—they were a blossom coloured velvet with gold, and gold lace down before; the waistcoat and cuffs a rich white and gold stuff. Prince Edward's was a yellow and silver velvet, with a silver lace before,

turned up with a white and silver cuffs, and the waistcoat the same. The Princess Augusta had a silver stuff, with a small single green leaf upon it, which looked more delicate than fine. Mrs. Nugent's was the same. The Duchess of Bedford was in scarlet with silver and colours; Lady Lincoln in white and gold and colours; Lady Brooke in purple and silver; Lady Baltimore in a very rich and well-fancied white and gold and colours; Lady M. Coke in a very rich and elegant silver and purple stuff, with some coloured sprigs of flowers, extremely well shaded; Lady Rockingham in a white and silver velvet; Lady Petersham in a purple, or rather claret colour, with a silver lace and colours mixed; Lady J. Collier in a very pretty white and silver and colours; Mrs. Cavendish in a prettier, of the same mixture; Miss Harriet Drax (who is very soon to be Lady Waldegrave) in a silver stuff, with little red spots or roses upon it; Miss Gilbert in a pea green, with coloured flowers. These are all I remember, but my nieces, who were at the ball at night, have just informed me that His Majesty (who, I hear, had told Mr. Shutz[1] he would have him bespeak him a very handsome suit, but not to make a boy or a fop of him) was in brown, very richly laced with silver, and turned up with a blue cuff laced, and a blue and silver waistcoat. The Duke was in a lead-colour cloth, richly laced with silver; and the Princess Amelia in a slight white, and gold and colours. The Prince of Wales danced country-dances with Lady Rockingham, and Prince Edward with Lady Harriet Wentworth (Lord Rockingham's sister). I must not

[1] Shutz was the fashionable German tailor of the day.

omit mentioning my nephew and niece Edwards' clothes, as they were both very rich and handsome. *Hers* was a rich white and silver of 5*l.* a-yard, and *his*, a white and silver velvet coat, and the waistcoat and cuffs a silver stuff with purple, a blossom, and centre flowers, which looked soft and elegant.

As my Lord's clothes and mine were both admired, you will excuse the vanity of mentioning them. His was a very rich scarlet and gold velvet coat, waistcoat and breeches the same, and mine a gold stuff with purple spots on the ground, and coloured sprigs of flowers that looked like embroidery. You will think I am grown a great courtier, for I was twice at Court before, the same week; but it was to attend my niece to the ceremony of presentment, which I assure you I went through with great courage.

P.S.—I just hear Mr. Pitt, the Paymaster, was removed to-day at two o'clock, but don't hear who is to succeed him.

MR. HOOPER, M.P.,[1] TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Custom House, November 8, 1760.

Dear Sir,—I was glad to find, by the favour of yours, that my two letters since my return had reached your

[1] Mr. Hooper was the son of Lady Dorothy Ashley, daughter of the second Lord Shaftesbury, and therefore first cousin to Mr. Harris. He was of an old Dorsetshire family, and resided at Heron Court, near Christchurch, in Hants, which borough he represented for many years; and he was Chairman of the Board of Customs. His grandfather was knighted by Charles II., in the cellar of his house at Boveridge, to which place he fled with the King, after the disaster of Worcester. Mr. Hooper left Heron Court to his cousin, Lord Malmesbury, in 1795, with all his estates.

hands. I wished afterwards to have recalled (if that had been possible) the first of them, as thinking great part of it apocryphal; but I am confirmed in believing what was therein mentioned to be true, though defective, and requiring a larger explanation than can well suit a letter to convey. The public affairs are going on very happily, as the administration continues in the same hands. The loan for next year is a settled point (eight millions), and the undertakers are receiving the subscriptions of such as desire to be admitted on their lists, taking care that none subscribe but such as are well known to be responsible. People are in general wonderfully pleased with the King. He has determined to give life to business, by requiring a more early attendance of his ministers; and has won the Speaker's heart by representing the bad effects on parliamentary affairs which arise from the late hours the Commons meet at. The Speaker told me this (as he does all that visit him) with great pleasure. One striking instance of the King's[1] prudence and presence of mind is much talked of. He was riding out from Kew, when a page delivered him a ticket, importing that *something had happened to the* (late) *King*.[2] He very calmly despatched the page, and rode on a little way; then, saying to his attendants that he found his horse was either lame or ill-shod, he turned back and concealed from those about him even the suspicion of what had happened, until the news of the King's death was brought to him at Kew. The Parliament will not proceed to business

[1] George III.

[2] George II. died suddenly on October 25, aged seventy-seven, having reigned thirty-three years.

until Tuesday, the 18th inst. Then, and not till then, the session will open. Its duration is still a matter of great uncertainty; but I think the opinion of its sitting only until the Civil List, Land and Malt Tax Bills are passed, begins to gain ground. It is imagined there will now be a great contest to get into Parliament. As to us at Christchurch, I am told the Duke of Bedford plumes himself with hopes of great support, and talks, in a lofty tone, of forcing his kinsman M—— upon us in avowed opposition to you. However, he will certainly be unable to make anything of it, and next to no opposition at all; it is desirable you should have such a competitor.

EARL OF RADNOR TO MR. HARRIS, M.P.

London, Thursday 4, 1762.

Worthy Sir,—I shall willingly wait for the bacon you mention until the season is more advanced. In the interim accept my thanks for the noble chine, which I have received in very good order. These parts afford little news; it will not be any to tell you I still continue to add (to) and alter my little house and gardens. My collection of pictures also, such as they are, are at this time many. I have some few, however, that I think are very good; therefore, I could wish you here upon that account, to mark two or three of those you mind the best, which may probably soon come to your share. I would also willingly see your brother, the Master in Chancery,[1] upon the same account. But as it does not suit your convenience to

[1] Mr. Harris's younger brother.

come to town at this time of year, we must, for fear of accidents, transact the affair without you, of which I shall soon give you a full account. In the interim, I shall beg the favour of the Master to step here, for one day only, upon that account. The Duke of Newcastle[1] will, I believe, resign his employment this week; he will also continue to assist the King and Government to the end of his life. He declares against a pension, therefore he will fall honourably. I am fully persuaded his Grace has spent 200,000*l.* for the present family. His enemies allow him to be very honest, but say he is not capable of being the first minister; and, indeed, there may be something in that, *as times go.* I hope soon to hear from you—my best compliments attend your lady. The Master, I conclude, has left you.

Yours at all times,

RADNOR.

LORD RADNOR TO MR. HARRIS, M.P.

June, 1762.

Worthy Sir,—Since I was favoured with your very obliging letter, the Master was so good to take a bed with me.

I begged him to pitch upon two pictures that he thought might be most agreeable to your taste, which he declined; therefore, I have done it myself, which may serve until I have the pleasure of seeing you here (if ever that happens), and then we may order it otherwise.

[1] Then Prime Minister, with Mr. Pitt Secretary of State and real Premier. He resigned in 1762, on the reappointment of Lord Bute.

The Canaletti, the subject being that part of St. James's Park towards the Horse Guards, is, I think, the most capital picture I ever saw of that master; the Hobbema is also a very capital picture, and much the best in England of that master: there are very few of them, consequently they run very dear.[1] I hope the size of each may be agreeable to you.

My great Ruysdael, which I call the best picture of the kind I ever yet saw, is also intended for you; but there are some difficult circumstances just at this time attend that matter, which may soon be cleared up.

I am, Sir, with equal truth, your friend and humble servant,

RADNOR.

DAVID GARRICK TO MR. HARRIS, M.P.

Hampton, July 6, 1762.

Sir,—Though I have had the honour of paying my respects to you at Salisbury, yet I know not how to make my excuses for the liberty I am going to take.

A friend of mine, who warmly recommended the musical talents of young Norris to me, and who has brought about an engagement with Mr. Stephens and the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, at the same time spoke highly of a Pastoral, called 'Damon and Amaryllis,' and which he told me was in your hands. As I would willingly exhibit the young man to the best advantage, and as I am assured that he cannot appear to more in any performance than in the Pastoral I have mentioned,

[1] Left by the first Lord Radnor to Mr. Harris, by will, in 1776. These two fine pictures are now in my possession at Heron Court.

I have made bold, Sir, to request a great favour of you, that you would permit us to perform it at Drury Lane the next winter.

I should not have dared to make this petition to you, had I not been assured that you have a great liking to the merit of Master Norris, and that his reputation would be fixed with us, could he make his first appearance in that musical entertainment.

I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

D. Garrick.

DAVID GARRICK TO MR. HARRIS, M.P.

Hampton, July 18, 1762.

Sir,—I take the earliest opportunity to return my acknowledgments for the great favour you have conferred upon me. You may depend upon my taking all possible care to exhibit the Pastoral to the best advantage.

If a peace is settled by the middle of October (at which time I have your leave to perform it), it will be a most lucky circumstance in our favour.

I am a little puzzled about the length: it is rather too long for an entertainment after a play, and too short for a night's performance. I imagine that the length of time it takes up must be owing to the 'da capos' of the songs, as there is nothing that can be spared in the words, from the shortness of the acts and of the recitative part. I therefore, Sir, submit it to you with great deference (for I am only an admirer, and no judge of music), whether we might not omit some of the repetitions in the songs, and bring the performance

into less compass. I hope you will excuse this impertinence, as I shall most exactly follow your directions, whenever you shall please to honour me with them. I must once more thank you for the favour which you have so very politely conferred upon,

Sir, your most obliged, and most obedient, humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

P.S.—Whatever commands you shall give about the Pastoral, Mr. Stephens will convey them to me, and shall see them most punctually executed.

DAVID GARRICK TO MR. HARRIS, M.P.

Hampton, September 7, 1762.

Dear Sir,—I have been from home a few days, or I should have answered your last favour sooner. Mr. Stephens has delivered the score to us, and the parts are now writing out for the orchestra. We shall take care to follow your advice in the advertising the Pastoral for representation, and we have taken care to secure Master Norris's master to attend the rehearsal of the music. There shall be no care wanting on my part to adapt proper and elegant scenes to the piece, and to give some necessary directions to the performers and dancers, that the whole may appear with credit.

This is all I can possibly do in return for the very great obligation you have conferred upon,

Dear Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

1763.

George III. had come to the throne in 1760, the Duke of Newcastle being Prime Minister. He was succeeded in May 1762 by Lord Bute, who, having resigned, Mr. George Grenville formed an administration April 16, 1763. Lord Henley was Chancellor, Duke of Marlborough Privy Seal, Lord Sandwich Secretary of State, Lord Halifax at the Admiralty. Mr. Grenville was the son of George Grenville of Wootton, in the county of Bucks, by the sister of Lord Cobham. For his character see Adolphus's 'History of England in 1763.' His peace policy made him very unpopular with a great portion of the country, and in this he was openly opposed by Mr. Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham), and more secretly by Lord Bute. During his administration, which lasted till July 1765, Mr. Harris was at first a Lord of the Admiralty, afterwards a Lord of the Treasury. His wife is, therefore, a credible witness as regards the political news of that period, and appears to have taken a great interest in them.

On February 10, 1763, the treaty of peace with France was ratified, after the most vigorous opposition from Mr. Pitt, who was so ill during his declamation against it as to be supported while he spoke, and was permitted to address the House sitting.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Pall Mall, June 13, 1763.

I hope by this time you have matriculated,[1] and gone through all your operations: let me know all particulars. I was at St. James's yesterday; it was not full. Their Majesties[2] were gracious to me; the Queen spoke English to Lady Henley, but French to me, who came next. I am informed she speaks English to those ladies who don't understand French. Next year I imagine everybody will be spoken to in English. I dined at your uncle's, where you were expected—made some visits in the evening. This morning we went to Richmond; found nobody at home, but had a pleasant drive. The Duke of York and Princes William and Henry were just going from the Princess's as we got back to Kew. I had some difficulty to prevail on Thomas not to drive against the Duke of York, who was driving himself in a curricle; his brothers were on horseback. Sir William Boothby and Mr. Evelyn came to us, and had a little chat. I heard from Salisbury that the sport there was the finest ever seen, and the assemblies better than they expected, considering how many of the neighbourhood are absent. The same letter informed me that Sir Gerrard Napier and Mr. Sturt had been out on a sea expedition, and Sir Gerrard was very sick. The captain of the vessel advised him to drink port wine. Sir Gerrard drank a quart at one draught, and then immediately another, which was all their stock on

[1] At Merton College.
[2] George III. and Queen Charlotte.

board. He then drank two quarts of white wine, and began the third, but fell down before he could finish it; he continued insensible a long time after he was brought ashore. Mr. Sturt sent for three physicians and two apothecaries; so, by blistering, &c., they brought him back to life.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Pall Mall, June 15, 1763.

I thank you for your letter. I shall be glad to hear how you go on, and whether you have received your things from Salisbury. I was yesterday at Leicester House, where there were more people than I thought had been in town. The Duchess of Marlborough is very ill with a complaint in her face; she has had it the whole winter; they say it is owing to a tooth being ill-drawn, and that her jaw was broken. She was so bad yesterday, that she could not open her mouth to take any sustenance but liquids. The Duchess of Bedford came to town Monday evening. Lady Northampton[1] is certainly dead, but the Duchess of Beaufort did not know it yesterday; so that accounts for her sister, Lady Harriet Somerset, being at the opera Saturday—the day when it was reported that Lady Northampton was dead. If your father brings any news from the Treasury, you shall have it.

[1] Daughter of the Duke of Beaufort. Her husband died a few months after.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Cottenham, June 19, 1763.

We left town Friday, about five in the afternoon; got that night to Hockerly; and yesterday, at eleven in the morning, met the Dean of Sarum, at Cambridge.

We saw, I think, thirteen colleges and halls, the Senate-house, schools, &c. As to the country about here, 'tis the most disagreeable I ever saw. Your father and I both agreed we would not spend a summer at Cottenham to have the Dean's parsonage; it is surrounded with fens, and you are teased beyond expression by the gnats. When we got here, about nine on Saturday, the Dean's butler came to your father with a pair of leathern stockings,[1] to draw on so as to protect his legs; which in hot weather is dreadful. Besides this, the beds have a machine covered with a silk net, which lets down after you are in bed, and covers you all over. Without this, there could be no sleeping; for, notwithstanding all these precautions, we were most miserably stung. There are 1,400 cows kept in the parish of Cottenham, which feed on the fens in the summer. The water is, in this dry season, up to their bellies. The natives dry the cowdung for firing in the winter, so 'tis kept in heaps about the fields, as is also the dung of their yards; so when you walk the stink is inconceivable. Mr. Harris took a ride to survey these fens, and he says nothing can be so detestable. He talked with the natives, who told him, that during the winter the

[1] The dress of that day being breeches and silk stockings.

water was constantly above their ancles in their houses. The Dean's house and all belonging to him are better than one could expect in such a country; but dull and flat to a degree. All this is between ourselves, for I ought not to speak ill of a place where we were so well received. Sir Thomas Robinson called here yesterday, and I believe we shall have his house, and that probably before Michaelmas.

We have lost a good friend and neighbour in Lord Feversham. He died before the doctor could come. I did not think him so near death, though I thought him breaking.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Pall Mall, July 2, 1763.

We have just returned from a most agreeable expedition on the Thames. We set out this morning from Whitehall-stairs in a common wherry, landed at Pepper-Alley-stairs, and at the other side of the bridge embarked in the Admiralty[1] barge, which is a commodious and highly finished thing. We landed at Greenwich, saw all that was to be seen in the college, which is St. George's Hall, the chapel, and the Royal Charles ward. Then we set off for Woolwich; were shown the working of the cannon; the number of cannon in the gun-warren is beyond my description. We also saw the laboratory, where there is a model for fireworks, and many curious models of ships. We got back to Greenwich to dine. We had the smallest

[1] Mr. Harris was at this time a Lord of the Admiralty, under Mr. Grenville's Government, Lord Bute having resigned in April.

fish I ever saw, called whitebait; they are only to be eat at Greenwich, and are held in high estimation by the epicures; they are not so large as the smallest of minnows, but are really very good eating. We dined in a charming place in the open air, which commanded a fine view of the Thames; but were obliged to leave it at six o'clock, as the tide was so cruel as not to stay for us, and they never venture to shoot the bridge with the Admiralty barge at low water, which was the reason they were below the bridge in the morning, for they set off at six o'clock. We followed at nine, and had a beastly walk through the Borough after we landed.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Pall Mall, July 19, 1763.

When I wrote Friday last I did not know that your father had had any letter from you, for it was Treasury-day, and he dined at Mr. Grenville's, so I did not see your letter till late. I own I was impatient to hear from you. We hear very laudable accounts of your speaking,[1] from various people. Lord Bruce had an account of all the speakers from Dr. Harrison, and he made honourable mention of you.

Your father had a long and most friendly conference with Mr. Grenville this morning. I fancy the Treasury will adjourn sooner than we thought for. I hope you will be at Salisbury all the time we are there. Lord Bruce dined here last night with Mr. Hooper. My Lord is now in waiting, but is soon going to Tun-

[1] At Oxford.

bridge with Lady Bruce. We were to have stayed in town till after Her Majesty was brought to bed; but as that is not expected till late in August, Mr. Grenville is so good as to say he will release the Board sooner. A very thin Court, Sunday—only eleven ladies; and the Sunday before there were only four, besides the Queen's servants.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Pall Mall, August 20, 1763.

I hope you escaped that tremendous storm[1] we had yesterday. I don't like writing, in the newspaper style, that *the oldest man living never saw the like*; but the darkness here at twelve o'clock was beyond anything I ever remember: no seeing to read, or hardly to walk about the house. I went last night to inquire after Her Majesty and the young Prince. Lady Weymouth was in waiting, and was very gracious to me. She and the Duchess of Ancaster sat knotting, with a knotting-bag hanging on their left arm. Many people were there, and it was a good assembly. From seven till nine, tea is brought round. They sit in the apartment on the left hand of the staircase. In the morning there is caudle and cake, of which your father partook yesterday. I shall go again to-night and to-morrow morning, and then I hope to taste the caudle. I have spent the whole morning partly with Norman at

[1] The 'Annual Register,' describing this storm, states that it extended several miles around London. Sheep as well as fowl were killed by the hailstones, or rather, pieces of ice, some of which measured ten inches in circumference. The damage exceeded 50,000*l*.

Whitehall, and partly at Norman's warehouse; and have given (what are for us, I think) large orders, though not so great as those of Sir Laurence Dundas, who has ordered furniture from Norman's to the amount of 10,000*l*. Mr. Hooper[1] dined with us; he says they were obliged to have candles at the Custom House at noon yesterday, which they never have in the most dark, foggy winter day. Pray inform me if the darkness was as remarkable in the country.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Whitehall, August 27, 1763.

The Duke of York sets out Monday, and goes through Salisbury to Plymouth. The report at present is that Wilkes was not killed in the duel; but 'tis said that he was abusing the Scotch, at some public place, which was resented by a Mr. Forbes, who challenged him, and he declined, to his dishonour. Mr. Wilkes never loses an opportunity of ridiculing the Scotch. Some one observing that, as there were no trees in Scotland there could be no birds, he replied, 'G—d, Sir, not at all; I have seen three magpies perched on one thistle.' Another report is that Mr. Pitt,[2] together with Lord Bute, was three hours with the King at St. James's this morning. Lord Pembroke is to read ethics, and Sir William Boothby metaphysics, to the Duke of York during his voyage.

[1] Mr. Hooper was Chairman of Customs.
[2] Afterwards Earl of Chatham.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Whitehall, August 30, 1763.

Mr. Pitt has had two conferences with His Majesty—one on Saturday, the other yesterday morning. He was offered the office of Secretary of State, with the power of bringing in some friends; but he was so very high, that nothing would do but an entire sweep of all the Boards, from the highest to the lowest; and whoever had voted for the peace was to be totally laid aside, and never have any employ whatever. This behaviour[1] was so very magnificent, that no King could submit to it; so all the present people will stay as they were; but who is to be Secretary and President of the Council is not yet come to my knowledge. These two days have been very interesting: yesterday I thought the present set at their last gasp, and to-day I think them stronger than ever. I wish it had so happened that you had been in town, for you would have heard many things that I don't choose to write—most noble and honest sentiments from His Majesty, who, from the best of principles, was willing to conciliate matters, but would never submit to give up those of his friends whom he knew to be worthy of their stations. What hearts must those people have who can torment so very good a man! I heard that Lord Egremont[2] has left Lady

[1] The facts stated in this letter are perfectly accurate. The arrogant demeanour and demands of Pitt are fully described by Adolphus, and the King refused to be bullied. Vol. i. p. 137.

[2] Charles, second Earl of Egremont, Secretary of State, was a severe loss to the Ministry. He was a great *gourmand*. Horace Walpole writes that a few days before his death he said, 'Well, I have but three

Egremont 10,000*l.*, besides her jointure, which is 2,000*l.* per annum, and the house in Piccadilly, till her son is of age, when she is to have 300*l.* a-year for a house; his second son has 1,100*l.* a-year; the third 900*l.* a-year, and the youngest 10,000*l.*; 20,000*l.* a-piece to his daughters, and everything else to his eldest son.

Had Mr. Pitt come in, the two Secretaries would have been himself and Charles Townshend; the Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire; Lord President, Lord Hardwicke; Privy Seal, Duke of Newcastle; First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Temple; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Legge; First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Rockingham; First Lord of Trade, Lord Besborough; Secretary of War, Mr. James Grenville; and every friend of the Duke of Bedford's to be turned out. You may read this to the Dean as from me, but desire our names may not be used.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Whitehall, November 2, 1763.

The Attorney-General resigned this morning: 'tis thought he will be succeeded by the Solicitor-General; but that is not yet decided. Mr. Hussey is one of those named to succeed the Solicitor, and I hope it may be true. This event looks as if the Opposition were very much in earnest. I am going with Mrs. Castle and your sisters to Covent Garden, to see 'The Upholsterer.' Plays are not half so entertaining now as they were in the days of Garrick;[1] Powell does

turtle dinners to come, and if I survive them, I shall be immortal.' His death hastened Lord Bute's resignation.

[1] Garrick had gone on a tour abroad to recruit his strength.

marvellously well for so young a beginner: he has many of Garrick's attitudes, and is clearly a mimic of his; his person is good, as is his voice. Mrs. Yates is excellent, and between you and me, is the only one in the play of 'Philaster' who really pleased me. There are some pretty things in the play, and some great absurdities; one scene is pretty between Mrs. Yates and Powell, and finely acted. Your father dined at Lord Halifax's, with all the *grandees*.

Friday we are to have a dinner here.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Whitehall, November 10, 1763.

I was, Tuesday, for the second time, to see 'Rule a Wife,' and 'The Upholsterer.' There is great fun in the farce, and it is well acted; you will most probably see it, so I will not anticipate. There was a great Court, Tuesday, at Leicester House; to-day I am going to St. James's. Yesterday was Lord Mayor's Show. Mrs. Grenville and four of her children were here, but the weather was so dreadfully bad and dark, that the whole beauty of the Show on the river was lost; it was a great disappointment to us, for 'tis the only sight we have, in the whole year, from these windows. Your sisters are invited to see the King go to the House, at Mr. Grenville's, which pleases them greatly. 'Tis said Mr. John Yorke will very soon resign his place as Lord of Trade. Both parties will very soon know their strength. Very long days are expected, and much talking; you shall certainly hear all that I can tell. The Government is very strong.

I know that those who are men of business, and are in place, earn all their emoluments; for none but those who see, can tell how constantly they are employed from morning till night. I am just come from St. James's: the town begins to fill, and there was a much fuller Court than there has been for some time. The Duke of Bolton, Lord Temple, &c., were there. Our neighbour, Lord Grantham, is come up; Mr. Robinson is very soon expected.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD

Whitehall, November 15, 1763.

I have been with your sisters at Mrs. Grenville's to see His Majesty go to the House. There was a great crowd, but no insults or indecent behaviour like last year; on the contrary, many very loyal shouts. The Prince of Wales[1] and Prince Frederick were in their coach just by the Horse Guards, to see the King pass, and were held up that everybody might see them.

Two hundred and fifty people met last night at the Cockpit, among which number Mr. Wilkes had the modesty to mix. He said he thought it was the last time he should ever be there. One gentleman told him, as a rough sort of joke, he would probably be in Newgate by next Friday; which he laughed at.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Whitehall, November 15, 1763.

Your father returned from the House at two this morning: great debating. Lord North moved to enquire

[1] Afterwards George IV.

into No. 45 of the 'North Briton.' Mr. Pitt was the chief and almost only manager for Wilkes. They were pretty smart at times, and the House often called them to order. They divided twice; the first was 300 to 111, the second 273 to 111. The House came to a resolution that No. 45 'North Briton' was a false, scandalous, and seditious libel, and ordered it to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman; they are upon the same business to-day, that is, to make the seizing of his person no breach of privilege. To-morrow he is to speak for himself, and Friday the affair may end, and he may be expelled the House. The House of Lords is engaged with Wilkes also, for among his papers was found the most blasphemous, profane, and obscene thing ever written, in Bishop Warburton's name.[1] There were thirteen copies printed, and interlined with his own hand. Lord Sandwich moved it, and read part of it in the House of Lords. I am sure this may be called a breach of privilege with regard to Bishop Warburton. I hear the Lords have adjourned till the Commons have done with him.

This instant a note has come from your father to inform me that Wilkes fought a duel, this morning, in Hyde Park, with Mr. Martin;[2] he has received two balls in his body, which are extracted, and the wound thought not dangerous. Mr. Martin said yesterday in the House, *that whoever wrote an anonymous paper, so impudent and*

[1] The 'Essay on Woman,' a parody on Pope's 'Essay on Man,' and, like that, pretending to have notes by Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, who had edited Pope's works.

[2] Mr. Martin was Member for Camelford, and late Secretary of the Treasury. He had been violently attacked in the 'North Briton.'

abusive as the 'North Briton,' was a lying scoundrel, and repeated it again—'*I say he is a lying scoundrel.*' I surmise from this, that Wilkes must have sent the challenge, but that I only guess. I think 'tis better he is not quite killed, for I should wish he might be made an example of; for a more wicked wretch never lived in any age. His blasphemy with regard to our Saviour is enough to shock even those who never think of religion.

Lord Temple[1] spoke with warmth for his friend; he could not justify his profanity, but thought the seizing of his papers a wrong thing, and talked a great deal of that. What will party zeal not do, when men who boast of good characters endeavour to protect such an abandoned—I cannot find a name bad enough for him!

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Whitehall, November 22, 1763.

The Speaker's illness has put a stop to the business of the House of Commons for some days; he hopes to attend to-morrow, but whether he will be able to go through the great affair of privilege I should doubt: you shall hear the event when I am informed. Wilkes is much better. As soon as he is well, he is to answer for himself at the House of Commons for a seditious libel, and then before the House of Lords for a blasphemous one—business enough for one man. The affair of Wilkes and Martin was as follows. Martin spoke

[1] Lord Temple, Lord-Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, notified by command, to Wilkes, his removal from the colonelcy of the Bucks Militia, and in the same letter highly complimented him. Lord Temple was himself removed from the Lord-Lieutenancy in consequence.

those violent words in the House against *an anonymous writer* which I told you of; the next day Wilkes wrote to Martin to say he was the writer of that paper; then Martin wrote the challenge. Wilkes, as soon as he returned home, very honourably sent the challenge back to Martin, so that, in case he died, that challenge might not appear against Martin; he also spoke handsomely of the latter's behaviour and honour.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Whitehall, November 24, 1763.

The House of Commons met yesterday for the first time since the Speaker's illness. Lord North moved the enquiry as to privilege—was answered by Beckford, who opposed. Many spoke on both sides, and about eight the House divided; for the motion 243, against it 166; but as it was so late, Lord North said he thought it wrong to fatigue the Speaker with so much business, and adjourned it till this day. It is now ten, and they are still sitting. Your father spoke yesterday, and I hear remarkably well; at least, it was so said in the House of Lords, this morning. Mr. Pitt went into the House yesterday on his crutches, with his legs swathed in flannel; but whether 'tis gout, or only to move compassion, I will not pretend to say. Some say Mr. Wilkes is very well, others say that they apprehend a gathering in his side that may prove dangerous, but that I do not believe. It was a most unlucky event, for else all this affair might have been over.[1]

[1] Mr. George Grenville's Government was worsted in all their proceedings against Wilkes. The Court of Common Pleas declared his

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Whitehall, December 10, 1763.

The affair of Wilkes and Dun is related right in the papers. Dun is said to have been lately come out of a madhouse, where he had been confined some time. He is to be examined this day before the House of Commons, for 'tis a breach of privilege to threaten the life of one of that House. I have been to one opera, and to very few plays; the opera is tiresome, and the plays but moderate.

The affair of Dun [1] was examined before the House of Commons this morning, and many evidences interrogated; it appeared very clearly that he is out of his senses, so he was released from the power of the House *nemine contradicente*. The Government left it almost to the entire management of Wilkes's friends. Mr. Grenville spoke at last that it might be entered in the votes as the opinion of the whole, and Charles Townshend spoke strongly for the same.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT OXFORD.

Whitehall, March 6, 1764.

I wish you much entertainment from your anatomical lectures, as also from those of Dr. Blackstone.[2] I was

commitment to the Tower illegal, as a Member of Parliament could only forfeit his privilege on charges of treason, felony; breach of peace and charge of libel did not come under these heads. Wilkes also obtained 1,000*l.* damages and costs of suit against Wood, Under-Secretary of State, for seizing his papers. Lord Henley was Lord Chancellor.

[1] Dun was a madman who went to Wilkes's house and threatened to assassinate him.

[2] The author of the 'Commentaries,' and professor of law at Oxford.

at chapel Sunday, and much surprised to hear the clerk give out six verses of the 19th Psalm to be sung, when we used never to have more than two; but we were obliged to sing till somebody could be found to *preach*, which at last was accomplished. I was afraid we were to have sung on till an express had been sent to Oxford. I hope for better luck next Sunday.

Yesterday the Committee sat, in order to enquire into the matter of *franks*, and they were getting into a fair train, when some of the Opposition began talking about letters being opened at the Post Office, and enlarging upon this, dropped the former subject; then they were to go down to the House, but made nothing of it. Some of the minority were very angry; in short, these deviations from the question put a stop to the franking affair for that time. I am not certain whether Lord Hardwicke[1] is dead; if he is alive, that is all, for he was dying yesterday.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, March 8, 1764.

The Cider Bill yesterday went off perfectly well on the side of the Government; they divided twice, but the minority would not venture a third; they sat till half-past nine. A great deal of talk of liberty in the Opposition: amongst others, Nicholson Calvert harangued and said, '*Where is Athens? What is become of Lacedæmon?*' This brought on a laugh, so he sat down and said, '*if the gentlemen laughed, he must sit down to*

[1] Philip Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke, had been Lord Chancellor He died that day.

recollect himself;' on which Sir John Glynn got up, and replied, '*that while that honourable gentleman was recollecting himself, he would inform him that Athens and Lacedæmon were gone to Albemarle Street.*'[1]

You may fancy how this entertained the House.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, March 10, 1764.

I went to Bedford House, with Lady Mary Forbes. I was engaged to go with Lady Katherine Noel, but yesterday, at eleven in the morning, she sent me word her maid was not very well, and could not dress her fit for so great an assembly. This, you may imagine, distressed me; so I sent to Lady Hyde, who had herself a bad cold, but was, as usual, so good as to settle me with Lady Mary Forbes. The Duchess of Bedford[2] was very gracious to me. There was no crowd; only one very large room for the company; two small ones without—one for tea, and the other to wait while the chair or coach is getting up. The servants, *out of livery*, are all in one uniform—scarlet with a broad gold lace. I played one rubber of crown cribbage with Lady Guildford, Lady Mary Forbes and Mrs. Hunter, and won it. I hear the Duchess of Queensberry's ball went off very well: it began with minuets, both above stairs and below; the Duchess and Lord Hartington began above; after the minuets all went up for country dances —about eighteen couple. The Duchess danced with several gentlemen. At twelve the ball ended, and half-

[1] The residence of Lord Bute, the ex-Minister.

[2] Wife of the fourth duke, and daughter of Earl Gower.

an-hour after they went to supper, which was in two rooms, and at two o'clock they parted. Many people are inclined to be affronted that they were not invited, but I will not be of that number. Everybody was there by *six*; it is only the Duchess [1] who succeeds in assembling people so early. I saw her at Bedford House last night, and we had a very friendly interview.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, March 17, 1764.

The House sat last night till nine. Mr. Beckford moved for 19,000*l.*, for London Bridge, more in the style of a just demand than of a petition. This brought on much debating, and many very smart things were said on the Common Council, particularly by Lord Strange and Dr. Hay. Mr. Grenville spoke finely—calm and no abuse; he was not against giving 7,000*l.*, to make good those piles which had been blown up, or were otherwise deficient; but that was not accepted, so they divided—for the division 64, against it 94. After the division they would have moved for the 7,000*l.*, but that was contrary to order, so now they have got nothing. Mr. Grenville [2] gets great credit daily; no minister has been so strong since Mr. Pelham, in his highest days.

Your father dined in Downing Street after the debate;

[1] The Duchess of Queensberry was the proudest woman of her day. When the Duke's estate at Amesbury was sold to a banker, who afterwards sent her an invitation, she refused, telling him that 'he had powdered his wig with the dust of her ancestors.'

[2] Mr. Grenville, at this time First Lord of the Treasury, was the father of three well-known statesmen in the next generation—George, Earl Temple; Thomas Grenville, and William Lord Grenville.

they are all in very high spirits. I was at the oratorio of 'Nabal' last night with Lord and Lady Shaftesbury. The words are Dr. Morell's; the music taken from Handel's old operas and oratorios—charming fine things, but played stupidly. The Princess Dowager was talking to Lord Tyrawly about the oratorio, and said she did not recollect the story of Nabal; he said, '*he was not thoroughly acquainted with the Old Testament, and if he might advise, thought she had better consult the Bishop of Osnaburgh.*'[1] It was really a *bon mot* in point of repartee, and if she dislikes his having the bishopric given him, it was well aimed as a courtier.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, April 5, 1764.

Almack is going to build some most magnificent rooms behind his house, one much larger than that at Carlisle House.

The subscription is ten guineas for a gentleman, and the same for a lady, to have only one ticket each; the ladies may lend theirs, but the gentlemen cannot; there are to be between three and four hundred subscribers; a ball and concert, the same as at Mrs. Cornely's. As there is already so commodious a place, it seems an unnecessary piece of extravagance. We are now very busy in preparing for our concert Wednesday morning, and I am greatly afraid there will be too great a crowd; however, it will be of good company. It is reported (but I don't know with what truth) that Lord North

[1] Prince Frederick, an infant, had been created Bishop of Osnaburgh.

and the Secretary of War will be made joint paymasters; Lord Carysfort is to be made a Lord of the Treasury, but my intelligence has not yet filled up the Admiralty; Mr. Stanley is to be Secretary of War. The Court and assembly's talk yesterday was all of the match of Lady Susan Strangways and O'Brien the player. It is said she went out Saturday with a servant, whom, under the pretext of having forgotten something, she sent back, and said she would wait in the street till her return. O'Brien was waiting in a hackney-coach, which she got into, and they went to Covent Garden Church, and were married. 'Tis a most surprising event, as Lady Susan[1] was everything that was good and amiable; and how she ever got acquainted with this man is not to be accounted for; they say she sent him 200*l.* a little time since. Everybody is concerned at this rash step. She is of age.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, May 10, 1764.

Great riots at Ranelagh among those *beings*, the footmen. It began Friday, when three were taken into custody; but, on asking pardon, they were discharged. Last night it was more violent, and there was fighting with drawn swords, for some hours; they broke one chariot all to pieces; six are now in custody. I hope they will meet their due reward, and not get off by asking pardon. Vails[2] is the grievance they want to redress.

[1] A beautiful picture of Lady Susan, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is at Holland House.

[2] The abolition of vails to servants, which had become a great abuse.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

May 12, 1764.

Mr. Shebbeare dined here, and is this instant gone; he desired many compliments to you. He is not yet going out of town. He was last night at Ranelagh, where there was another riot, much more considerable than the former ones. One gentleman had his arm broke, another his head; some footmen hurt, and 'tis said one killed, but that I doubt; two were taken prisoners. I shall keep clear of this by staying safe at Whitehall. The ladies go into fits, scream, run into the gardens, and do everything that is ridiculous. I have brought up your Ranelagh coat which I carried down.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, July 6, 1764.

This I hope finds you safely arrived at Atterbury. By your going a day sooner than I expected, you have missed an ingenious letter of mine. Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Grafton have both been down at Atterbury after Charles Townshend, and yesterday he came up. I find he is offered to succeed Mr. Grenville, or to be Secretary of State. Lord Townshend[1] came up this morning, and he strongly adheres to the present set; so it is not settled which way Charles turns. Lord

[1] Third Viscount Townshend, and father of Charles, the wit, orator, and statesman, who, more clever than wise, at a moment when reconciliation appeared possible, proposed and carried the famous resolution for taxing the American colonies.

Rockingham is to be at the head of the Treasury, if Mr. Townshend does not accept it; General Conway, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the other Lords to be Sir G. Saville, Onslow, and Dowdeswell. Tom Townshend to the Admiralty in the room of Lord Carysfort; the Duke of Richmond to be Ambassador to Paris, Lord Hertford to Ireland; though I had heard, from no bad authority, that Lord Albemarle was to go there, and to have a blue ribbon. The Duke of Newcastle to be Lord President; Charles York to have a peerage with the Duchy of Lancaster for life. All this is to be made known Monday; at least, this is the talk of the day, so take it as I do. The Duke of Bolton's death was very extraordinary, for he was seen a few moments before in all appearance as usual. Yesterday, at noon, he went into his dressing-room and shot himself through the head. No one can account for anything which could prompt him to so violent an act. A friend of mine told me it was because he wanted a blue ribbon; that you must allow to be a sufficient reason. Tell Lady Newdigate I pity her for being *buried alive* in the country, when London is so sweet, and everybody in such a composed state of mind. If she could form an idea of the beauty of a ride, on a July morning, to Paddington, under the Dowager Lady Townsend's[1] hoop—such as I am often blessed with, she would bid adieu to Sir Roger, and beg me to receive her at Whitehall.

[1] Sister to Sir Robert Walpole, the Minister, and at this time a very old woman.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, September 18, 1764.

We had a tolerable *summer* Drawing-room Sunday. The Duke of York was very gracious; he looks very well, and is thinner than he was. Your father was yesterday morning at York House, and met with a most kind reception. The Duke offered to walk over the house with your father, but Dr. Blair came, and he showed it; it is a very fine house: the lower part is furnished, the first floor not. His Royal Highness sits up two pair of stairs. He has a levée once a month, the same as the Princess Dowager's. Lady Stowell has taken a house at Twickenham, and is now there; I believe that is to be her country residence. The new singer, Manzolini, is arrived, but nobody as yet can tell who is to have the management of the Opera; at least, we cannot learn, and the Duke of York says he does not know. He has heard this man in Italy, and says he is a finer singer than Elissi was. All the news from your father is that Mr. St. John [1] is made Woodward, and Horles his deputy; also that Mr. Grenville is gone to dine at Hampstead with Lord Mansfield.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, September 22, 1764.

We had a very splendid Drawing-room this morning, and there was room to show one's finery, which cannot be done at a birthday. Every one of the Royal Family

[1] Henry St. John, brother to Lord Bolingbroke.

was there, except the Princess Dowager. The Princess Amelia looked remarkably well, quite young and lively; we also paid our respects to the two young princes, who are both very well. The Spanish Ambassadress is very well in her person, and not a disagreeable face, but with rather too much yellow mixed with the red; she appears to be between thirty and forty, and, without joking, would look very agreeable if she added blanc to the rouge instead of gamboge. Lord North came from Court with us this morning, and stayed till near five; the Treasury [1] have combined not to let me dine till they please, for he and Mr. Harris were to dine at Mr. Grenville's, but honoured me with their company first.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, September 29, 1764.

Your father and I went last night to see the 'Fop's Fortune,' at Covent Garden—a very moderate performance.

Woodward exhibited the new little Nivernois hat, which is at present the high taste of all pretty gentlemen; it is hardly so large as the common *chapeau bras*, cocked in the Nivernois style. I have met numbers of these unhappy creatures in the streets and park, and 'tis past description how very ridiculous it looks. You ought to bless yourself that you did not come to town, or, probably, you might have added to the number.

I forgot to mention that the true Nivernois has a most immense bunch of silver in the front, called the

[1] Mr. Harris had been appointed a Lord of the Treasury in the previous year.

choufleur, which Woodward did justice to. Lord Kelly says Fermier, who is Giardini's[1] partner, will carry on the operas this winter at the great house in the Haymarket; for though they have not 1,000*l.* subscribed, and have contracted to give Manzolini 1,500*l.*, he still thinks he can do without more subscribers better than with them. 'Tis pretty certain that the greatest part of the orchestra and almost all the dancers are engaged to the playhouses.

We have had a very kind invitation to Scott's Hall, and as they are so obliging as to give us leave to bring our daughters, 'tis a temptation not to be resisted; so we shall set out as soon as we can get four days' respite from the Treasury. Mr. Harris has settled with his men servants the *grand affair* of *vails*, and has raised their wages to half as much again; it went off better than I expected.

Lady Coventry[2] looked very pretty Sunday, when she was presented. An odd event happened the day she was to have been married. His Lordship had not got a licence; they were at Lady St. John's house in the country; my Lord was obliged to come up to Doctors' Commons to swear to his own age, and also to Miss St. John's, and then to send to Lambeth for the licence; but, unfortunately, his Grace was not at home, so it was agreed that they had better eat the dinner, rather than it should be spoilt. So to dinner they went, and sat all the afternoon, dressed in their white and silver, expecting every moment the express from Lambeth; but

[1] Giardini, a Piedmontese musician, who, after residing thirty years in England, went to Russia, where he died in 1793.

[2] Daughter of Lord St. John, of Bletsoe, Lord Coventry's first wife, who died in 1760, was the elder of the two beautiful Miss Gunnings.

nothing came. The same reason still held good for eating a supper as for eating the dinner; and, in short, they supped and sat till after two, and then, by mutual consent, dismissed the parson, and all retired. About four the licence came, but they were not married till eleven that morning.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, October 4, 1764.

I have but little to say, except wishing you a good journey to Oxford, and a successful campaign in your studies; but I hope you will not again go to the anatomical lectures. We carried your sisters last night to the play, and a miserable play, in my opinion, it was—'Love for Love.' When you go into the library, I wish you would take out the other volume of Dacier's Homer (the first is here), and leave it with Mrs. D'Oyley, as, probably, I shall soon want them. We have settled nothing for our Kentish expedition, but divert ourselves by talking of the journey by the fireside.

Can anyone divine what business Mrs. D'Oyley had to kill Mr. Wyndham of Hammersmith? for I mentioned it to all I saw, and though no soul had heard it, they all believed the news must come to Salisbury long before it could to London, and so it passed for truth.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, October 19, 1764.

Your father had a letter last post from Lord Shaftesbury, who makes most honourable mention of you; his words are, '*If good sense, rational conversation, decent behaviour, and good humour are requisites, then my cousin, James Harris, must please.*' He also says, that both he and Lady Shaftesbury greatly regretted your leaving them. All this is very pleasing to your father and me. The Duchess of Ancaster is in a very low-spirited way, and I hear does not eat or sleep; she is come to town for advice. Since I wrote the above, I have had the pleasure of your letter. You cannot do better than cultivate so good an acquaintance as Lord Newnham.[1] I can give you no better information as to the Opera than what I told you before; Giardini must go on, if he can, for none else can take it. If his Lordship has an inclination for a good concert, he may have one and twenty, at Mrs. Cornely's, for five guineas; seven of Bach's, seven of Cocchi's, and seven of Abel's. We approve the place so much, that both your father and I have subscribed. I saw, at Rochester, the tomb of your founder, Walter de Merton, who was drowned crossing the Medway. The man who shows the cathedral there says there is a bell which passes once a week, at Merton College, for him. Let me know if that is true.

[1] Eldest son of Lord Harcourt.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, October 20, 1764.

As you want to know about operas, I can inform you of what Tenducci says, who has just been here, and brought with him Manzolini. I got him to sing one song; he has a most charming voice, particularly in the upper notes, but I fancy he has a little cold. I have made them promise to breakfast here Monday, and then your father will be at home, so we shall hear more. Now as to the state of operas, Giardini is gone quite away; so his partner, one Fermier, and Crawford, will manage it. Manzolini had made a vow never to sing what Bach had composed; but that quarrel is now made up, and Bach is to compose one opera; but what they are to do for hands, I cannot learn. I know almost all the old orchestra are engaged to the playhouses, and so are the dancers.

Tenducci is to have 150*l.* from Massop for singing and acting two months, and a benefit besides; he is to be in England the end of August, and wants my interest that the Salisbury music should be put off till September for him, as he does not care to leave us.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, October 25, 1764.

We had a long Drawing-room this morning, and very full for the time of year; but, however, 'tis for a day only, as they all return to their villas *to-morrow*.

Your sisters were very happy in the Royal nursery

this morning. The Prince of Wales[1] was extremely polite to them; and what was almost as pleasing, they got a good dinner and dessert there, while my legs were aching in the drawing-room. I flatter myself you will not be ashamed of your sisters a few years hence, for I thought they looked very well to-day.

I had some talk with Lord Harcourt Thursday at Mrs. Grenville's; he repeated what he had before said to your father, namely, his desire of your visiting him at Newnham; so when you hear he is come down, you would do right, I think, to pay your respects to him.

All Manzolini's clothes and finery are seized, and carried to the Custom House; so he has sent a petition to the Lords of the Treasury, to have them redeemed. This event diverts Lord North, as he says not one of the Treasury know a note of music, or care one farthing what becomes of Manzolini, *except Mr. Harris*.[2] He says your father has told so moving a story to Mr. Grenville about it, that he thinks it may affect him. There have been some droll scenes between Mr. Harris, Manzolini, and Tenducci, who is interpreter, and who swears at every word he speaks, sometimes a little French, then English, and poor Manzolini standing by *shrugging* up his broad shoulders. I dont't know whether I told you Mrs. Celombie was dead; Tenducci does not seem the least affected.

Lady Harriet Wentworth[3] has married her footman. She left a letter for her sister, in which she desired all her clothes might be given to her woman, for she

[1] Then little more than two years old.

[2] Mr. Harris was an enthusiast, and wrote a treatise on music.

[3] Youngest daughter of the first Marquis of Rockingham.

would have no further occasion for finery; she said, '*though John was ignoble, yet he was honest.*' They say she has settled 100*l.* a-year on him, and all the rest of her fortune on her own family. We were last night at a very genteel assembly, at Mrs. Holman's; most of the foreign ministers, Lady Harrington and her daughter, and most of the fine world, were there. Probably you may say, Who is Mrs. Holman? 'Tis one of my new acquaintances, whom I picked up at Lady Pocock's; she has two daughters; they have a good house in Park Place, and are people of *this world.*

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, November 26, 1764.

I am glad you have a Bath stove, for your grate was none of the best. I hope you will keep your hearth clean. I was at the Opera Saturday—a tolerable house for the time of year. Manzolini sang finely, and met with prodigious applause, beyond anything I ever heard. There is a woman named Scotta, who has a pretty figure, and, I think, sings very agreeably; her voice is very sweet, but not strong. They have an excellent tenor voice, *yclep'd* Ciprandi, and, what with Cremonini and Tenducci, we were highly pleased with the performance. The dancing is bad beyond all description; they were hissed off the stage, and I see, by the advertisement to-day, that there are to be solos and concertos between the acts instead of dancing; but whether the town will be so put off, I much doubt.

Lord North took an impromptu dinner with us yesterday, and afterwards he and your father went into the

gallery at the Opera. All the world is pleased with Manzolini; but, notwithstanding, 'tis a great imposition on us having no dancers.

It went off very quietly, though I strongly recommended the two Lords of the Treasury to assist if there was a riot. By a letter I have just had from Mrs. D'Oyley, I am informed that the clergyman who shot himself at Wootton Bassett was a Mr. Sympson, nephew to Mrs. Earle; the lady whom he was in love with is a Miss Askew. The story was in all the papers last week. It was to have been kept secret from Mrs. Earle and Miss Sympson, but, I should imagine, they must know it, as it is so very public.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, December 6, 1764.

Most heartily do I wish success to your coal-mine, for you know my love of a good fire; and coals are now so dear, that 'tis a great sum of money to have the fire I like, without the assistance of Norlie Heath. On Mr. Yorke accepting the Patent of Precedency from the Crown, he transmitted (through the Lord Chancellor) the strongest assurances of his attachment to the Government. Yesterday he kissed hands at the levée, received all the compliments from the Ministry, and had a close and friendly conference with Lord Sandwich. The affair of going into Eddowes' houses, after D'Eon,[1] the

[1] The Chevalier d'Eon had been convicted of libel against the Comte de Guerchy, the French Ambassador. This adventurer, who was long suspected of being a woman, was ascertained to be a man, after an autopsy, ordered by Louis XVI.

Frenchman, was no act of the Ministry, as our lying papers insinuate, but execution of a legal process from the King's Bench, by the Sheriff's officers. 'Tis thought the Opposition will entertain the House once more about the warrants, and that also a motion about General Conway will be attempted. Calcraft has been for some time an enemy to Lord Holland: as his Lordship says, '*I have raised the dust, and now it flies in my eyes.*' When General Mostyn waited on the Duke of Newcastle, just as he was out of place, the Duke spoke to Mostyn with some feeling about his friend James Brudenell,[1] and said, '*he is now to be found at St. James's.*' '*If I don't find him there,*' replied the General, '*I shall go to Bedlam to look for him.*'

[1] Afterwards fifth Earl of Cardigan.

1765.

The Administration of Mr. Grenville had become unpopular, both with the King and country, and Lord Bute is said to have advised the former to dismiss it. The Marquis of Rockingham succeeded as Prime Minister, with Lord Northampton, the Dukes of Marlborough and Grafton and General Conway under him. During this year began our differences with our American Colonies, in regard to their taxation.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, February 16, 1765.

I hope this finds you safely arrived among your merry companions. We were much pleased with the music yesterday at the Lock Hospital. Avison's[1] choruses were very fine; the two last acts of Giardini's pleased me most, though great praise is due to Mr. Avison.

We played quadrille last night with Lady Pocock, and that is all I have done since you left me. The publisher[2] of No. 45 'North Briton' stood in the pillory in Palace Yard. There was a great crowd to attend him, and I hear Humphrey Coates made a

[1] Charles Avison, author of 'Essays on Musical Expression.' He died in 1770.

[2] Williams, a bookseller.

great collection for him.[1] You are desired not to attend the anatomical lectures this year, as your father has no idea of bringing you up as a surgeon.

Yesterday, in the House, Mr. Jenkinson proposed Pattison to succeed Dickerson as Chairman for Committees, and somebody proposed Whitworth; the House divided—for Pattison 165, for Whitworth 89. Then came on the American business, in which Mr. Yorke spoke very finely: that went off without dividing; no petitions from the Colonies against the tax[2] were allowed to be read. The House sat till near nine.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, February 21, 1765.

I have myself paid Mademoiselle Peignerelle for the sword-knot, and had a conference with her. In my life, I never saw so dear a woman; 'tis well she deals chiefly among the younger men.

The call of the House took place yesterday, and to-day Mr. Onslow moved for another call; but it passed in the negative. The Lords have thrown out the Bill to prevent the exportation of corn, only two Lords voting for it, namely, Pomfret and Edgecombe. Mawbey divided the House to-day on the Bill for raising money for paving Westminster out of the Sunday's toll from the turnpikes near London—for the bill 157, against it 58. Then petitions were presented from the West,

[1] The 'Annual Register' says 200 guineas; a large crowd cheering him all the time.

[2] The Stamp Duty, introduced in the previous session by resolution, and to be exacted in this one. The Act received the Royal assent on March 22.

and a motion made by Sir Richard Bamfylde to repeal the Cider Act—for the repeal 80, against it 151. The report on the American Bill went off without opposition.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, March 2, 1765.

Le Marquis de Carlotti has been here this morning to desire your father and I would write to you, for your protection at Oxford. I have spoken to Sir James Gray[1] about him; he knew him abroad, and says he is of a noble family of Verona, so you need not fear that he is an impostor. Lord Temple (as I was informed yesterday) says he went Friday to the House of Commons strongly prejudiced against the Government purchasing the Isle of Man; but when he heard what Mr. Grenville had to say on the subject, he was perfectly convinced both of the justice and propriety of the thing. The Duke of Athole is to have 70,000*l.*, and 2,000*l.* a-year for his life and the Duchess's. We were at Bedford House last night, and I thought we should have stayed there till this time, for the crowd of the coaches was so great that they could not move; the ladies who had chairs were obliged to sit still in the hall, and some stopped on the steps. Many coaches broke, and ours amongst the number; but 'tis no great matter.

[1] Ambassador at Madrid.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, June 6, 1765.

Your father goes Monday se'nnight to Mr. Grenville's at Wotton, and we females go that day to Salisbury. A most splendid assembly last night at Northumberland House; the gardens illuminated: your father was there, and much pleased. 'Tis *said* Sir James Lowther has asked for a blue ribbon. Sir Robert Rich is dead, so there is a regiment vacant, and also the governor of Chelsea Hospital. Lord Temple [1] had Mr. Grenville's two eldest sons [2] sent for from Eton to spend Saturday with him, and he carried them both to the Opera, and is very fond of them.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, June 26, 1765.

'Tis reported His Majesty had a conference yesterday with Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, but that both declined coming into office. Another conference was held this morning with Mr. Pitt, but he still persisted; so all things remain as they were; but how long they will last, or into what they will change, no one can tell. We got to town last night about nine. Miss Cooper is going to be married to Mr. Popham. I find his sons have disobliged him to a degree; so if this lady should have a son, what will become of the two elder ones?

[1] Mr. Grenville's brother.

[2] Afterwards known as Lord Temple, and Thomas Grenville.

P.S.—Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple[1] both decline accepting anything, and who is to come in no mortal, I believe, can tell. It may end in the old Newcastle party; at present everything is unsettled, and no place can be made out.

Supposing our friends should be discontented and give up, what will become of us then? This is my own surmise only, and I hope will not happen; but they have had provocation enough, and the times are very unpleasant. You may depend on hearing all that I hear, daily. Mr. Pitt was this morning in Downing Street; Lord Temple is gone this afternoon to Stowe, so that conference is over.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Whitehall, July 4, 1765.

Nothing yet settled as to the Administration. It was confidently reported last Tuesday, that yesterday was the day when all the new people were to be appointed, and numbers went to the levée to see who came in. All that ended in nothing, as it did that very day se'nnight. They say to-morrow is the day; 'tis strange that they cannot make out anything. A great meeting at Clermont Sunday last, with a party from Windsor, but their negotiations all came to nothing. I believe the present set might stay in if they chose, but we are kept, to use the modern phrase, in *hot water*, and we may continue so all the summer for anything I see to the

[1] Lord Temple declined for a reason (as he told the King) that must ever remain a secret. He had been reconciled with his brother, Mr. Grenville, and was disgusted with Pitt's arrogance.

contrary. I am blessed with a most excellent neighbour in Lady Townshend, who carries me out every day in her coach. Yesterday morning Mr. Cambridge rode about with us, and a most brilliant conversation we had. These bustles animate people prodigiously. I don't recollect if I ever told you that the Thomases have left the Duke of Queenberry's; I fancy they parted not in good humour. The first I heard of it was at Salisbury, from our Wilton friend, who said the Duchess *had turned out the whole hospital at once.* They have now a lodging at Hampton Court. Falconer writes me word that Miss Lisle is going to be married to a sea officer, and also to an officer belonging to Mordaunt's Dragoons. She is in luck to have two husbands at once. We were last night at Vauxhall; a great number of people there. Curiosity brings everybody to town, so 'tis quite full.

Thursday, six o'clock. 'Tis now said the Duke of Richmond will be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Lord Rockingham,[1] First Lord of the Treasury; Sir G. Saville, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Dowdeswell and Sir William Baker are also both talked of for that place; the Duke of Grafton and Lord Egmont to be Secretaries. Mr. Pitt is to be at the levée to-morrow, and then to go into Somersetshire. The Treasury will all go out next week.

[1] The Marquis of Rockingham became Prime Minister on July 12, with the Dukes of Grafton and Newcastle and General Conway as colleagues.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON

Whitehall, July 9, 1765.

This morning Mr. Grenville was ordered to carry the Seal, which he did, and it was given to Dowdeswell. The two new Secretaries, namely, the Duke of Grafton and Conway, kissed hands. The Board of Treasury will be Dowdeswell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord John Cavendish, George Onslow, and Pelham. Four will be removed from the Admiralty—Carysfort and Hayes; the others I am not certain of. The Lord Chancellor will not be removed. As the Treasury are not yet properly dismissed, we cannot leave town sooner than Wednesday.

MR. JOHN SHEBBEARE TO MR. HARRIS, M.P.

Meard's Buildings, July 22,[1] 1765.

Sir,—When my friend Scrub was sent out for news, he did not return with a less confused, uncertain account than I, after a week's inquiry into the present state of the new Administration. I have asked some folks what they thought, and they could not tell; I have asked others what they had heard, and they did not know.

It has been said that the Duke of Newcastle is extremely busy in disposing of places, and that the Duke of Grafton is offended—that Mr. Pitt denies his having any connection with the new Ministry, and has taken a resolution to retire to the estate his patriotism obtained.

[1] The Marquis of Rockingham's Administration was just in a state of formation. Mr. Grenville had resigned on July 13.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS FATHER.

The Hague, September 16, 1765.

Honoured Sir,—We got last night safe to Leyden,[1] about six o'clock. We left the Brielle about ten, and crossed the Maes twice before we got to Maesland Sluice. We were there but barely time for the Schuit that goes to Delft; so saw no more of the town than the people who travel post in England do of those they pass through. On our arrival at Delft, after having walked a little about the place, we dined, and had one of the cleanest dinners, and most expeditiously served, of any I ever saw. Our stay here did not exceed an hour, when we set out for Leyden; the passage there is very pleasant, the gardens of merchants running the whole way down to the river. By what I can see of the Dutch gardens, they are infinitely inferior to ours, and seem to be greatly behind us in taste; their only excellence is their neatness, which is extraordinary. Their decorations are odd: they fill their gardens with paintings, and if they want to lengthen a walk, they paint a gravel one, on a piece of board, to deceive the eyes; and I saw more than one painted aviary. I, immediately on my arrival at Leyden, went to Monsieur Leichtman, and he was so kind as to set out with me and Mr. Sproetgal (who has been exceedingly obliging and useful) to look for lodgings. We saw several, and I at last fixed on one, in the chief street, at the house of a

[1] To which place Mr. Harris was sent to finish his education, at the age of nineteen. The frugality of this once celebrated university is shown in this letter.

man who speaks French well. It consists of a very large room, with the bed almost hid, and a chamber for the servant, besides a large closet for my books. It is 150 florins, or fourteen guineas, a-year; but I am to try it first, and may, at any time after, quit it by giving six weeks' notice. There is in the same house an ordinary, for which you pay about ten shillings a week; your breakfast and supper you pay for apart; wine and candles and fire you find yourself, but have linen of all kinds found you. This lodging I shall try, as it is the largest and cheapest of any I saw. Messieurs Leichtman and Sproetgal tell me it is the most fashionable house of any in the place, and where foreigners of distinction resort. This morning, at 8 o'clock, I set out for this place. I thought this the better plan, as it would have been too late to have done any business by the time I could get here yesterday, and that it was more advisable to get some settlement at Leyden, as well as to get rid of my baggage, which I found cumbersome, and productive of disputes. Monsieur Sproetgal was so kind as to accompany me here. I immediately got a coach, and, as soon as I could dress, went to Sir J. Yorke,[1] who was actually gone out, but left orders that he should be at home at five in the afternoon, when I shall go again to him. I went to Count Woronzow,[2] and after a short parley got admittance. He was obliging and civil. I had two letters for him—one from Count Welderen, and

[1] Sir Joseph Yorke was Ambassador at the Hague from 1751 till 1780. He had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy. He was created Baron Dover in 1788; on his dying without issue the title became extinct.

[2] The Russian Minister at the Hague.

another, with a packet, from Dr. Moreton. I called likewise on Count Bentinck, but he was in the country. Propose, after my visit to Sir J. Yorke, to go to the play, and return, without anything should require my stay, to-morrow to Leyden.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS FATHER.

The Hague, September 23, 1765.

I am come here again to deliver the remainder of my letters to this place. Nothing material has happened since I wrote last. The lectures I attend at Leyden are those of Runkenius and Pestel; the one on universal history, and the other on Grotius. Their method of reading is explaining some author, paragraph by paragraph, that treats on the subject of their course. Thus Runkenius chooses an epitome of universal history compiled by Tersullianus; and Pestel's lectures are a comment and explanation of Grotius de jure B. et P. Their Latin I find not at all difficult to comprehend. Pestel is esteemed the most elegant of the Latin readers, and is superior to Runkenius vastly, whose language is rather low, and filled with German idioms; his lectures, though, are exceedingly interesting, and grow more and more so every day, as they are continually advancing into times where the facts

[1] The University of Leyden was founded in 1575. During the last century it attained great celebrity, and the lectures of its professors were attended by youths from all parts of Europe. Dr. (Jupiter) Carlyle, in his interesting autobiography, writing of the year 1745, states that there were at that time twenty-two British students at Leyden, amongst whom were Charles Townshend, the statesman and wit, John Wilkes, Dowdeswell, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. &c.

are more certain, and not so fabulous as those of the earliest antiquity. Mr. Voorda, a new professor, has not begun yet reading; his course is, de Notitia rerum publicarum, and is an account of the laws, religion, &c. of the different nations of the world. The book he reads from is Otto. I shall attend him as soon as he begins, which I fancy is next week. I find myself improve daily in French. Monsieur Détrouillet has promised to read French with me whenever I please, and I shall remind him of his promise when he has leisure. Count Woronzow, the Russian Minister, has called to see me here since I have been at Leyden.

MR. HOOPER TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Norfolk Street, October 26, 1765.

Dear Sir,—I should willingly send you news, if I had any more than some or other of the papers, I believe, have touched upon, and no doubt you see them all. 'Tis a time of most licentious and plentiful abuse on all persons of eminence among us, whether in or out of power; and the ill effect of these writings is apparent from the discontent and dissatisfaction, which grows more and more universally, without regard to the personal considerations of men. Our fellow-subjects in America are bent on rejecting the authority of the British legislature to levy taxes there; the people, instigated by their leading men, have broken loose from all order, and the mob is supposed to be at this time triumphant through all the continent of America, except such few parts of it as the King's troops are stationed in. Should the cider counties prevail next

session, 'tis but too likely that the immense number of beer-drinkers within the bills of mortality may immediately insist tumultuously on being indulged in their turn; and where this humour may stop, God only knows.

The American example will certainly operate strongly with our common people, and as there does not seem to have been any care taken to suppress the riots, which have been in great measure foreseen, even from the first, the flame may now, perhaps, have got so much ahead, that the mischief may be irreparable. At Boston the outrages and plunders of the mob have at length been checked by a small armed force of the place; but as to the business of the Stamp Act, that very force, I understand, is as much determined against it as the rest of the people. But had the Governor acted a becoming or spirited part at first, matters had not risen into this confusion. He meanly, and perhaps to please the people, went two or three miles out of the town, to the castle, as soon as the riot became formidable. He was sent for several times; and at last came the very day on the evening of which the collector of the customs had an intimation that the custom-house was to be demolished. He had 4,000*l.* of the revenue cash there to pay the forces, as it might be wanted by the different paymasters. The collector acquainted him with this, and demanded his protection. 'What can I do, Sir?' was the answer; 'you see I have no more authority over this tumult than one of your servants.' 'Exert yourself, Sir,' was the reply of the collector; 'let the experiment be made, and for this purpose beat immediately to arms.' The

advice urged home was pursued, and, almost instantly, the company of cadets (who are young members of the principal inhabitants, who form a sort of honourable guard for the Governor, and are a military school for the officers of their Militia) rendezvoused at the alarm-post, armed and accoutred, with one of their Militia colonels at their head.

The mob hoped to have intimidated them, but this little corps of fifty men stood firm. The Colonel expostulated with and reproved the mob; but finding good words were vain, he ordered the cadets to prime and load with cartridge, which being done, he told the mob he must and would fire, if they persisted in the mischief they were met about. They would not believe him till he gave the word '*present*,' on which they ran away, and have never ventured to oppose that armed guard or any detachment of it; at least, they had not when the gentleman who gave me this account embarked. They had got about 400 men of the Militia added to the cadets at that time, so that the guard was regularly mounted and relieved.

At Rhode Island matters have been, if possible, worse than at Boston. Those republicans begun and have been guilty of such atrocious acts, that if any charter can be forfeited, I am confident theirs must. I don't hear what steps the Government intend to take, but very vigorous and expeditious ones are apparently necessary; and I hope, therefore, proper orders may be already gone. I think if a new Governor was appointed, it must have been public ere now, for a few days are a long time on these occasions.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS MOTHER.

Leyden, à la Cour d'Hollande: Tuesday, October 29, 1765.

Many thanks for your letter received this morning. I wrote in the boat, 'twixt this place and the Hague, last mail. I staid there (the Hague) till Sunday; went to see Count Bentinck in the morning, and Sir J. Yorke; neither at home. Sir J. sent to me to dinner, but some jumble of messages or another was made, so that another English gentleman was asked, and went. On the whole I was not sorry for it, as I met, at the ordinary, a remarkable mixed company; a Turk, Egyptian, Greek, Italian, Dutch and Frenchman. The Egyptian, who is an envoy from that country, just arrived, I had much talk with; went with him to the play, and afterwards supped with him. He gives but a bad account of his own country; that they have lost the art they are said to have invented; that the men are knavish—in general robbers; that he was four months coming, and obliged to perform a month's quarantine, having unfortunately touched at Smyrna. He ate to a miracle: a whole large dish of fish and almost two chickens for dinner, besides other things, and in proportion at supper. Sunday morning I went to Sir J. Yorke's chapel, in his own house; few people there, though open to everybody. Dined with him that day.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS MOTHER.

Leyden, à la Cour d'Hollande: Tuesday, November 5, 1765.

I should most certainly have written an account of my transactions, as they happened, till last Friday, but that I did not choose to tell my story as Hudibras does the Bear and Fiddle, and that I think, though half a loaf is better than no bread, no story better than half a one. I went, to be in readiness, Thursday evening last, October 31, to the Hague, on the coast through Catwyck and Scheveningen.[1] Nothing can be conceived more unpleasant than the prospect for the whole way: the main sea on your right, with no ships on it, save a few fishing vessels, and on your left, heaps of barren sand, just high enough to hinder your seeing the country; to these might be added a heavy road, windy weather, and bad horses. The only agreeable circumstance was its being market-day at Catwyck, where a multitude of small craft, on the very edge of the sea, with their sailors turned *sellers* instead of *catchers* of fish; a proportional number of boors, with their carts, buying it; a multitude of idle women and children; the village running close down to the sea, and an extensive view of the coast, made it romantic enough. On Friday morning I went with Sir J. Yorke to the Prince of Orange,[2] Prince Louis, and the Prince of Weilbourg:

[1] Scheveningen still sends forth its numerous hardy fishermen. It has also become a fashionable sea-bathing place. Its two large hotels are filled every summer by visitors from all parts of Europe.

[2] The Prince of Orange was at that time a minor. He was invested with the Stadtholderat in 1766—the following year. He was amiable and well-educated, but wanting in firmness and self-reliance, as proved by his subsequent career as Stadtholder William V.

none of these, as with us, have levées, but the introduction is always in private. The first and last of these princes were, though the worst day imaginable, gone a-hunting; the other prince, or rather duke, Louis,[1] commander of the Dutch army, and in great measure Governor of the States, I was half-an-hour with. He is full as fat, and exceedingly like, the Duke of Cumberland; indeed, it is natural enough, he being the third brother to the Duke of Brunswick. His voice is exceedingly like old Penruddocke's, only more inarticulate; so I found it no easy matter to comprehend him. He is a most active, spirity[2] man, and, by his great mental exercises, keeps himself from anything like a lethargy. I went, after dining with Sir J. Yorke, to the play, and thence again to him, who carried me to a Madame (I perhaps may not have one right letter in her name) Heynenboort's assembly. She has her house open every night, without intermission, and has the very first company at it. It is doubtful to say which are the most rational, the Dutch or English routs: the Dutch have no gaming higher than florin whist, but there are no talkers at them, everybody being expected to play. I observed one candle only at each table, and the custom for your cards is paying sixpence; you never cease playing, but no more than three rubbers, and your time generally is from half-past eight till half-past ten—you never go, I believe, earlier or later. Saturday I dined with Monsieur de

[1] Duke Louis of Brunswick was appointed guardian to the Prince o Orange during his minority, on the death of his mother, the Princess Anna, daughter of George II., King of England; she had been invested with the regency on the death of her husband, the Stadtholder William IV., in 1751.

[2] An expression still in use in the southern counties of England.

Larrey,[1] Count Welderen's recommendation, a most polite, agreeable man; he has a high place about the Prince. His dinner *tout à fait à la Hollandaise*—four services; first, oysters, fish and soup; second, the bouilli and game; thirdly, the rôti and pastry; and lastly, the fruit and sweetmeats. I was forced to hurry from him, to go with Sir J. Yorke to the play. I sat with him in his box, which is full as fine as our royal one in England; and afterwards to the same assembly as the night before: was by him presented in these two nights to a numberless quantity of ladies, whose names I cannot spell, nor, did I, could you read—their behaviour, looks, conversation, and manners are without variation the same as in England. I had many civilities from the Russian Count Woronzow. Sunday I went to chapel, and afterwards to Sir J. Yorke's closet, who carried me to the Prussian, Spanish, Austrian, Danish, Bavarian, Hanoverian, Sardinian, Russian, and, in short, every ambassador in the Hague. None of these, of course, I found at home, but left my name at each of their doors; and *before I got back to my inn*, two of them, the Spanish and Russian, had returned my visit. I dined that day with Sir J. Yorke, in company with a Baron Perrière and his wife, born Miss Speed, the Sardinian ambassador lately appointed from the Hague to England. She is a great wit and a friend of Lord Nuneham's, from whom she had received a letter in my favour. I received great politeness from her; she says

[1] Monsieur de Larrey, in 1767, married, in Berlin, as proxy for the Stadtholder William V., the Princess Frederica Sophia, niece of Frederic the Great. She subsequently gave proofs of talents and courage of a very high order.

she remembers my father at old Lord Ranelagh's. She was a friend of Lady Cobham's, and the person to whom she left much money. I returned in the evening to Leyden. I was twice at Monsieur Roon's door, but never got in. No person is more universally esteemed as a man at the Hague than Sir J. Yorke, and none more respected as an ambassador ; he preserves his rank with great dignity, spends his whole, if not more than his, allowance, and has, as I was eyewitness to, as much homage paid him driving in the streets and entering the play as a prince in England. He is said, which I don't believe, not to countenance his countrymen ; if it is so, I have more reason to be obliged to him, there not being a civility he has not shown me. He has taken me wholly under his protection and countenance, of which he has given me fresh instances every time of my seeing him. I have a universal invitation to his house and to his balls, which begin Thursday next, and are weekly, the most convenient of all days for me, it being at the end of the Professor's college lectures. I have just received a letter from Monsieur Roon, otherwise Count Bentinck, to recommend an English gentleman coming here to my care : it is very early for me to turn cicerone. I have just heard the Duke of Cumberland is dead. The Dauphin will, I believe, be so before you receive this : it is odd the elder son is never fated to be king of France. I went to carry Dr. Moreton's letter to Professor Lalop, Wednesday last. He could talk no French—our conversation was in Latin. I suspect him to be a pedant, because he argued logically against the possibility of the breaking of a dyke, which had absolutely broken and deluged the country.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS MOTHER.

The Hague, November 12, 1765.

I am here still, as you see by the date. I fully intended to have gone to Leyden yesterday, but had so many invitations, and some of them of such a nature as not to be refused, that I was obliged to put it off. Friday I dined with Sir J. Yorke, went to the play, and thence to Madame Heynenboort's assembly; played at one-and-thirty, the fashionable game of the times. Saturday I did just the same. Sunday, after going to chapel, and afterwards to see the House in the Wood, the Prince of Orange's country-house, I dined with Monsieur de Roon, who has a noble house, and thence to the Spanish Ambassador's, where there was an assembly and great supper. The house he lives in was built by the king of Spain, and is a magnificent hotel.[1] Monday I went to see the Prince's collection of animals, dined with the Gréffier Fagel, who is one of the great officers of State, and answers nearly to our Secretary; visited after, twenty-two ladies, and spent the evening at Comtesse Degenfeldt's, who gives a supper to a select party every night. I was carried there by young Fagel, with whom I dine to-day. This evening I go to Duke Louis, the Prince of Orange's uncle, who gives a ball and supper; to-morrow to Madame Boetzlaer's; Thursday to Sir J. Yorke's, and have an engagement every day this week. Sir Joseph advised me to pass this week

[1] Now the British Legation. It was rebuilt on the foundations of a portion of the old feudal Château of the Assendelfts, the dungeons of which, and chamber of torture for heretics, still remain, forming the wine and coal cellars.

here, as it would be a means of introducing me, and settling me in company. Madame Degenfeldt, mentioned above, is a relation of Lady Holderness; she is the finest lady in the Hague, and her house and entertainments the most elegant.

Poor Madame la Perrière had, we hear, a very dangerous passage—was very near lost, driven to the north, and run aground on a shoal near Yarmouth; this is unfortunate, as she had prodigious fears, and as it is the only accident that has happened for fifty or more years.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS MOTHER.

Leyden, Tuesday, November 28, 1765.

I think myself under particular and, perhaps, singular obligations to Sir J. Yorke. I have fresh instances of his friendship every time I see him, not as an ambassador only, but as a man. Indeed, I must clear him of not taking proper notice of the English that come to the Hague. Those that lay that imputation to his charge, I should imagine, think they deserve much more than they have a right to, or else are of that number of our countrymen that have no right to be introduced anywhere. There was *everybody one knows* at the Princess Weilbourg's,[1] saving the ambassadors, who never come where the Prince of Orange is, on a punctilio of precedence they claim over him, as not being a sovereign prince. This piece of ceremony they carry so far as even to dispute the way if their coaches meet. Instances

[1] Eldest sister of the Prince of Orange, married to the Prince Weilbourg-Nassau.

of this kind have happened, and I myself was witness of one of them the other day, as I was walking with Sir J. Yorke in the wood, who, seeing the Prince coming towards him, declined meeting him, and took a different way from that he first intended.[1] But to return to the ball. The house, or rather the three houses joined, is roomy, though there is no good room in it. The Prince of Weilbourg has bought five more houses to add to it, but even then it will have the same fault. This made the dancing crowded. The Prince of Orange and the Princess of Weilbourg danced the whole night (not together). I had the honour of much conversation with both, and of dancing one dance with the latter. Amongst other questions she put to me, she asked whether I had ever seen a set of English ladies that danced so well or were so handsome. I answered, 'En Angleterre les Anglaises me frappent le plus, et en Hollande les Hollandaises.' Whether she took me right or not I cannot say: had she been well versed in English, I should certainly have presented her Highness with this epigram, which I then had in my head—

> The greatest of honours that Prior can gain
> Is still to be reckoned the English Fontaine;
> And De la Fontaine can never go higher
> Than to be esteemed as the French Matthew Prior.
> Thus, when Elizabeth desired
> That Melvil would acknowledge fairly,
> Whether herself he most admired,
> Or his own mistress, Lady Mary,
> The puzzled knight his answer thus exprest,
> 'In her own country, each is handsomest.'

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[1] The ambassadors claimed to represent the persons of their sovereigns, whilst the Prince of Orange was only a Serene Highness and a minor. Hence the difficulty as to who should make the first salute.

The supper was in five rooms; so, of course, made no great show, though much greater expense than if in one room. Sunday I dined with Monsieur Chausses, ambassador from Denmark—a very worthy, good sort of man, but, to use a silly French phrase, rather *ennuyant*; of the same kind are his wife and daughter. Was in the evening at Madame Heynenboort's assembly, which is not esteemed so peculiar as Lady Harrington's with us. You ask me whether I play whist: very often, but oftener at one-and-thirty, which is the fashionable game among the young ladies of this country; for no reason, I believe, than because there was a law enacted a few years ago that, among other games, prohibited that by name, by which means they called it always loo. If these incomparable Misses have a fault, it is an itching after play; for though they never bet higher than sixpence, yet I have seen more wry faces, more anxiety, eagerness, and I may add, *cunning* play, than even Mr. H—— made at ——, or W—— employed against Mr. H——. I changed the gay Hague for the serious Leyden on Monday—I may say, too, the expensive Hague; for I never found any place where lodgings are so dear and living so extravagant. These, with the absolute necessity of having a coach for my formal visits—no chairs ever being heard of—mourning for the Duke of Cumberland, and other unavoidable expenses, which, I flatter myself, are only introductory ones, will, I fear, in spite of my economy, which I assure you I have always kept in view, reduce me to a state of poverty rather sooner than my stated time of remittances.

SIR JOSEPH YORKE TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Hague, December 3, 1765.

Sir,—The last mail from England brought me the honour of your letter of the 24th ult., which is too flattering to permit me to delay answering it but for one post.

Allow me to assure you, that the son of Mr. Harris, with no other recommendation than that, has a right to command my best services; but when the young gentleman himself is endowed with every amiable quality which so eminently distinguishes his father, I should be wanting to myself if I withheld any act of friendship from him. We are at present perfectly acquainted and intimate with each other, and though I have not the vanity to believe that, accomplished as he is, he can learn much at my school, yet the knowledge of men and manners, which he is so well fitted to acquire, may steal imperceptibly upon him without the danger of bad example. This varnish is all that we can pretend to here, and if I shall have contributed to his or your satisfaction, or to his future success in life, I am amply rewarded. I can, without flattery, say that amongst the crowd of my young countrymen which my public situation has thrown in my way for these last seventeen years, I have not seen one more deserving esteem, nor who so soon acquired it, as your son. He seems perfectly contented and happy with his situation, and as he is so good as to make my house his home when at the Hague, and so indulgent as to be pleased in my company, I am sure he adds to my happiness; and if a

grain of envy could enter into my mind, it would be not to have been the father of such a son. May you, dear Sir, have the supreme satisfaction to see him get forward to your wishes, and to add the character of a friend to that which so justly endears him to you already! This is the sincere and cordial wish of him who has the honour to be, with the most unfeigned esteem and regard,

Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,

JOSEPH YORKE.

MR. HOOPER TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

London, October 26, 1766.

Dear Sir,—A notion prevails that a Bill will be offered for enclosing Enfield Chase and Epping Forest, and dividing them into small farms, not exceeding 100*l.* per annum each, as a means of adding considerably to the supply of provisions wanting for this overgrown metropolis. The project of an equal Land Tax is also talked of. A report prevails also that the King of Prussia has given his army great disgust. Besides some steps affecting the officers only, he thought fit to make an addition to his revenue by increasing his excise on tobacco—a measure which affected them all, but more especially the common men, who are great consumers of it, and whose pay is very small. The general and field-officers laid this hardship before their Sovereign, by a very humble petition, couched in the least exceptionable terms they could make use of, and got it presented by the hand of Duke Ferdinand, of Brunswick. The rebuff that great officer met with

produced the effect long since known to the world. The angry monarch, finding that the colonel of one of his regiments had been particularly active in the business of the petition, ordered him to be flogged by his own men; for which purpose the regiment was drawn up, and the King appeared himself on horseback, to awe them, and enforce the execution of his violent and harsh commands. But when the men saw their officer stripped, not one of them would stir, but stood as firm and as mute as statues; and the King had so far command of his passion, as not to persist in what he saw was on the point of driving his troops into open and direct mutiny. Thus goes the story here, and, if true, it may be concluded that the suggestion of his being sometimes in a state of lunacy is not ill-founded. He has entirely lost the affection of his troops.

MR. HOOPER TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

London, November 27, 1766.

A political storm has been some time gathering, but it is not imagined at present that it will have much effect. The turning out, [1] , and bringing in Mr. Shelley over Mr. Pelham, soon raised the rumour of many resignations. The Duke of Portland went to Court on Sunday, with intent, it is said, to deliver up his staff; but was prevailed on by Secretary Conway (who passed to and fro between the King and the Duke several times in the short compass of an hour) to postpone that intent; but to-day his Grace has actually resigned, and Lord Hertford is Chamberlain.

[1] Illegible in MS.

Lord Besborough quitted his employment at the same time, as did Lord Monson and Lord Scarborough. Whether Lord Ashburnham will resign also, is yet a question. The regard shown to Lord Hertford seems to indicate Mr. Conway's continuing in the Secretary's office, though it has been asserted, by those who are in the way of intelligence, that he will quit it forthwith. His daughter, they say, is to be Duchess of Devonshire, which circumstance is suggested as the cause of his entering into the connection formed by the Dukes of Devonshire and Newcastle in opposition to Lord Chatham; but this hardly seems credible, after the lengths Mr. Conway has gone with the latter.

Lord Lincoln, however, is with Lord Chatham, which makes a strange jumble.

Mr. Shelley's promotion is pleasing to Lord L——, whose cousin Clinton is to have one of the vacant regiments. Whether Sir Charles Saunders will resign or not is mooted. Mr. Thomas Pelham, Mr. Herbert Townshend of the Treasury, Mr. G. Onslow, and Sir W. Meredith, it is also said, will resign. Lord Chatham is said to treat all this with a calm indifference, saying, he shall not advise the turning any of them out, but if they choose to quit, their employments will be instantly filled. It is looked upon as certain that the Duke of Bedford's friends are to come in, and the Chamberlain's staff, now actually given to Lord Hertford, was supposed to be destined for Lord Gower.

The votes have informed you that a Committee of the whole House is to inquire into the state and the conduct of the East India Company, on the 9th day (I think it is) of December. The division was, ayes 129, noes 76—a thin House.

The motion was Mr. Alderman Beckford's, who run himself into a second scrape by recommending to the House, in his unguarded way of talking, to turn their attention from the western to the eastern part of the globe. Mr. Grenville and Mr. Wedderburn rallied him very smartly.

The former is said to have treated this debate with a good deal of humour and vivacity, as well as ability. Mr. Yorke distinguished himself, speaking, in his own profession, against the supposed right of inquiry, unless acquiesced in, at least, by the Company. The week before Mr. Beckford unguardedly said the Crown had certainly a dispensing power on great emergencies and public distress, or to that effect. Mr. Grenville called him to order, and insisted the words should be taken down. Mr. Beckford's explanation not mending the matter, his second words were also taken down. He then excused himself as being *indoctus*. Mr. Nugent laid hold of this expression, and with much satirical humour treated him with great contempt and ridicule, by an apology on his behalf on the principle of ignorance.

At last some of the Alderman's friends persuaded him to declare an explanation of his meaning to be, that such a stretch of power in the Crown must be subject to the control of Parliament, and could only be justified by their approbation.

Mr. Grenville then declared himself satisfied, if the House was so, adding, that he believed the gentleman did not understand what he had said, but only repeated an expression he had lately met with in conversing with some of his friends.

MR. HOOPER TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Hertford Street, July 18, 1767.

If the reports of to-day may be credited, nothing extraordinary is to be expected from this evening's Gazette. The policy of the old adage *Divide et impera* is supposed to have been now tried in vain.

It is said that, on Lord Rockingham's second return from Woburn, he delivered a plan to the Duke of Grafton, who only said he would show it to the King.

It is confidently said that the King wrote above a week ago to Lord Chatham[1] for his advice, that Lady Chatham wrote an apology for her Lord, who soon after (by Lord Bristol) desired to resign; Lord Bristol also desiring to quit his employment, as Mr. Conway had before done. None of these offers are accepted. Upon the whole, therefore, it is supposed the present Administration is to try its own strength some time longer, and that the treaty of accommodation is entirely broken off. His Majesty is said to have been much averse to the changing the present Ministry.

Lord Rockingham's plan is said to have created much discontent in Mr. Conway. He was most graciously distinguished by the King last Monday, at the review of the 22nd and 35th regiments. I there heard from one of Lord Ligonier's aides-de-camp, that the gallant old soldier was almost marvellously recovered, the fever having left him and the flux ceased.

[1] He resigned in the December following, and was succeeded by the Duke of Grafton.

MR. THOMAS WHATELEY[1] TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Parliament Street, July 23, 1767.

Dear Sir,—I could not write so freely as I wished to write to you by the post, and have therefore chosen this conveyance to transmit to you some account of our late political transactions. I do it at Mr. Grenville's desire, who would himself have acquainted you with them, if the many letters which must be written by himself did not engross the whole of his time, and oblige him to make his excuse to those of his friends who, sometimes honouring me with their correspondence upon other occasions, will, he trusts, upon this accept from me, instead of from him, the information he wishes to give them.

To make it complete, I will take up my tale from the beginning, for though you probably have heard many of the circumstances, yet you must also have heard many groundless reports, and may not perhaps be furnished with the means of distinguishing the true from the false account. On the 7th inst., then, the Duke of Grafton delivered to Lord Rockingham a message from the King, conveying His Majesty's wish that Lord Rockingham should return to the Treasury and form his Administration, for which purpose liberty was, on his asking, given him to consult the Duke of Bedford. The communication was accordingly made to his Grace through Lord Albemarle, but he answered that he could take no step without previous concert with Lord Temple and Mr. Grenville.

[1] Mr. Whateley was employed at the Treasury.

Mr. Rigby, therefore, went to Wootton and Stowe, where he gave the strongest assurances from the Duke of the firmest resolution to abide by those principles of union and that system of measures, particularly respecting America, upon which they had acted together, and he stated Lord Rockingham's idea to be the forming of an Administration on a comprehensive plan. Lord Temple and Mr. Grenville returned to the Duke of Bedford assurances of their regard; declared their opinions concerning the American system to be the same as they had ever been, concurred in the idea of an extended, comprehensive plan, as the only one likely to be permanent; said they would fairly support such a one if the measures, and particularly the capital measure of asserting and establishing the sovereignty of Great Britain over its Colonies, should be such as they could approve of, and if an honourable share in Government were allotted to their friends; insisted that their names should not be mentioned for any office whatsoever, because no message was sent to them, and they never would be obtruded on the King, but expected that, by their waiving their own pretensions, they should meliorate the conditions of their friends, with whom they would use their good offices to induce them to accept on these public principles. This and this alone was their answer, from which they have never deviated, and beyond which they have never gone in any particular. With this answer, Mr. Rigby returned to Woburn, where he met Lord Rockingham, and the Duke of Bedford's ideas coinciding with these, the Marquis returned to town to meet the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway, to whom he said that he

could not proceed without knowing whether His Majesty approved of his preparing a comprehensive plan; and that if he did, he desired permission to wait upon the King himself.

He disclaimed the intention of dismissing *all* now in Office, and he declined giving any answer to a desire expressed by the Duke of Grafton that the Chancellor should continue to hold the Seals. Some objections were stated against the extent of the plan, and attempts were made to get the particulars before an audience was granted, but in the end a letter was written last Friday by the Duke of Grafton to Lord Rockingham, acquainting him, that the King concurred in the idea of a comprehensive plan, which should exclude no denomination of his subjects, and was willing to receive such a one from his Lordship. Hereupon, Lord Rockingham desired the Duke of Bedford to come to town, and, before he came, to inform himself of Lord Temple's and Mr. Grenville's ideas, whose wishes for their friends he wished to know. I need not tell you, that they declined, at such a period of the transaction, to give any list of their friends, and for their sentiments they referred to their former declarations, continuing in every respect the same conduct as they had held from the beginning.

The Duke of Bedford came to town as he was desired, and met Lord Rockingham with several friends of both parties on Monday evening, and again on Tuesday. Some disputes arose on the American measures, but these being waived for the present, the next step was his Lordship's naming Mr. Conway to be Secretary of State, and consequently the Minister in the House of

Commons. His Grace immediately objected to it, saying that he understood his own choice was the military line, that he had no objection to the King's giving him any regiment, but nothing could induce him to consent to Mr. Conway's being placed in that situation. Lord Rockingham, on the other hand, insisted upon it as a *sine quâ non*, and there the negotiation ended, both parties declaring that they considered themselves entirely free from all engagements whatsoever. Here the scene closes for the present, as there are no appearances of further negotiations on any of the lines upon which these have proceeded. The parties who have been engaged in the transactions are gone or going out of town, and leave us to reflections; conjectures and reports too uncertain and nugatory to deserve your attention. The only further satisfaction, therefore, which I can give you, is that which you will feel from knowing that the conduct of Lord Temple and Mr. Grenville meets with the highest applause from everybody, and that the Duke of Bedford has behaved with the greatest firmness and friendship towards those with whom we wish him to be always united.

Your most faithful, humble servant,

THOMAS WHATELEY.

HON. MR. GRENVILLE TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Wotton, November 8, 1767.

Dear Sir,—I am very glad to find, by your letter of the 1st of this month, that my brother and sister have had the pleasure of seeing you at Eastbury, as I am

sure it will have made them extremely happy, and I shall rejoice at hearing that every part of my family know and esteem your worth as highly as I do.

I certainly shall never want any other inducement but that of your company to wait upon you, or to wish to receive you here, but any circumstance which can render either the one or the other more pleasing to you cannot fail of adding to my satisfaction. I propose being in London on Saturday, the 21st inst., three days before the meeting of the Parliament, to learn what is intended, and what are the public dispositions in which we are to meet. There seems to me to be an universal despondency and listlessness in the minds of men, mixed with the most thorough contempt of their present Governors. Which of these two will prevail I know not, but the first appearance of distress will probably decide it, I fear too late and too violently for the public peace and happiness. At all events, it will be a great pleasure to me to meet you in town, and to talk over with you what has passed since I saw you. I hope that I shall always preserve your good opinion and friendship, as well by my public conduct as by the sincere and affectionate regard with which I am, dear Sir, your most faithful and most obedient, humble servant,

George Grenville.

1768.

The Duke of Grafton remained Prime Minister during this year, but Lord Chatham resigned the Privy Seal in October. Parliament had been assembled November 24, 1767, in consequence of the general dissatisfied state of the people, caused chiefly by the dearness of provisions. Little was done to alleviate the feeling; but Parliament being dissolved, the new one met on May 10. The Ministry became equally unpopular with the landed proprietors, owing to an attempt on their part to wrest arbitrarily from the Duke of Portland for the Crown an estate which had been granted by William III. to his ancestor, and thus restore the principle of '*Nullum tempus occurrit Regi.*'

MR. SHEBBEARE, Q.C., TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

April 26, 1768.

Dear Sir,—I have deferred obeying your commands, only in hopes that I might do it to effect, and be able really to send you some news.

Every day has promised an event, and some proceeding either for or against Wilkes was reasonably expected, but I am tired of attending this worse than *the Law's delay*, and will write, though it be only to show my respect to you without giving you any intelligence which you have not had before; but perhaps,

though I cannot furnish you with any new facts, I may shake the credit of some you are already possessed of, by sending you an authentic state of Mr. Wilkes's affair as it stands at present; and to you, who prefer truth to novelty, I flatter myself this alone will be an acceptable information, though it should retrench some circumstances of your former information. The newspaper accounts of what passed in the Court of King's Bench the first day of term were so much more accurate than usual, that I will not quarrel with them for little mistakes, and therefore refer you to them for that part of the transaction.

At the time that the initiative motion was made for Wilkes's commitment by the Attorney-General a *capias* was ready to be served, in case that motion should not, as it was expected that it would not, succeed. Seven sheriffs' officers were entrusted with the care of it, and immediately on Wilkes's coming out of Court, they were brought all round him, but not one of them touched him. Ever since that time, they and others added to their number have been, or pretend they have been, very busy in search of him. Two, indeed, of these officers have refused to be *concerned in anything about Wilkes*, but no motion has yet been made for their punishment, and therefore you may suppose, if the others are not very willing, they are not very alert; and besides, it is but within these three days that the thought has occurred that Wilkes, not being to be found in London, may perhaps be in Surrey. Process is now taken out for that county, but if he should go to Greenwich, I do not hear that any process for Kent is provided.

On the other hand Mr. Wilkes not being in custody, the Attorney-General has refused his fiat to the writ of error, which he wishes to sue out, because that writ would secure to him the situation in which it found him; that is, if he were at liberty, or in custody, when the writ was taken out, he would remain so until the litigation upon it was determined. When the Attorney-General refuses his fiat (or consent) to such a writ, it cannot be taken out but by an order of Court, and therefore Wilkes's attorney gave notice that the Court of Chancery would be moved to-day for such an order, but no motion has been made. I don't know why, but from this state of the case, you see how impossible it is to answer your question. *What is to become of the outlawry*, and as to *what Administration intended to do*, upon my word you must ask them, for it is impossible to guess at their designs by their actions. I only know, that they will not *again* venture to propose a pardon. I believe we shall have business upon this affair in May; whether Mr. Grenville will be up at the meeting I cannot say: at present he is at Wotton.

When Wilkes applied for the Attorney-General's fiat, his Counsel stated, as grounds for granting it, some of the errors he charges on the proceedings in outlawry. They were that the sheriff returns that he has proclaimed *at my County Court, holden in Brooke Street, near Holborn, in Middlesex*; to which return there are two objections: first, that it is not said it was a County Court *for* Middlesex; second, that it does not appear that Brooke Street is, though Holborn may be, *in* Middlesex. The third objection is, that he is said

generally to have been proclaimed *at the church door according to Act of Parliament*, instead of saying what church and at what hour. Fourth, that the proclamations and exigent were returned when he was abroad. Fifth, that the judgment is in the third person, *and the said John Wilkes is hereby declared an outlaw*, instead of being in the first, *we do hereby declare the said John Wilkes an outlaw*. You see that his Counsel consider the proceedings in outlawry as the metaphysics of the law, and require an accuracy seldom to be met with. He may, when he comes before the Court, assign other errors. These I send you as a specimen, and in hopes they may entertain you, who are a metaphysician. My best respects wait on Mrs. Harris. You tell me you will not prosecute me for felony if I send you an anonymous letter; I am, therefore——

MR. HARRIS, JUN.,[1] TO HIS MOTHER.

St. James's Street, August 30, 1768.

I received yours from Salisbury yesterday. I have written to Lord Shelburne, also to Sir Joseph Yorke, Sir Andrew Mitchell,[2] Lord Pembroke, and Mr. Walpole.[3] To the first a letter of thanks, to the others letters communicating my appointment, and to the last on the score of a brother from whom I might get great ntelligence. I of course visited Prince Masserano,[4]

[1] Afterwards Earl of Malmesbury.

[2] The clever and witty diplomatist, for some time accredited to Frederick the Great.

[3] His predecessor as Secretary of Embassy at the Court of Madrid, appointed in the same capacity to Paris.

[4] Spanish Minister in London.

and the other foreign ministers. I have enquired of Mr. Porton what preparations are necessary. He says, that I must have a house of my own and a cook, though in all probability I shall dine every day with the Ambassador; that as for servants, I must keep a *valet de chambre*, two footmen, a coachman, and a cook. The first I should take here, and he would prefer a Swiss, and I might, if I met a good foreign *laquais*, likewise take him, otherwise I might meet one there at Madrid. That as for an equipage, I should do well to enquire of Mr. Walpole whether he has sold his: if he has not, to buy it; otherwise to make an English chariot here. That fine clothes are more worn at Madrid than anywhere. There are six-and-thirty gala days, as they are called, or days of pomp and parade. That I should not do amiss to carry with me some cabinet-maker's work, such as, a writing table, some of our best English paper to paper rooms, all sort of household linen, and brass locks: that I was allowed a 100*l.* for plate, or if I bought it of the King's jeweller, so many ounces extraordinary; that I might go to him and order it to be made up as I thought best. That, besides the 300*l.* equipage money, I was to be paid a quarter in advance, so that, in all, I should receive between five and six hundred pounds to set out upon, paid down at once, but that afterwards I should wait a long time for my payment; the bankers would, however, always advance the money.

In consequence of thundering messages from Lord Hyde's house in town, I went yesterday to the Grove, but found no one, as both the Lord and Lady of that mansion do not return from Lord Jersey's till to-morrow.

I am almost constantly with Prince Czartoriski; we went to Ranelagh together last night, and he breakfasted with me this morning. I asked the Princess how she liked England; she answered me, '*Grâce à Dieu, nous allons à Paris bientôt.*' This, I fear, will prevent Prince Adam coming to Sarum. He begs his compliments to the Dean very particularly.

MR. HARRIS, JUN. TO HIS FATHER.

St. James's Street, October 22, 1768.

I waited yesterday morning, on Mr. Wood, Lord Weymouth's under secretary. I had from him the most friendly reception; he declared the greatest attachment to you, and expressed himself how readily he should serve me in anything he could. I mentioned to him how my affairs stood, how very forward I was in my preparations, and that I had been thus expeditious in consequence of His Majesty's orders; that also I had intended to have set off, as soon as I could kiss hands. He told me that he saw no reason for any alteration in my plan, that my dispatches would soon be ready, and that I might pursue my former intentions without any variation. I then mentioned my desire of staying a fortnight or more at Paris. This, he answered, he did not doubt, would be granted me, and he thought it a very proper request. He then entered into my plan of life, approved it highly, offered his assistance, but told me that he himself made it a rule never to carry on a separate correspondence from the Secretary of State, and that he had in several instances declined it;

that he would wait with me on Lord Weymouth, whenever it was convenient.

I am just now returned from the Grove, where, as I always do, I spent my time with great amusement and edification. We dined at Lord Essex's, where we found Mr. and Mrs. Villette, and Miss Fielding. Lord Hyde was pleased with what had passed between me and Wood. He much recommended, and imagined it would suggest itself to you, your immediately paying a visit to Lord Shelburne at Bowood ; it would be looked on as a kind and friendly act, and such even as Lord Shelburne had a right to expect, though such things seldom happen to Ministers just resigned.[1]

Though wet, we rode round his place, but it was too bad to enjoy the beauties of Russell Farm.

Lord Rochfort is to be the new Secretary, and Lord Harcourt ambassador to Paris. Mr. Robert Brudenel died Thursday evening at Windsor, much regretted. Lord Chatham's resignation[2] was contained in a letter, written by Lady Chatham, in which was expressed his shame for having so long kept so lucrative a place, without being able to fulfil the duties of it, and that now, as he found his health beyond a possibility of being re-established, he could by no means keep it longer. These facts are all authentic. Report says, the Chancellor has resigned, and that Charles Yorke succeeds him, with the title of Lord Sommers, that the Duke of Marlborough is to be Privy Seal, that the Duke of Grafton means to go out, &c.

[1] The second Chatham Administration resigned October 14, 1768. Lord Shelburne was Secretary for Foreign Affairs in it.

[2] Of the Privy Seal. He had been for some time unable, from ill health, to perform his duties.

MR. HARRIS, JUN. TO HIS MOTHER.

St. James's Street, October 25, 1768.

I am obliged to put off my departure till Saturday. I received yesterday 350*l.*, all that remained clear out of 484*l.*; the rest was swallowed up in exorbitant and rascally fees, which, as no one interferes, are as much as the scoundrels that receive them have the impudence to ask. Besides this, I shall have a 100*l.* more for plate, all which, when put together, will not be sufficient to set me down *net and clear* at Madrid, without having recourse to Mr. Hoare, to advance me the first quarter, not due indeed till December 5, but so necessary as, I fear, to make the taking it up unavoidable.[1]

I dined yesterday at Prince Masserano's, and stayed the evening. At dinner many foreigners, Lord and Lady Hertford, Lady Holland, David Hume, and Miss Pelham. I was, at dinner, placed between Madame de Walderen[2] and this last lady, with whom I was greatly pleased: we hailed one another as cousins. She fain would have tempted me to her loo party, but I needed little fortitude to withstand it, as one stake lost would ruin a whole embassy; I preferred a sober game of quadrilles with Miss Chudleigh.[3]

[1] The salary of a Secretary of Embassy varied. It appears that Mr. Harris's was about 800*l.* a year. The fees to which he alludes are abolished, but the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is still mulcted 260*l.* on coming into office, which goes to the Attorney-General!

[2] Wife of Comte Walderen, Dutch Minister in England. She was a sister of Sir John Griffin.

[3] Afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Kingston, found guilty of bigamy by the House of Peers in 1776. At the time of this party she was secretly married to Captain Augustus Hervey, subsequently Earl of Bristol.

MR. HARRIS, JUN. TO HIS FATHER.

Paris, Rue Tournon, November 9, 1768.

Though we arrived here the 5th of this month, yet this is the earliest opportunity that has offered itself for giving you notice of it. We performed our journey by land, as successfully as by sea; and met neither delays nor difficulties of any kind on the road. We stopped to see the cathedral of Amiens, and the château at Chantilly, both in their respective ways well worth seeing. The first is, in its inside, one of the finest Gothic structures I ever saw, and when it is decorated with its new high altar, which is now about to be put up, will be most magnificent. The other is on a great scale, and exhibited the badness of their taste in putting *jets d'eau*, and clipped yews, which surround a noble pile of stone buildings. The stables, park, forest, orangery, all correspond with the magnificence of the castle, and on the whole, it may justly be esteemed a complete thing. It is not necessary to describe to you the town of Paris; the narrowness of its streets, their dirtiness, the singular way of lighting them, the height of their houses, are all sufficiently known to you already. I see no new improvements since I was last here, and except a few new fashions for caps and muffs, I believe nothing has changed materially. On such subjects alone do this lively people exercise their inventive faculties, since the decease of Louis le Grand. They have now no capital painters, few good sculptors, and still fewer good authors, for the modern set of French writers are either totally devoid of talents, or else employ them in

such manner, and on such subjects, as to render their works of very little use to the community. To pass for an *esprit fort* is all their ambition, and when a man has written down all religions, without distinction, they cry: '*Pardi! c'est un grand homme, il pense hardiment.*'

On our arrival here, almost everybody was at Fontainebleau; they are now returning, and the King of Denmark came yesterday: Mr. Walpole, which is of more consequence to me, is not expected till the latter end of the week. The Court, &c., follow the 15th, which makes it not worth my while to go so far as Fontainebleau, when I shall be as well presented in so short a time at Versailles. I waited, the day after my coming, on Lady Rochford, and had the pleasure of dining with her the day following. Nothing could be more polite than her reception, and I should be guilty of great vanity, were I to repeat one half of what she said to me. I have supped twice with Lady Pembroke.[1] She is very much esteemed here, and her house is a very good one to have access to, as it is often full of French or foreigners. Her Lord[2] is certainly gone to Corsica, but it is very doubtful whether he can ever get there. They talk of a suspension of arms, but it is impossible to get the least certain intelligence from thence, as nothing comes out of the closet but with a double varnish, especially on that subject, which, as the enterprise was originally unpopular, and has in the event

[1] Daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough, married to Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke.

[2] He was an enthusiastic admirer of Paoli. Boswell's book on Paoli and Corsica at this time excited great attention. It was entitled 'Memoirs of General Paoli.'

been attended with some disgrace, cannot bear being examined in its true light.[1] It is impossible for me to determine the exact day of my departure from hence, as Sir James Gray has not yet sent my passports; the instant I receive them, I shall make no further delays.

MR. HARRIS, JUN. TO HIS FATHER.

Paris, November 12, 1768.

Nothing of any kind worth noting has happened since I wrote last, except my having seen Mr. Walpole, who returned last week from Fontainebleau; from him I learnt that my passports had been waiting some time for me, under the care of a gentleman at Bayonne, and that I should find them there. Nothing, therefore, will detain me here longer than is necessary to be presented to the King, who will be at Versailles the 16th of this month. As this is a ceremony proper to be gone through, I should not choose to leave France without having done it. The death of the Spanish Ambassador's daughter here prevents any of that family seeing company, which is rather an unlucky circumstance for me, as I expected much intelligence from that quarter, particularly from Fuentes himself, who is esteemed greatly by all who know him.

I carried my friend Batt to sup with Lady Rochford, the night before last; no one besides ourselves but Lord Carlisle. She entertained us till near two in the morning, and the greater share of the conversation

[1] Corsica had been ceded to France by the Republic of Genoa, but the Corsicans rose against the French at first successfully, but in the following year, 1769, were put down by overwhelming forces.

(not much to the edification of Lord Carlisle) turned on Wiltshire.

I am just returned from supping with the Princess Czartoriski: she begins to find that there is a greater deficiency of hospitality here than in England, and, contrary to her expectations, that it is possible *de s'ennuyer* at Paris. Indeed, after having seen what is worth seeing, and frequented their spectacles, the life one leads here is tiresome: the almost total exclusion of all foreigners from any of their private societies, let them be of what rank they will, takes off a resource all other countries have.

MR. HARRIS, JUN. TO HIS FATHER.

Paris, November 20, 1768.

I have very little reason to regret my not being appointed here, as, by what I learn and indeed see, it is by no means an agreeable Court to live in, and still less so to do business with. The first Minister[1] is a jealous, imperious man, but one, from various reasons, so firmly established as to be able to give a free course to his prejudices and caprices, without risking the loss of his power. The certainty of this, added to a warm temper, has been the cause of his taking several impolitic steps, and of his involving his master and himself in scrapes, out of which he will find it difficult to extricate himself with any degree of credit. Their ill success at Corsica, and some very spirited expressions flung out in our King's speech, have served to check the

[1] The Duc de Choiseul. He was dismissed in 1770, in consequence of a quarrel with Madame du Barry.

restless disposition which seemed rising, and will be the means, I believe, of securing tranquillity some time longer. Indeed, the same reasons that make pacific measures so salutary for us hold good here, nay, are perhaps still stronger; I am confidently told that they are now expending the revenues of the year 1771 (three years in advance), at the same time that the people are labouring under the greatest necessity; garden stuff and bread, the chief nourishment of the lower class in this country, being raised in price one-third since last winter, and the greatest appearance also that there will not be a sufficient quantity of either to supply this winter. The incessant autumnal rains destroyed in great measure their vines, and the produce of them this year is one half less than in a commonly good season. These circumstances put together, joined to that kind of panic still remaining amongst them from the effects of the last war, afford room to suppose that there is no immediate danger of a rupture from this quarter; and if not hence, of course not from Spain, who acts totally in concert with France. The Bishop of Kaminick, the first promoter of the present confederations in Poland, is here, and has had several interviews with the Ministers, from whom (though he himself maintains the contrary), I am told he has had no assurances of assistance. The state of that country grows every day more deplorable—no part of it that is not now up in arms. The Diet, from which there was reason to expect some means of establishing order, and which was to have taken place the 7th of this month, came to nothing through an insufficiency of returned delegates. The hopes of those who began, through

repeated ill success, to languish, are now revived by this interposition of the Turks, which, though perhaps they will be deceived in the event, they look on as an incident in their favour. That unwieldy nation is moving an immense body of troops towards the frontiers, which, in all probability, will be totally defeated in the first battle they have with the Russians. It is to be hoped that, from our connection with that court (the only ally we have), we shall not be brought to have a share in this dispute. The King of Denmark has been ill of a fever; ladies of the first rank, however, sup with him every night. I will not pretend to say which country he likes best; I think they seem to vie with each other who shall treat him the best.

MR. HARRIS, JUN. TO HIS FATHER.

Paris, November 22, 1768.

I am just returned from Versailles, where Mr. Walpole and myself went this morning; we arrived there about ten o'clock, and alighted at the Duc de Choiseul's office, where many people of distinction, and all the Corps Diplomatique, were assembled. Soon after we had been there the great man came out, and I had the honour of being presented to him, a matter of mere ceremony. At eleven, the King's *levée* began, and as soon as he had dressed himself, which he did before us all, and said his prayers, the master of the ceremonies presented me to him, and His Majesty honoured me with a look, more than which he never does anybody. I underwent the same operation with the Dauphin and the Princesses, all which presentations passed in silence,

These over, we returned to the Duc de Choiseul's, where he saw the Foreign Ministers, one after another, and this lasted till dinner-time, when all the diplomatic body, those that were presented, and some others, went upstairs to a most splendid dinner.

The Duchesse de Grammont, sister to Monsieur de Choiseul (the Duchess his wife being ill), did the honours of the table, or rather received them, as ladies here never interfere with carving, &c. About four, we left Versailles, and arrived here about half-past five; at half-past eleven this evening I am invited to a great ball at the Prince de Soubise's, given to the King of Denmark, who, with all Paris, is to be there. The event of it I will add to-morrow.

The news one picks up at a first Minister's is very public, or of no importance.

Two hundred thousand Turks are assembling on the frontiers, some of whom have already actually passed the Niester, the great river that divides the country. The Russians declare, that in less than a twelvemonth they will be masters of Constantinople. The Turks, on their side, menace as great things; the event will soon be known. A strange revolution of circumstances, when the Poles call to the Turks as protectors, and when Mahometans are become the defenders of the Catholic faith.

November 23.—I returned very late from the ball,[1] which was as magnificent a one as any I ever saw; fourteen apartments together, one of which was so

[1] Given by the Prince de Soubise at the Palais Royal. Madame du Deffand, writing to George Selwyn, alludes to the extraordinary magnificence of this fête.

large as to require eleven lustres to light it. In each of them was a band of music, and when the company was assembled, in most of them dancing. All Paris was there, and I really must confess I never saw a more brilliant appearance of beauty and jewels; the mourning prevented their displaying their magnificence of dress. At supper, there was only a select party, for the King[1] of Denmark, and the rest of the company was only invited to the ball, where they were regaled with *limonade*, &c.

I propose leaving this place the day after to-morrow. I hear that Monsieur de Chauvelin[2] is daily expected from Corsica, where there are now left only Messieurs de Marbeuf and Marbonne, two lieutenant-generals, and it is reported that all the troops of France will evacuate that island, except a few to garrison the fortified towns in their possession; the reception Monsieur de Chauvelin is likely to meet with will be very unfavourable.[3] Mr. Fox seems now to have confirmed his interest at Salisbury. I am very glad to hear my friend Lord Henley acquitted himself so well.

MR. HARRIS, JUN. TO HIS MOTHER.

Bayonne, December 12, 1768.

After a journey that affords little amusement to the traveller, and still less to those who are to hear it

[1] Christian VII., married, October 1, 1766, to Caroline Matilda, sister of George III.

[2] Marquis de Chauvelin. Was French Ambassador at Genoa and negotiated the cession of Corsica to France.

[3] The French troops had been repulsed by Paoli at several points, losing many prisoners.

recited, I am arrived safe at this *half-way house.* Had the season been less advanced, it would indeed have been delightful, particularly that part of it from Blois to Tours along the bank of the Loire, which is one of the noblest of rivers. On your right the country, for two leagues, consists in rich meadows like Holland, these are terminated by hills covered with vineyards; on your left, close to you, this magnificent river, which is of a great breadth. Its opposite shore is fertile and variegated, sometimes woods, sometimes vineyards, and often solid rock: on both sides you have towns and villages innumerable interspersed, which enliven greatly the prospect, and I can conceive that, by the help of the summer sun, it would be most delightful. I cannot, however, complain of the weather, as it has been remarkably pleasant, and, though now it begins to grow cool, yet is vastly preferable to the fogs that usually attend this month. At twenty leagues from hence we discovered the Pyrenees, and though they are now at least four more from us, they appear as if we were at the foot of them. They are tremendous to behold, and look like enormous broken clouds. They assure me that the passage over them is nothing: with six mules and three yoke of oxen, I shall effect it in ten hours. An honest muleteer, who has been directed by a friend of mine here to conduct me to Madrid, has undertaken to do it in thirteen days, and I find the monsters of Spain, like those of Poland, and indeed all others, vanish when one comes near them.

SIR JAMES GRAY TO MR. HARRIS.

Madrid, October 20, 1768.

Sir,—Being uncertain when you might be at Paris, I have preferred sending your passports to Bayonne (of which Mr. Walpole will have acquainted you), as the surest means of their coming to your hands. My acquaintance with Mr. Harris your father, a knowledge of his talents and amiable qualities, made me readily acquiesce in your nomination, in the persuasion you also inherit them, and in which I am confident I shall not be disappointed. You flatter me too much in the supposed advantages you expect; all I can say is, that I shall with great pleasure do everything in my power to render your situation agreeable, by a confidential communication in affairs, and by whatever may contribute to your private satisfaction. I am sorry I have not a convenient apartment in my house to offer; luckily there is one vacant opposite to me, which I believe will fit, and be extremely suitable from its neighbourhood: I desire, in all other respects, you will use my house as if your lodging was a part of it. Next week I go to the Escurial, where I probably shall be when you arrive at Madrid: the consul will be there to give any assistance you may require, and in case you should write to me upon your private affairs I will give him directions to act in my absence.

I am, with great truth and esteem, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

J. Gray.

1769.

In this year the first serious symptoms of discontent in our American Colonies appeared, and a strong feeling arose in England that a policy of coercion would be required. A demand for half a million was made, to pay the King's debts (although the Civil List was 800,000*l.*), and this was granted. The House of Commons was principally employed in its warfare with John Wilkes, member for Middlesex, and the celebrated demagogue.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

St. James's Street, March 6, 1769.

We are *unmarrying* among the great; the Duke of Grafton's divorce was finished this morning in the House of Lords, no defence attempted. Lord Ossory is fitting up his house in Bedfordshire, and will soon marry Miss Liddell. An appeal was entered at the Doctors Commons by the Bishop of Derry (Frederick Harvey), signifying that he thought they could not disannul Miss Chudleigh's[1] marriage with his brother, which prevented her marrying the Duke of Kingston last Thursday. This day I hear the appeal is with-

[1] At this time nearly fifty, but still handsome. Her private marriage, twenty years before, with Lord A. Hervey was afterwards proved.

drawn, so probably now she will soon marry him:[1] if so, it is thought Augustus Hervey will marry Miss Moisy.[2] Lady S—— B—— is in lodgings at Kensington or at Knightsbridge; she says her husband is a most angelic man; but her attachment for the other is so great, she must live with him.

Tuesday, March 7.—Your friend Mr. Batt sent you all the news last Friday. As for politics, little is going on that way: though I was told yesterday that it was certain a coalition would soon be formed between the Rockinghams and Grenvilles, I have my doubts. Mr. Wilkes has not been so much the subject of conversation lately; but I suppose next week, when the Middlesex election comes on, we shall hear enough of him.

The Duchess of Hamilton, towards the end of the Douglas cause,[3] went to a Peer, the father of a particular friend of yours, to solicit his attendance at the decision: he answered, his health was so bad he had not been able to attend at the beginning, so thought it wrong to go at the end; she said, if he had read all the papers it was sufficient, as nothing new had occurred. He looked at her and said, *You are very handsome by G—, and, old as I am, I could be wicked with you, but I will not be wicked for you.*

We all dined yesterday at Lord Hyde's, with the Cambridge family, and Sir James Porter; they all drank your health, and begged compliments to you, and also to Sir James Gray. Your father and Lord Hyde went

[1] She married him two days after the date of this letter.

[2] Daughter of a physician at Bath. The marriage did not take place.

[3] The famous Hamilton Douglas cause, to determine the legitimacy of the son of Lady Jane Douglas, and the ownership of a property of 14,000*l.* a year. It was gained by the Douglas.

in the evening to the Spanish Ambassador's assembly: it is one of the best in town, no Ambassador was ever more esteemed here than Prince Masserano. I hear the Duke of Grafton has settled 2,000*l.* a year on his late Duchess; her father gives her 30,000*l.* and her mother 10,000*l.*, so she is no bad match, in point of fortune, for the Irish peer.[1]

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

St. James's Street, March 10, 1769.

I mentioned in my letter of Tuesday, the 7th, Mr. Burke's motion; it was made on the 8th, and consisted of five heads. The first respected Lord Weymouth's letter to the magistrates during the riots of last spring, said that they should exert themselves, and, if trifled with or insulted, they were to employ military force; the second head related to the riots in St. George's Fields, which happened soon after; the third head was on Lord Barrington's letter, sent as Secretary of War, to encourage the soldiers to do their duty; the fourth head was upon the supposed removal of the soldier who killed Allen in that riot, and the placing another in his room, to be tried for it; the fifth head had reference to thirty guineas being publicly given to this last soldier, as a sort of douceur for what he had suffered during his imprisonment and trial. All these articles were copiously discussed, but recommended by Burke to a minuter examination in the committee, after which he hoped that some, or all of the following resolutions might be come to; firstly, a resolution concerning the use

[1] The Earl of Ossory married her on March 26.

of military force like that proposed concerning general warrants; secondly, concerning criminal prosecution and impeachment of Ministers; thirdly, concerning an address to the Crown; fourthly, a remedial Bill against this *supposed* evil of a military police. He spoke above two hours, and was seconded by Sir John Molesworth; De Grey, Attorney-General, opposed the motion; Colonel Jennings, who commanded the horse during that riot, proved that no carbines had been fired as asserted. Onslow, Sir F. Morton, and Lord North were against the motion, Cornwall and Dowdswell for it. Little more worth relating happened, except that Mr. Grenville, rising and speaking admirably against the motion, had great weight in the debate, and brought the division to be, 245 against the motion, 39 for it. Husk divided the House, how prudently he best knows. The Duke of Kingston was married last Wednesday to Miss Chudleigh, by an Archbishop's licence: they are gone to his seat in Surrey for a few days, then they come to figure off in town; one of her suits is white, trimmed with pearl and point.

Great riots at Edinburhg on Mr. Douglas getting his cause, the judges who were for Hamilton's had their windows broken, and seven asses, in *honour* of them, were led round the town.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

St. James's Street, March 17, 1769.

Wilkes was re-elected for Middlesex. Dingley[1] advertised in the morning that he would offer himself,

[1] Mr. Dingley had taken a leading part in the loyal address of London merchants to the King.

but his people were so intimidated that they were afraid to vote for him, so Wilkes was chosen without opposition. What they will do in the House to-day about him we must wait to see, but I hope for some information before this letter goes. Yesterday Wilkes's friends said they would ensure Mr. Dingley's own person, but would not be answerable for his voters: this is called liberty. 'Tis rather extraordinary, that two Members of the House of Commons, Sawbridge and Townshend, should themselves propose a man that had been twice expelled the House this session. The Duke and Duchess of Kingston are to be presented Sunday; I hear the Duchess was so hurried and confused the day she was married that she fainted after supper. Gertrude and I go to court Sunday, on purpose to see her finery.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

St. James's Street, March 24, 1769.

Your sister informed you, Tuesday last, of all we knew till that time. Wednesday, the 22nd, the merchants were to carry a loyal address to His Majesty. About noon a hearse, attended by an immense mob, came down Pall Mall; the hearse was decorated with prints, and two pictures, one of which represented the killing of Allen in St. George's Fields, the other the killing of Clarke in the riot at Brentford; it was drawn by one black, and one white horse, the coachman dressed in black, with a fur cap, and a quantity of blue ribbon. This hearse, amid the acclamation of the mob, went close to the Palace Gate, and then up St. James's Street. It had taken its place just before the procession of

merchants, who came up with their address, and who, when they arrived, appear to have been pelted with dirt and stones, all their glasses and many wooden blinds broken in, the coachmen and footmen covered with dirt as well as their masters: the same insults continued when the merchants alighted, on which a party of Grenadiers were placed at the Gate of St. James's, Lord Talbot[1] as Lord Steward with his staff, Lord Despencer and some others of the Court, came down and assisted the merchants, and kept off the rabble, advancing some paces before the gate for that purpose. One rioter was seized by Justice Walsh, but was soon rescued by his friends and carried off in triumph. One coach with the dressers was stopped, not being allowed to put down its company. The Duke of Northumberland was severely pelted, as he went to the back court of the Palace; the ammunition of these rioters consisted chiefly of dirt, but many stones were seen to be thrown, and one glass bottle. The Riot Act was read without any effect, Lord Talbot harangued the mob, and whilst he was haranguing at the gate, one Mr. Whitworth (not Sir Charles) was haranguing from St. James's coffee-house, and a drunken woman in a third place: they had each their audiences, but the Wilkism, and obscenity of the woman proved the greatest attraction. The tumult still continued at its height, when from the Palace yard issued the Horse Guards and Horse Grenadiers, with their swords drawn, and commanded by three officers. The rabble, whose spirit of mischief is only equalled by their timidity,

[1] Lord Talbot behaved with great courage, securing two of the leaders, and animating the troops to do their duty.

immediately retired, and left a large vacancy before the Palace: the Horse formed into two fronts, one up St. James's Street, the other up Pall Mall: soon after the Horse came, several rioters were seized and carried into custody.

During this period all the shops in the neighbourhood were shut. The merchants, when they got to St. James's, could not find their address; the gates of Temple Bar having been shut against them, a most infamous riot took place there. Mr. Boheme, the chairman, was insulted and forced to quit his coach, and get into a coffee-house; in the bustle he left the address in the coach, which was carried back to his coach-house; this was made known to His Majesty, who said he *would wait for it, if it was till the next day.* At last, I believe, it was brought privately by water from Whitehall, it was four o'clock before it could be presented. The Guards patroled the streets that afternoon and evening. It was said that, amongst the mob, there were men of better appearance, supposed to be their leaders, but this is not certain. Your father was in St. James's coffee-house all the morning, so saw the whole. Your sisters and I were at Clapham in the morning, and came down Pall Mall in the midst of the mob: we let down our glasses, they cried *Wilkes and liberty* enough to us, but did not insist on our joining them, so we got safe home, though I was a great deal flurried at the time. Many of the mob cried *Wilkes, and no king*, which is shocking to think on.

'Tis reported some of these rioters are sent to Newgate, and that seventeen are taken. The King[1] went

[1] The cool courage of George III. on this and similar occasions gave him great influence and popularity.

himself to the House of Lords yesterday to pass some Bills; all was quiet and no mob. The Lords adjourned to April 6, and the Commons to April 4.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

St. James's Street, April 21, 1769.

We are at present very quiet. The gentlemen of Middlesex are to have a meeting, the Assembly room at Mile End was the place fixed on, but they are so numerous that the room cannot hold them, so the time is not yet decided for the meeting. I hope to be at Salisbury before it takes place, for my curiosity with regard to seeing mobs is satisfied. There has been a most violent combustion at the Bath; a Major Brereton and a Mr. Plomer were candidates to succeed Mr. Derrick;[1] Brereton was chosen, Plomer's friends protested against it, the subscription was opened again, and Plomer was chosen. I am not clear as to the particulars, but there was a prodigious riot in the rooms last Tuesday se'night, in which the ladies joined as well as the gentlemen.

Mrs. Hillman, our acquaintance, and Mrs. Orme (Lady Townshend's daughter) had a fight, and Mrs. Hillman was knocked down; in short, things were carried to such a pitch, that the Mayor, his brethren, and a number of constables entered the room. The Proclamation was read three times; 'tis said that the last reading was to the ladies only.

I hear the elder brother of the person whose house

[1] As Master of the Ceremonies, a post then much coveted, and in which the famous Beau Nash exercised despotic power.

you lived in at Warsaw was very active, and a writ is out against him. All public meetings were forbidden there till matters were a little subsided.

The opera next winter is to be managed by Mr. G. Pitt and Mr. Hobart: they talk of having the *the* Guadagni, and the Amicci, but I have lived long enough to know that spring talk and winter performances are not always the same. There is a good opera of Pugniani's now being acted, it is infinitely the best we have had this year. Mr. Wilkes went to Lord Mansfield's last night about eight o'clock, some say to pay his first fine of 500*l.* I do not hear any great mob attended him. He returned to the King's Bench prison again.

MR. SHEBBEARE TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

November 22, 1769.

An odd dispute has arisen between the King or Ministry and the Sheriffs of London, relative to the execution of the two poor weavers Doyle and Valine. Lord Weymouth had been applied to by some principal people about Spitalfields, that they might be hung *in terrorem* in that neighbourhood, and his Lordship granted a warrant, not being apprised perhaps (I think) of some Rule or Order, which says that malefactors shall be executed *in the usual place.*

The Sheriffs having consulted Serjeant Glynn, were advised to refuse to perform this warrant at any other place than Tyburn, and accordingly waited upon Lord Weymouth[1] to acquaint him with their determination.

[1] Secretary of State.

Much altercation has ensued, which has procured the unhappy men no less than two respites. The Sheriffs being urged to comply with this new warrant, have not only refused to do so, but likewise, by the advice of the Serjeant, have presented a petition to His Majesty, in which they not only state the reasons of their non-compliance, but among other strong expressions, indirectly accusing the Ministry of despotism, declare to this effect, *that were they to obey this mandate of an arbitrary Administration, in executing people just where they please, for aught they know, they might finally be directed to hang up the people in, or before, their own houses.*

Perhaps they allude to the mode of Judge Jeffries' execution in the West, but, however that may be, the King is excessively offended, and (as I have just learnt from one of the other officers) has referred the matter to the consideration of the twelve Judges. Should their determination coincide with the inclination of the Ministry, some suppose the Sheriffs will be called to account for their refusal, and perhaps committed to the Tower. It need not be added, what a ferment such a measure would occasion in the city. The Lord Mayor will transact no business with the Recorder.

It is said the city cannot displace him, but they can refuse making him his usual or any allowance, which they will probably do. Sir James Hodges will certainly be *ousted*, and with him not only some other city officers but half the Common Council. After this work is completed, and they have framed their City Governors to their wish, the people, with the Lord Mayor, some

Aldermen, and perhaps the whole Common Council, are to proceed in their coaches, and on foot, to St. James's, to enquire the reason why they have received no answer to their petition.

This is the current, but yet not the common news of the day.

1770.

The Duke of Grafton's Administration resigned on January 28, this year. He was succeeded by Lord North, who remained in power till 1782. Lord Halifax was Privy Seal, and Lords Rochford and Weymouth Secretaries of State for the Foreign Department. Our relations with Spain became very precarious, and our means of aggression or defence were inadequate to a war with a first-rate Power in close alliance with France. It makes us smile now (just one hundred years since that period), to read that the House of Commons passed several nights in discussing the point, whether our Army should consist of 12,000 or 15,000 men and officers; but the fact is, that foreign countries were as ill-provided as ourselves, and in much greater financial difficulties.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, January 6, 1770.

Your father does not go up to the meeting; I fancy he will not make much stay this year in town, so we females shall keep to the mansion here. Our time is wholly occupied in preparations for the play and Pastorale. Miss Wyndham acts Creusa, and will be as fine as silver trimmings and diamonds can make her; of the latter she will have a large quantity. Gertrude

acts the Priestess; her dress is taken from the antique, it is white satin, quite simple and elegant, only fastened by a row of large pearls round the waist; on her head she wears a kind of white veil, and round it a wreath of Alexandrian laurel. I wish you could see her, as her dress was not designed by either milliners or mantua makers, but by herself, assisted by Dr. Warton[1] and Mr. Harris. The virgins attending the Temple are two Miss Arundels, and two Miss Jacobs. Louisa acts Thyrsus, all the *lady* gentlemen act in eastern dresses with long robes, Miss S. Seagar is Aletes, Miss Seagar Xanthus; the latter has a very fine rich dress; Louisa's is pink satin, trimmed with fur and silver loops, with a white robe. Miss Hawes, according to custom, is the attendant on the Queen. Miss S. Seagar, Gertrude, and Miss Hawes have painted the scenes, and very pretty they are; one is the Temple of Delphi, the other a laurel grove. No slaves ever worked harder than did Sophia Seagar and Gertrude; the latter was on a ladder or on her knees, for nearly twelve hours Thursday. The Chapel room makes a good theatre, the stage is near three feet high, there is room for between forty and fifty spectators, giving a good space for the orchestra, which consists in a proper band for the Pastorale of 'Daphnis and Amaryllis;' I have heard them rehearse, and I must say it was infinitely better performed than at Drury Lane. The dancing chorus is delightful, and the dance is all their own composition. Dr. Stevens leads the orchestra, he is highly pleased.

[1] Dr. Warton was an eminent scholar of the day. He was Head Master of Winchester College for thirty years, with a high reputation. His chief work was an essay on the genius and writings of Pope.

To fill up the choruses properly we are obliged to take two small choristers, and they make pretty shepherds: Parry sits in the orchestra, and sings the bass part in the chorus. Gertrude ventures to sing a song, which she does very sweetly and in tune, but rather too softly; Louisa says, she sings like a piping bull-finch.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, January 13, 1770.

Your letter of December 28 came to my hands Monday last.

Two of your tickets are prizes of 20*l.* each, the other two blanks. I suppose Mr. Hoare must receive the money, and give half to the Comte de Gazola. He has paid for his share of the tickets already. He is, I find, a man of great honour, as well as of great gallantry, for he was asked, at the Bath, to go to see some other places in England; he said, No, he came to England to see two ladies only (viz. Mrs. Berry, and Mrs. Molyneux), and that he desired to see nothing more during his residence here. I am sorry he has made this resolution, as it will deprive us of the honour of his company here. Lord Chatham makes a great *éclat* in the opposition, is strong for the Americans, and violent about the Middlesex election. Lord C——r was with him, and voted in the minority. Lord Suffolk spoke with great vivacity and wit, and cut the famous oration to pieces; Lord Mansfield was dignity and reason itself; the Duke of Northumberland was in the minority, as were most of our friends; Lord Hardwicke went away without voting; on a division the contents

were thirty six, the non-contents eighty-nine, besides eleven proxies. I am not clear as to the question in the House of Commons, but I hear the debate was carried on with more than usual bitterness by Burke, Barré, and Sir G. Saville; the only thing worth mentioning in the division was, that Lord Grenville and the Solicitor-General were in the minority. The division was 254 [1] to 138. Lord Dartmouth and Mr. Marsham were in the majority. Mr. Grenville is much dejected at the great loss he has sustained in Mrs. Grenville, and it was with difficulty he could prevail on himself to attend the House.

HON. MR. GRENVILLE TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Bolton Street, January 16, 1770.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Whateley told me that you had desired him to inform you whether any business of consequence was expected at the beginning of this session.

I therefore trouble you with these few lines to acquaint you, that many questions of the greatest moment are in agitation, and will certainly come on in a few days. It is impossible for me and many other of your friends, who both love and esteem you highly, not to lament your absence at such a conjuncture, both for your own sake and that of the public. Neither of these considerations, at such a crisis as now presents itself, will admit of that appearance of a total indif-

[1] Notwithstanding these majorities on the Address, several Members of the Government, including the Chancellor Lord Camden, resigned a few days afterwards. On January 28 the Duke of Grafton resigned, and was succeeded as Prime Minister by Lord North.

ference, which your absence seems to hold forth, and which, I am convinced, you are far from feeling in any instance wherein the happiness and constitution of your Country are so nearly concerned. These, dear Sir, are the motives of my writing to you, and having stated them to you, I need not, I hope, add my wishes to see you here as soon as you can, nor the assurances of the affectionate regard with which I am your most faithful and obedient, humble servant,

GEORGE GRENVILLE.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, January 25, 1770.

I have nothing to say but to condole with you on the death of Mr. Yorke. We have lost a very good friend, and the public a most useful man. I much fear agitation of mind was conducive to his death. Tuesday he refused the seals, to the great satisfaction of Lord Hardwicke and all his family, who received congratulations on it. Wednesday at noon he accepted, totally unknown to his family, and went immediately to acquaint Lord Hardwicke with what he had done. The scene between the two brothers was affecting beyond expression. Thursday, he was taken with a vomiting and burst a blood-vessel; he put the seal to some necessary things Saturday morning, but the patent for his own barony never passed the seals. He expired Saturday about five in the afternoon, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Lord Hardwicke was so violently affected, that for some days he was not able

to see his own daughters. Poor Mrs. Yorke went to Highgate, where she was most dangerously ill, but is now rather better. A more distressing event I hardly ever knew; at least, it appears so to me, who have so high a regard for that family. Sir Fletcher Norton is Speaker to the House of Commons by a majority of 236 to 121, against Mr. Townshend junior. Lord North proposed Sir Fletcher, and was seconded by Rigby; Lord Cavendish proposed Mr. Townshend, and was seconded by Lord G. Sackville. Lord Rockingham moved for an enquiry into the state of the nation, and this day they begin on that business; they go as far back as the Peace; the same enquiry will soon be in Commons.[1] Sir G. Yonge and Sir P. Brett have resigned the Admiralty. No Privy Seal is yet appointed, nor new Lords of the Bedchamber; Lords Willoughby and Oxford certainly have *not* resigned. Lord Waldegrave is Master of the Horse to the Queen. Your father goes Monday to town; he then will give you fresher intelligence than will be in my power.

Many thanks for your letter of January 1. New Years' Gifts and Christmas Boxes, I find, reach as far as Spain; I thought that they had only been an old English custom.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, February 2, 1770.

You give us a royal account of your banquets at Madrid. We have no such doings here, nor such

[1] Lord Chatham took a violent part in this debate against the late Government, which he had been instrumental in forming. He condemned the conduct of the House of Commons in the Middlesex election.

methods to prepare for them, yet we clamour as if our oppressions were ten times greater. Perhaps our clamours prove against us, for, when tyranny is complete, no one dares to think of complaining, being well apprised of its danger. You have heard the sad tale of poor Lord Chancellor Yorke's death.

What effect this had on his Grace of Grafton, I cannot say, but either that, or some disagreement with his colleagues in Administration, or perhaps both, induced him, very unexpectedly, to resign on the 29th of last month, and the ostensible Minister at present is Lord North, as head of the Treasury. Before his Grace went, he got a pension of 1,500*l.* a year settled upon Banbury Bradshaw of the Treasury, to continue till a larger patent place in the West Indies, now held by a son of Lord Cholmondeley's, who is in orders, drops in. I got to this place last Wednesday night. An epidemic cold among our horses retards our speed, and makes us unable to travel more than three times as fast as you do in Spain.[1] That same day there was a great debate in the House on a motion of Dowdeswell's, that persons eligible by law to be Members of Parliament cannot be disqualified but by Act of Parliament. You see this goes immediately to the affair of Wilkes[2] and Luttrell. This question was carried by Government, on a division, of 226 to 186; the last question to the same purpose they flung out by 224 to 180, so their antagonists, you see, have gained *four*. They sat on Wednesday till

[1] A virulent cattle disease prevailed this year, and was alluded to in the King's Speech.

[2] Wilkes had been returned against Luttrell by 1,143 to 296, but Wilkes having been previously expelled from the House of Commons, the latter declared his election invalid and Luttrell duly elected.

between one and two in the morning. Since writing the above I have been driving about, and find that Lord Howe has resigned his office of Treasurer to the Navy, Lord Lisburn his seat at the Admiralty board, and Lord Cornwallis his post of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. Mr. James Grenville had resigned another part of the same before. Mr. Ellis (formerly Secretary of War) succeeds Mr. Grenville as Vice-Treasurer, Lord Sandwich is made Secretary of State in the room of Lord Rochford, who is gone to Ireland; Lord Townshend is to return home, and 'tis said, though offered the Privy Seal, would accept nothing. I am not so sure of the two last articles (though I believe them true) as I am of the former, down to Mr. Ellis. I am now just come from the House of Lords, the crowd was too great for me to stay. Lord Rockingham moved the same question there that Dowdeswell had moved in the Commons. Lord Coventry seconded, and flung out hints of a conference between the Houses upon the subject. Lord Weymouth spoke shortly, and then Lord Marchmont, both against the motion, treating it as a matter that the Lords had nothing to do with. Lord Chatham was in the House, and will, I daresay, speak, but I could not stay to hear him. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Errol, and Lord Castlehaven took the oaths, and their seat in the House just before the debate.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, February 6, 1770.

I write to inform you that I have the best reasons to believe that Mr. George Pitt will be appointed

ambassador to Spain, but that, as the Parliament is now sitting, 'tis probable he will hardly leave this country before the month of May next. He knows us all, is a friend to Lord Shaftesbury, is a man of good sense, and well versed in the diplomatic business, though a stranger at Madrid. I know he has favourable sentiments for you, and I doubt not you will sufficiently justify his good opinion, by doing everything to merit his friendship, while you act together. I can give you no other advice than I have already done; and that is, to pursue business with firmness and honour, and never to permit pleasure to make you forget your duty; the more character you have the more you have to lose, but this is a fortunate jeopardy.

I hear Mr. Charles Fox is to be Lord of the Admiralty, in the room of Mr. Townshend, who goes to the Treasury, and fills up the Duke of Grafton's vacancy. 'Tis true what I wrote you last about Lord Howe's and Lord Cornwallis's resignation; that of Lord Lisburn's quitting the Admiralty, I don't hear confirmed. Mr. Henry Herbert (Lord Pembroke's first cousin), has leave to bring in a Bill to ascertain incapacities arising from expulsion. We had a great deal of dull talk about the subject yesterday, but leave was at length granted without a division. There had been mention a few days ago in the House of Lords, of a resolution of the Cabinet to expel Wilkes. We talked much upon this, and mounted the patriotic high horse upon the unconstitutional mode of this practice. Strange! As if all matters political were not to be discussed in the Cabinet, and the Ministers to come down to either House without knowing each other's mind. Lord

Hardwicke, who has been much at Richmond, is now in town; I called on him, and had the honour of seeing him. He looks melancholy, and I believe feels the loss of his accomplished brother a great deal. Our new Speaker[1] seems to keep order in the House with becoming authority. He appears to stand like Virgil's Rock, and bid the waves defiance. Mr. Grenville is as well as a man can be—who has lost a most valuable and truly esteemed friend.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, February 13, 1770.

I can't tell whether you remember such a man as Maddox, Clerk of the Assizes in the Western Circuit. He was an unhappy sot, and last week shot himself through the head. His post, worth 4,000*l.*, comes to Judge Bathurst, the senior on the Western Circuit just chosen. Our new Speaker, Norton, seems to do well, and to maintain order, as far as order in such a place as where he presides can be maintained. They had a story a few days ago, that he was to be made Chancellor, and Moreton Speaker in his room, but I believe it is not founded. Yesterday we had a long committee day, on the state of the nation. Dowdeswell moved for leave to bring in a Bill to restrain certain officers of the revenue from giving their votes at elections. After a rather tedious debate, full of that patriotic commonplace which no one believes that talks it, nor anyone else but a few dupes in the provinces, we divided about nine o'clock; against the question 263, for it

[1] Sir Fletcher Norton.

188. My colleague, Robinson, is a fortunate man, he will to-morrow kiss hands on being made Vice-Chamberlain to the King, and I shall of course move a new writ for Christchurch. He, Mr. Hooper, and myself shall set out for our borough the day following, in order to attend his re-election. This gives me a week in the country I did not expect. The next long day we shall have in the House will probably be Friday, when we shall debate on the Report. The double Question, which passed about ten days ago in the committee, that *Decisions on elections in our House ought to be according to the laws of the land, and that the decision in Wilkes's affair was in such manner conformable.* Opposition made the first part of this resolution, and Administration added the second, and between them they have made as strange and heterogeneous a thing as ever was engendered in the mud of the Nile.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, February 20, 1770.

I totally approve your letter to Mr. B——, and it shall forthwith be transmitted to him.

You have in a manly way chosen a manly life, and have, as becomes a man of spirit, preferred business to pleasure, and ambition to idleness. I know no blame in ambition, but when it tempts men to do what is base and unbecoming.

On Friday last, we had a turbid day in the House upon the Speaker. He had dropped an expression in the House relative to Sir W. Meredith, to the effect

that 'he now found he was to expect no candour from him.' This was instantly taken up, the words moved to be put in writing, and the Speaker worried for five hours. At seven, question was at length moved on him, that the words of Mr. Speaker were disorderly, &c.; this question he put himself, and it went in the negative. I don't like this levelling of all authority, and bringing it into disgrace. Mr. H. Herbert, the junior Wilton member, has been offered, I am told, a place at the Board of Trade, which he has declined. He is a very promising man; and will, I think, do honour to his name and his country. Fifteen or sixteen young men of fashion and fortune give a masquerade on Monday next at Cornely's, to 800 people. I expect the next day to attend my colleague to his re-election at Christchurch. He assists the day, or rather the night before, at the masquerade.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, February 23, 1770.

This post brought Mr. Bowles a letter from his son at Winchester, giving an account of a great riot in that school; it began on some affront given, I think Monday, by the townsmen to some of the commoners. Tuesday evening a detachment of commoners set out, armed with bludgeons, and some with pistols. Dr. Warton, on hearing this, locked up what boys remained in the Commoners' Hall, but they forced the door open, and would join their friends; the college was also locked, but they also grew outrageous, and they were let out to join in the fray. About eight they were got home

all of them, and put to bed. One townsman was wounded by a shot in his leg. Wednesday night, they sallied forth again, armed with weapons of all kinds, and fought in the churchyard; the riot was so great that the magistrates were obliged to interfere, and the Riot Act was read. At length they dispersed, and I do not hear of any further mischief than bruises. Master Bowles was not in it, but by his manner of writing he seems greatly terrified. I am sorry for all this, as the school had got into great repute, and it must give Dr. Warton infinite concern, but the spirit of riot is gone forth into all degrees.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS SON AT MADRID.

February 26, 1770.

I believe 'tis certain Mr. Pitt will go to Spain, though he has not yet kissed hands.

I think you will have a good eight or nine months, perhaps more, before you can on any account think of moving, merely on the excuse of your private affairs. I had the honour of seeing the Spanish Ambassador yesterday at Court; he addressed me in his usual polite way, and spoke very favourably of you. Two Mondays the House has prevented my attending his assembly, and to-day the masquerade will again deprive me of that pleasure. To-morrow I go to Sarum and Christchurch for about eight or nine days, to assist at the re-election of my colleague the King's Vice-Chamberlain. Sir Richard Philips' (your friend) petition is now hearing. I find people are doubtful of his success notwithstanding that Administration is with him; the question

is, how far they are in earnest. They cannot find a proper Chancellor among the lawyers; Lord Mansfield will not accept, nor will Lord Chief Justice Wilmot, both able men. The last declines on the score of health, the first disinclination, preferring the certain to the contingent. Gaming, I fear, makes great havoc here; people win or lose six or seven thousand pounds of a night. Fame says a Kentish gentleman of family and fortune is going abroad on this account, for two or three years. I must say to you as I do to myself, there can be no independence without economy, and no happiness without independence.

Lord Halifax is Privy Seal in the room of Lord Bristol, who is Groom of the Stole in the room of Lord Huntingdon, who has resigned. They print fine articles in our papers of advices from our Ambassador at Madrid. This morning too I find they have sent Sir Gregory Turner there as Ambassador. Sir Gilbert Elliot is made Treasurer of the Navy. There is a report Lord Harborough is dead; if so, our Canon Sherrard, who is now in residence at Sarum, is Earl.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, March 3, 1770.

Messrs. Robinson, Hooper, and Harris, came here Tuesday evening, and proceeded Wednesday to Christchurch. The election was Thursday, perfectly quiet. Yesterday Mr. Robinson and your father returned to us, Mr. Hooper was left at Heron Court. We entertained Mr. Robinson with some music in the evening, this morning at six he left us; he is not a little pleased with

his gold key. He brought me the earliest account of the masquerade; he was one of the managers of it, and spoke very great things of it. There was but little wit passed, for everyone was so pleased with their own figure, that they unmasked very early. The riot I mentioned in my last, at Winchester, is all over and no one expelled. It was a formidable thing, for they had several brace of pistols. It began, as I hear, by the landlord of the White Hart desiring some of the commoners, who were drinking at his house, not to drink any more, but to go home; this gave such offence, that the next day some went and broke his windows, the man was obliged to call his neighbours to his assistance, so that brought on the battle between the townsmen and the scholars. The great hero's name is Hare, he had been expelled from Eton. The Duke of Cumberland is about to purchase Wilbury of Mr. Greville. What a blessing will that be for this neighbourhood. There has been some little difficulty at Portsmouth about the Russian Admiral firing an evening gun, which he does; our Admiral does not cordially approve, so they have sent to the Admiralty for a decision on the subject.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, March 20, 1770.

The papers will tell you of the City's remonstrance,[1] and the King's spirited answer. So impudent a per-

[1] It was couched in very violent language, comparing the decision on the Middlesex election to the Ship Money tax in the time of Charles I., asking for a dissolution and removal of Ministers. The King, in his answer, pronounced its language to be disrespectful to him and injurious to Parliament and to the constitution.

formance as this same remonstrance was never, I believe, heard of, charging the Parliament with corruption, and asserting the House of Commons to be no House at all, and all their acts invalid. This was brought before us last week, by a motion from Sir Thomas Clavering, seconded by Sir Edward Blackett, two independent gentlemen of the north, who had usually been in the minority. Yesterday 'twas taken up, when the same gentlemen moved two questions, asserting, that to say the acts of the House of Commons were invalid, &c. was unwarrantable, &c. The third motion was a strong address to His Majesty on the same subject.

When the first question was moved, Dowdeswell opposed it, and proposed the previous question, so that was *properly* the subject of debate, which yet extended itself at large to the remonstrance. The lawyers bore a considerable part in all this. Dunning, Solicitor-General, argued for the City remonstrance, De Grey, Attorney-General, against it; Wedderburne answered De Grey, Moreton answered Wedderburne; all these spoke ably. Lord Barrington took the matter in the highest tone, said 'twas framed by a Junta that, like Catiline and his associates, wished to involve us in anarchy and confusion; Beckford, at whom this was levelled, retorted by bringing up the affair of the soldiery, the loss of lives in George's Fields, and the approbation of it by Lord Barrington. He then praised the citizens and himself. Alderman Hailey replied to this, and much abused Beckford,[1] who retaliated. This morning about two the House divided; for the previous question,

[1] Beckford was Lord Mayor, and had presented the remonstrance, adding some words of his own, contrary to usual form.

(opposition) 127, against it (Administration) 284. The violence, I may say madness, of the opposition, have done Administration as much good as all their own sagacity. A man may wish to see a house altered or cleansed, who does not wish to see it blown up.

General Armiger, aged sixty-five, was married at eight o'clock last Saturday evening, to a lady between thirty and forty, went to bed, and was dead by one in the morning.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, March 29, 1770.

I am to acknowledge yours of the 5th instant, which informs me of your welfare, and of the countenance shown you by that great and respectable subject, the Condé d' Aranda.[1] I am glad he does you so much honour. 'Tis a satisfaction to hear you bear the severity of a Spanish climate so well. I believe our own, from its uncommon and uninterrupted cold for a month past, has been as trying, though I don't find it has been as fatal to our old peers and dowagers. We have had, and still have, two Bills pending, one from Mr. Grenville to regulate our method of trying petitions on elections; the other from Mr. Henry Herbert (Lord Pembroke's first cousin), to ascertain what reasons of expulsion should carry with them incapacity. Mr. Grenville's idea is to take the judicature out of the House at large, and of committees nearly as numerous as the House, and

[1] The celebrated Spanish statesman, who, in 1765, had restored order by expelling the Jesuits and carrying out many wise measures. He took part against England on the Falkland Isles question.

transfer it to a smaller number, who are to be sworn, and whose determination is to be final. This committee is to be formed out of thirty-seven chosen by lot, out of which number the parties litigating are to reject twelve apiece, and the remaining thirteen are to be the judges. Administration is divided on the subject, though I should rather think the leading part is either indifferent or against it. When Mr. Grenville moved it, Lord Granby seconded it. Lord Clare is a friend, Rigby and Dysen enemies. On the 15th instant, Sir Thomas Clavering, seconded by Stanley, moved an address to His Majesty, to lay the Livery of London's remonstrance before the House. The papers have shown you what this audacious performance is. Opposition were in general against this measure, not justifying the thing, but talking of inexpedience, and carrying the right of petitioning so far, that it seemed to me that the word petition was to give a sanction to everything. Such were the sentiments of Townshend, Burke, Dunning, and others; four, however, of superior sort, my Lord Mayor, Alderman Irecothie, and the two Sheriffs Townsend and Sawbridge, avowed the remonstrance as their own act, and were for having it produced. Lord Granby was against addressing for it, Conway supported the address handsomely. Previous question being put, noes (Administration) 231, ayes 108. The next day a resolution was carried condemning the remonstrance strongly. The 21st an address to His Majesty on this subject was moved and carried by 248 to 94. The Lords had been asked, in a conference, to join in this address. This produced a debate. On division the Duke of Beaufort, Lords

Ferrars, Abingdon, and Trevor, were in the majority. Lord Radnor, though present, did not vote; division (as I remember) 95 to 35.[1] You will see in the papers an exaggerated account of two processions, one about a week since, from the Thatched House to the Lord Mayor's grand feast;[2] the other yesterday, from Westminster Hall, being the Westminster remonstrants carrying up their remonstrance; the papers, in their pompous style, declare it to have been a procession of 5,000 people, but I, as an eye-witness, can assure you that it was a most shabby and ridiculous affair. Thurlow is made Solicitor-General in the room of Dunning, Moreton and Ambler Attorney and Solicitor-General to the Queen, in the room of Hussey and Blakeston, now a judge. Hussey, I hear, is much inclined to retire; he is both an honest and an able man. Lord Carlisle is married to a daughter of Lord Gower, Sir Gilbert Heathcote to a Miss Hudson, Lord Jersey to Miss Twisdon, daughter of an exemplary Bishop of that name, long since deceased.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS SON AT MADRID

Suffolk Street, April 3, 1770.

They have been unhappy in another fire at Wilton, which has consumed four houses, and some valuable looms.[3]

[1] The joint address of Lords and Commons, condemning the City remonstrance, was presented to the King on the 23rd.

[2] Given on the 22nd at the Egyptian Hall, and attended by nearly all the opposition in both Houses. Strong language against the Government was used on the occasion.

[3] For the carpet manufactory.

On Friday Mr. Grenville's Bill for regulating our judicature on elections was reported. Sir William Bagot, a country gentleman of ancient family, spoke for it, and in as elegant a speech as I have ever heard, gave the most plausible and pleasing picture of a Tory that you can imagine.

It could be no bad character, when he called them lovers of the Episcopal Church, but friends to toleration, and the principles of the Revolution.

This speech, Burke, though of the same side, answered, and endeavoured to dissect, which caused some warmth. Messrs. Ellis, Rigby, and Dyson, were enemies to the Bill, Lord North less hostile. Many courtiers for it, such as Lord Clare, Lord Beauchamp, Stephen Fox, and others. A little before seven we divided, and to my astonishment we were 185 to 123. Yesterday, the 2nd instant, the Bill was read for the third time, and though it was agreed on all sides it should pass, we kept up a conversation of three hours, which would have as well suited the land-tax Bill, or a Bill for a turnpike or enclosure. The license of our press is intolerable. We shall lose the most valuable privilege under heaven, by the rascality of the lowest of scoundrels.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Salisbury, May 12, 1770.

I hope you have good weather to enjoy the beauties of Aran Juez. We have for a few days felt something like spring, and the hedges begin to look a little green, so this tempts us to our cottage next Monday. A new assembly or meeting is set up at Boodle's, called Lloyd's

coffee room, Miss Lloyd, whom you have seen with Lady Pembroke, being the sole inventor. They meet every morning, either to play cards, chat, or do whatsoever else they please. An ordinary is provided for as many as choose to dine, and a supper to be constantly on the table by eleven at night; after supper, they play loo. This is a most ingenious thought, for no one ever yet hit on a scheme that should occupy the fine people all the day, without inflicting on them the torment of being, some part of their time, in their own houses. The first meeting was Thursday, and probably you will have a more accurate account from some of your correspondents who are in town, but if that should not be the case, I did not think it proper you should remain in ignorance of so fashionable a thing. I think there are twenty-six subscribers, others are to be chosen by ballot; my intelligence is, that the Duchess of Bedford and Lord March have been black-balled, this I cannot account for. I hear nothing about Wilkes, save that a lady at Soho dropped *forty-five*[1] drops of cream into his tea, which rather displeased him.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Salisbury, July 5, 1770.

Your sisters are both at Ashcombe, and your father has gone this morning to Winchester, to hear the gentlemen speak for Lord Bruce's medal, so I am now left to guard the castle. Your father will return to-night, the races are now going on at Winchester, but both Mr. Harris and Mr. Bowles who accompanied

[1] The condemned number of the 'North Briton.'

him, will avoid them as much as possible. There was a race there on Tuesday, for gentlemen who rode their own horses. Pen Wyndham won. The others were Mr. Ridge, Lord Dunkellin, and Mr. De Burgh; Sir Thomas Champneys was to have been one, but he paid forfeit. Your father wants much to taste a true Spanish olio, so begs you will send a receipt to make one. Probably your servant Lanquetine may have more interest with the Spanish cooks than you have; if so, let him endeavour to get one.

I hear Mr. Dunning is going to be married, so that may prevent his journey into Spain. Your father wrote to him long since, on that subject, but was never honoured with an answer; however, if the little man is in love, that is a sufficient excuse for his silence. Mr. Grenville, his eldest son and daughter, Miss Stapleton, and Mr. Cleaver, were with us Sunday, on their road to Eastbury.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Salisbury, October 6, 1770.

Our festival is just ended, and we have brought things to a happy conclusion. I never remember so much good company, or a more numerous appearance. We had a rehearsal here Tuesday evening, and a most crowded room. That day the Bowles and the Buckleys dined here; Wednesday morning we rehearsed the Passione, Stabat Mater, &c. here, to another crowded audience. That day all the Professors dined with us, we ladies were obliged to assist at the dinner, as Madame Tenducci and Mrs. and Miss Lindley were of the party, so, from the heat of the breakfast-room we

got into a far greater heat in the dining-room; it was literally out of the frying-pan into the fire. The music began here that morning at ten, and never ceased till three. We eat, drank, dressed, and went to the Oratorio of Hercules, which went off charmingly. Tenducci is amazingly improved; in his part the old Handelian songs were left out, and some fine Italian ones smuggled in, in their places. Thursday Lady Pembroke called on us to go to the Messiah, which went off divinely. Her family, that is, Miss Herbert, Miss Butler, and Mr. Brand, dined with us, as did the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, Dr. Lillington (of facetious memory), &c. Lord Pembroke and the Mr. Herberts were obliged to assist at the Mayor's feast at Wilton, they very humanely let your father off. In the evening we had some quartetts till after eight, and then adjourned to the card assembly. Yesterday we attended the music in the church, and had only gentlemen at dinner, among whom was an old school-fellow of yours, the eldest son of Sir Joseph Pennington. The music in the evening was truly fine, the first act part of the Passione, the second the Stabat Mater, in which Miss Lindley and Tenducci sang like two divine beings, the third act miscellaneous. Your father set out this morning for Heron Court, Lord Grantham's death[1] makes it necessary for him and Mr. Hooper to consult. I never read more handsome or more proper letters than the present Lord Grantham has written both to Mr. Hooper and to Mr. Harris. Who will succeed him at Christchurch I know not, nor can even guess. The first ball was

[1] Mr. Robinson having succeeded to the Peerage made a vacancy for the seat at Christchurch.

opened by Lady Pembroke and Lord Folkstone, the second by the same lady and Lord Aneram. The principal company were the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, the Wilton family, all the Radnor family with Miss Duneau, Lord Arundel's family, Lord Dunkellin, Lady Amelia de Burgh, Lady Mary Hume, Lady Ranelagh, the Marquis d'Adrianole, a Canadian whose name I never heard, Hulse, Champneys, Sir John and Lady Allen, &c. &c. Mr. Penruddock was chosen Tuesday for this county, without opposition; the relations all went in their coaches to Wilton, merely for show.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Salisbury, October 31, 1770.

Mr. Harris spent a day last week at Bowood;[1] very friendly reception, and many kind things said of you. I fear our old friend Mr. Grenville is in a very dangerous way, he went to town for advice. His own physician is Sir William Duncan, but Lord Chatham sent Addington to him; neither of these doctors can find out his complaint, his relations say 'tis the same disorder that his father died of. He will be a great loss to his own family, as well as to the public. Lady Jane Tollemache, daughter to Lord Dysart, is gone to Scotland with a Captain Halliday, of the light horse, his father is a man of fortune. The Captain was just going to be married to Miss Byron, the coach and clothes were bought, but he saw Lady Jane twice at the Richmond assembly, was captivated, wrote a letter

[1] Lord Shelburne's seat in Wiltshire.

to Miss Byron, to inform her he had changed his mind, and had set out for Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick are to be at Wilton on Friday, and go next week to Winterslow. The plays begin there next Wednesday; Garrick does not act there this year, but says he will another year act Lord Ogilby, if they will act 'The Clandestine Marriage,' which I much hope they will. Mr. Charles Fox[1] cannot come down by Wednesday, so Mr. Payne takes his part; the latter is a good actor, but the former is excellent.

Thursday, November 1st.—By a letter this morning from Mr. Cleaver, we hear that Mr. Grenville's physicians think more favourably of him, but do not pronounce him out of danger.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

Salisbury, November 11, 1770.

We were at Winterslow Play Friday, they acted 'The distressed Mother:' Hermione, Mrs. Hodges; Andromache, Lady Mary Fox; Pyrrhus, Mr. Fox; Phœnix, Mr. Harry Fox; Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was to have acted Orestes, was confined to his bed with the rheumatism, so Mr. Storer read his part, and did it well. Charles Fox is so taken up with the Admiralty business that he says he cannot come down. The two ladies acted most incomparably. The Duchess of Bedford was there, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lady Charles, and Lord Robert Spencer, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, Lord Dunkellin, Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick,

[1] Charles Fox had just been appointed a Lord of the Admiralty.

&c., &c. I believe the Christchurch election will be Tuesday se'night; we all go down to assist at the ball. Mr. Grenville's physicians still think he may recover, though it must be a work of time.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS SON AT MADRID.

London, December 14, 1770.

The land tax passed at last, so that now our whole expense of six millions sterling is actually raised, our whole augmentation of fleet and army as good as paid for, and our navy as forward as ever was known, and a formidable one moreover. Britannia need not tremble, whatever the event may be, whether peace or war.

I am one of those who most ardently wish for peace, and I hope from our wise precautions we shall be most likely to obtain it. It moves me to indignation, that two respectable nations, naturally made for friends, should take to cutting one another's throats for a paltry island, not better than Bagshot Heath, and which, if it were merged in the ocean, would be no loss to either. Let it be with nations as with individuals: if ye *can* help it, don't quarrel at all, 'tis more conformant to your social nature; but if ye *must* quarrel, for heaven's sake let it not be for trifles, for objects of the lowest contempt.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, December 16, 1770.

I write now for writing sake, for I know nothing to entertain you. We go round like dogs in the same place, over and over again. Lady Ranelagh and family

dine here to-morrow, and in the evening we all attend Mr. Jervoise's play. There is great talk of a Mr. Watts, a minor, being in love with Miss Lindley, the girl who sings. I heard yesterday they had set off for Scotland, the next news must be that Tom Norris has hanged himself, for at our last music meeting he appeared greatly smitten, and I thought the same of the young lady; but a young Oxonian with 4,000*l.* a year is certainly to be preferred to Norris. I lament greatly the death of Lady Harborough; she was a most pleasing woman. Three of our canons have buried their wives in three-quarters of a year.

1771.

This year was principally engaged in preparations for a war with Spain, which had seized the Falkland Islands by force, and taken our garrison at Fort Egmont prisoners. Mr. Harris, who was Secretary of Embassy at the time, was recalled, after a stormy altercation with Grimani, the Spanish Premier; but the latter, alarmed at the attitude taken by England, and being himself unprepared, yielded before Mr. Harris had reached the Pyrenees. Mr. Harris was then sent back to Madrid as Minister Plenipotentiary to that Court.

The following letters relate to these events, and to the disputes between the House of Commons and the Mayor and Aldermen of London, among the last of whom was the demagogue John Wilkes.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, January 12, 1771.

We are glad you are so satisfied with your election;[1] it certainly is a most desirable thing on all accounts, and I have no doubt but you will find more real pleasure from a life of business than most of your contemporaries at the University find in their life of dissipation. The greatest part of these are *maccaronis*.

[1] For the borough of Christchurch, with his father as colleague.

Some of the others are totally attached to their dogs and horses.

Two most exemplary divines, Mr. John Hume and Mr. Henry Churchill, dined a few days since at Mr. Penruddock's, returning either late at night or early in the morning by Sir Alexander Powell's, found his gate shut, they went to the house in order to call the servants for the key, but the poor creatures were so terrified at people coming at that hour that they did not answer; so these heroes broke some panes of glass and almost forced the house door open, for which Sir Alexander is going to bring an action. This will be some amusement for the lawyers at our assizes.

Giardini's[1] opera at Mrs. Cornelly's[2] really fills, and undoubtedly will greatly injure that of Mr. Hobart's in the Haymarket, but fine ladies are so very capricious 'tis hard to say what they would have.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON.

3 Suffolk Street, February 1, 1771.

I cannot help flattering myself you will remain at Madrid till the messenger with your *remand*[3] arrives, and save yourself the fatigue of a double journey. No political news of any kind; nothing but private business in both Houses. The Anglesea cause[4] is in the Lords,

[1] Giardini, a Piedmontese violinist and composer.

[2] Formerly Mademoiselle Pompeiati, a singer. She hired Carlisle House, in Soho Square, and established balls and assemblies by subscription.

[3] Mr. Harris had been recalled, but remanded when the Spanish Government ceded our demands. He met the messenger on his way in Spain.

[4] Claim of peerage, rejected the ensuing month.

the event of which is precarious. Next week the papers relative to the accommodation with Spain will be debated, and of course extracts of your letters redde ;[1] but we hear so good an account of your despatches that we have no anxiety on that head. This letter is full as stupid as if it was written from my dressing-room in Salisbury. I cannot help it; I have seen various people, but they can inform me of nothing amazing. They talk of nothing but the charms of the Harmoniac meeting; the Anti-Harmoniacs will allow no merit at all to it, save the fine drop-curtain, so I must wait for an opportunity of seeing and hearing before I can determine. I was much pleased with the 'Fantocine' I saw last night. The novelty of an entertainment in French and Italian amused us all. My ears not being accustomed to a French *petite piéce*, I doubted whether I should comprehend, but I did perfectly well, and very droll it was.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, February 5, 1771.

The letters between the Secretary of State and you were yesterday redde (*sic*) in both Houses of Parlia-

[1] 'Redde' (*sic*) in the original of all the letters of this date, and so it was spelt in the days of Shakespeare, and during most part of the last century. The Civil Service Commissioners, who govern the future career of our youths by their decisions, would *spin* the candidate who dared to write *redde* for *read*. Such is the extreme importance which they attach to modern orthography that it would seem almost to outweigh moral and physical gifts, and yet spelling has ever been the most arbitrary of fashions. There is not one Prime Minister, from Lord Bute down to Lord Palmerston, whose autograph letters (which I have seen) would not have been *plucked* before that tribunal. In the case in point, why not (if we are to alter it) spell the *past* tense as it is pronounced (*redde*), and the present as it is now written (*read*)? This would at least define the two.

ment. Your father received many congratulations on your account, for your despatches met universal approbation; even some of the Opposition came up to wish Mr. Harris joy at your acquitting yourself so well. The reading of the papers did not take up more than three-quarters of an hour, but the House sat till near nine. After hearing the papers, some of the patriots arrived—Burke, Dowdeswell, Seymour, Barré, and one or two more. Seymour made a motion to address His Majesty to know if France had interfered. On a division the motion was lost: against it 173, for it 57; a poor opposition you see. I hear also your despatches met great applause in the House of Lords; to-morrow se'night is fixed for considering these papers. Never was any one of your age[1] so much known and talked of as you are at present.

Monday next the gentlemen of the Tuesday Night's Club give a masquerade at Cornelly's. Mr. Charles Fox has offered to supply us with tickets. Your sisters and I mean to go; 'tis the only masquerade I wish them to go to. I shall try my utmost to persuade Mr. Harris to accompany us. One difficulty is in the way; that is, no gentlemen are admitted in dominos. Louisa is to be presented Thursday. What with the dressing for that, and also for the masquerade, we are all much occupied. Gertrude[2] is no new courtier, and goes to the masquerade in her own Pythian dress, so she is at her ease.

[1] Mr. Harris was at this time twenty-four years of age.

[2] Miss Gertrude Harris, afterwards married to Mr. Robinson, younger son of Lord Grantham. She lived in the London world to the age of eighty-five, preserving all her cheerful character and faculties. She used to give private theatricals at her house, in which Lord de Grey, Mr. F. Robinson, Hugh Elliott, and Mr. Canning were the chief actors, the latter writing the prologues and epilogues, which are still extant.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, February 12, 1771.

It gave us great pleasure to find you were honoured with so gracious a reception at your taking leave, and as you have reason to be fond of Spain and its inhabitants, you may not be sorry at being remanded. Your sisters and I were last night at the masquerade given by the gentlemen of the Tuesday Night's Club. Gertrude was dressed as the Pythian; that is, Priestess to the Temple of Apollo. Louisa was an Indian princess; Mr. Cambridge borrowed a dress for her, which was pretty and fine, the habit muslin, with green and gold sprigs, with a turban and veil. I never saw anybody enter so strongly into the spirit of a masquerade as she did. She talked to numbers all in French, and had disguised her voice so well that even some of her friends did not discover her. Towards the end she said she was frightened by the Devil speaking to her sister. Mine was a white domino, with a Mary Queen of Scots cap and ruff.

Lord Edgecombe was a shepherdess with a little lamb under his arm, and a most excellent figure he was. Mr. Banbury was a most excellent friseur, Lord Berkeley a charlatan; Mrs. Crewe [1] looked beautiful as a nun with a yellow veil; several gentlemen in women's clothes, not as old women; Mrs. Fitzroy was a *remarkable* lady. On the whole we were greatly en-

[1] Her house was subsequently the resort of Charles Fox and his party, who took for their motto—

'Buff and Blue
And Mrs. Crewe.'

tertained, for it was the first masked ball I ever saw. We supped soon after one, and then everybody unmasked, and a number of acquaintance we found, though we had among us found out many before. We got home soon after five, and, old as I may be, I never left a public place with more regret.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, February 14, 1771.

Wednesday last the House of Commons sat to examine the Spanish papers. Lord Beauchamp moved to address His Majesty to thank him for laying the papers before the House, and also for the accommodation in consequence. He was seconded by Lord Palmerston;[1] the latter part of the motion was opposed by Mr. Dowdeswell in a speech of near two hours. Many of the Opposition spoke, and many for Administration. Your name was mentioned on all occasions, but never with disregard; on the contrary, Lord George Germaine[2] said he disapproved the measure, 'but never was afraid to give praise where it was due,' and he said the young gentleman at Madrid had done his duty well. Hans Stanley spoke handsomely of you in his speech, commending both your abilities and diligence. The House sat till past three in the morning, when they divided: for the motion 275, against it 157. I own the minority was more than I expected.

Louisa was presented yesterday to their Majesties,

[1] Henry Temple, second lord, father of the late Prime Minister. He died in 1802.

[2] Lord George Sackville took the name of Germaine on inheriting an estate from Lady Elizabeth Germaine.

and had a gracious reception. She was terrified before she went from home, but very fortunately she stood next Lady Digby, who was also presented, so meeting a friend in the same circumstances revived her greatly.

Batt[1] has this instant left me; tells me Lord Chatham made a very long and dull speech in the House yesterday, abused the Ministry for leaving you so long at Madrid, and even had the assurance to say your despatches were puerile, which is very extraordinary, because people of all parties have commended the despatches as being incomparable. The Harmoniac met last night, but there was no performance. When they asked Mrs. Cornelly the reason, she said Sconi was taken ill, but the truth is Mr. Hobart has informed against them; they have paid 50*l.*, but the penalty grows higher as they persist, so they must at last submit to the law.

February 19.—The Harmoniac is over, and, what is worse, they threaten hard to indict Mrs. Cornelly's as a house of ill-fame, and say that forty beds are made and unmade every day, which is hard, for a friend of ours says it is never more than *twenty*; but (joking apart) if they choose to demolish Mrs. Cornelly all elegance and spectacle will end in this town, for she never yet had her equal in those things, and I believe got but little, as all she undertakes is clever to a degree. Your friend Burzynski makes no bad figure; he has a house in Bedford Row. The day we dined there all was elegant. The company consisted of Mr., Lady Mary, and Mr. Charles Fox, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Payne,

[1] A clever barrister.

Mr. George Selwyn;[1] so wit flew about. Many kind things said of you.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, March 1, 1771.

Wednesday the Ministry were at last triumphant in the Nullum Tempus Bill,[2] which is now put off for three months; they divided,—164 to 155. The City patriots will not give up the printers, and threaten if the sergeant-at-arms should attempt to seize them he shall be sent to Newgate; if that should be the case, it may be a most disagreeable affair. The great business of Parliament seems near over, though some say they will sit till after Easter. There is a committee this day about paving the streets at Oxford, which may be a long day, as 'tis opposed. Batt and Moisy will set out on horseback[3] next Monday for the Western Circuit; Batt is really dejected with the idea. As to politics, everything is quiet, at least as far as I know. If they commit the sergeant-at-arms to Newgate, they talk of the Speaker and all the House marching to demand him back; that event, I hope, may never happen. 'Tis said the printers are gone off, and that will put an end to further trouble. Louisa is gone to the oratorio, a great condescension for so Italianised a lady; but Ranelagh asked it, and Louisa is too good to refuse her godmother.

[1] The celebrated wit, and much beloved by his contemporaries. He died in 1791, in his seventy-second year.

[2] Mr. Henry Seymour brought in a Bill for securing the possessions of the subject against dormant claims of the Church. The motion was rejected.

[3] The most convenient and expeditious mode of travelling in the west of England at this period.

MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P., TO HIS SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, March 5, 1771.

I hope long ere you receive this you will be vested and recognised in your new dignity.[1] The accommodation with Spain is in general well received in this country, which is well affected to Spain, and does not wish a war, whatever wicked patriots may endeavour, or lying newspapers print. None make such audacious use of the word *people* as these do, a word which often means no more than themselves, and their ignorant or interested followers.

Some printers who saucily mentioned our debates were ordered to attend—they did not—a warrant was ordered to take them into custody—they eluded it—now a proclamation with a reward is ordered, to seize them; we addressed His Majesty for that purpose, and had no debate, though it was expected. There is at present no particular business before us. A turnpike through Oxford, over Magdalen Bridge (which is to be rebuilt), is much opposed by Lord Macclesfield, Lord Charles Spencer, and other Oxfordshire gentlemen. I must attend, and assist *Alma Mater* to my utmost. An embankment of the river Thames is proposed from Durham Yard to the Savoy. The undertakers are Scots, and *therefore* the Common Council oppose them.

[1] As Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, March 8, 1771.

I was at the oratorio Wednesday, in character of chaperon. I heard Guadagni[1] sing, which was all I wanted; but he is so lazy that he will not do his best. Sir John Fielding has threatened to have him whipped for singing at Soho, and that has so terrified him that he will not sing there. If he could be whipped for laziness and impertinence it would be a good thing for us who want to hear him sing well. Wednesday, Pownal made a motion in the House for a censure on Ministry for not having obtained a sufficient explanation of the Spanish orders and instructions sent in general to their Governors in America. He was seconded by Mr. Damer; they divided,—against the motion 130, for it 43. Yesterday a motion was made by Dowdeswell, and seconded by Sir G. Saville,[2] to give juries, in cases of libels, the power of deciding upon law, as well as fact. But here the patriots differed: Phipps and Sir W. Meredith were against it, looking upon the law to be so already; Calcraft and Aubery thought with them, Dunning[3] and Burke[4] with Dowdes-

[1] Guadagni and his sister were celebrated singers, the latter the rival of the Zamperina at the Haymarket.

[2] Member for Yorkshire, and leader of the minority of the country party.

[3] Dunning enjoyed a high reputation at the Bar. Mean in appearance, but fluent and witty, he became Solicitor-General.

[4] Of Burke nothing need be said to remind the reader of his greatness. He was the confidential political adviser of Lord Rockingham, and their esteem was mutual.

well; Barré[1] rather doubted. Some said it should be enacting law, some a declaratory one, and others there need be none at all. By a singular and unparalleled event in all your father's attendance, a debate was maintained for five hours without Administration (Conway excepted) saying a single syllable. Opposition had it wholly amongst themselves, and as Mr. Bays says, 'gods met gods, and fumbled in the dark.' It was lost by 218 to 72, on a division about ten at night.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, March 19, 1771.

On Tuesday, March 12, there was a debate, which lasted till five in the morning, on the subject of taking up[2] the printers who published the speeches and transactions of the House of Commons. Opposition, having little to say against this, showed themselves and their candour in frivolous and captious disputes, dividing the House (in a manner unprecedented) no less than 23 times. On Thursday, the 14th, the same affair was taken up again. The printer Woodfall did not appear, being put into Newgate by the House of Lords; the printer Baldwin did appear, and, after a clear conviction, was let off with the easy sentence of a reprimand from the Speaker, and a discharge, paying his fees. The Speaker's reprimand was decent, and through the whole process his behaviour to the offenders was most candid and

[1] Colonel Barré was a bold and effective speaker, and an experienced man of business.

[2] For incorrect reports of the speeches, and founding thereon virulent attacks on the members of the majority, whom they accused of subserviency to the Crown.

equitable. The same captious behaviour continued in Opposition: in the clearest of cases they divided the House six times,—117 to 24; 113 to 28; 92 to 20; 86 to 16; 86 to 12; 79 to 10. There were two or three divisions after these. Townsend, the alderman, redde in the House a most impudent opinion of a Councillor Morris, reflecting on the authority both of King and Parliament. It looks as if he and Alderman Sawbridge had a mind to be noticed by the House, but the House was too wise to give them the chance of being patriot martyrs. A greater *fracas* has happened since. One of these impudent printers was seized in the City by the Speaker's warrant last Friday; the deputy sergeant was for this seized and carried before Crosby the Mayor, Oliver,[1] and Wilkes,[2] two aldermen, who made out his commitment, and would have committed him had he not given bail. The printers at the same time they discharged. This was taken up yesterday in the House; the Speaker gave a detail of the fact; the motion made by Ellis was for the Mayor to attend this day; this produced a division, and Opposition lost it by 267 to 80. More of these important events are expected to-day, but I fear I shall not get any farther information before this letter goes to the office.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, March 26, 1771.

The Mayor of London appeared yesterday. His charge was read to him—that of discharging a person

[1] Oliver was member for the City.

[2] John Wilkes, the demagogue. He was elected Lord Mayor in 1773.

taken up by the Speaker's warrant, and committing the messenger who executed it. He admitted both and pleaded his oath to maintain the City privileges. This frivolous plea being rejected, Mr. Ellis moved his conduct was a high breach of privilege; was seconded by the elder Onslow. They held the authority of Parliament could not be superseded by local charters. Sir G. Saville, who did not care to deny this, nor yet to vote for it, moved the previous question. The two aldermen, Sawbridge and Townsend, being not so scrupulous, justified everything, and said they would have done the same themselves. After much debate, the Mayor said he was ill, and had leave to withdraw. Soon after the House divided on the previous question, which was rejected by 272 to 90. The Mayor's illness made the House leave him, and proceed to Alderman Oliver, when Opposition (to create delay) moved to adjourn this; about midnight this was rejected by 214 to 97. The charge against Oliver was the same as against the Mayor, which he confessed, and had the assurance to add, '*Do what you please; I defy you.*' Ellis then moved, and was seconded by Onslow, that Oliver was guilty of a breach of privilege. This was followed by a second motion from the same, that Oliver should be committed to the Tower. Sir John Griffin then proposed an amendment, to change this commitment into a reprimand; but this, about three in the morning, was rejected by 170 to 38. On this the commitment went without a division, and the House adjourned between three and four. Oliver was carried to the Tower, about seven this morning, without any bustle. During the sitting of the House there were riots, and

insults offered to the members by a most blackguard set of shabby fellows, which the High Bailiff and Westminster Justices soon quelled, and dispersed, so that when your father came home, which was near four, all was quiet.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, March 29, 1771.

Wednesday, 27th inst.—The day began with a great mob and riot, occasioned by the Mayor coming to the House. They were congregated by handbills; they attacked Lord North in his chariot, and would have destroyed him had he not been rescued. The same happened to Charles Fox.[1] The magistrates were ordered to attend; they said to the Speaker they could do nothing. The sheriff Baker and others talked much, called the mob an *assembly*; the other sheriff, Martin, went out, attended by a large body of members; they made the mob quiet, but could not disperse them, nor were they so till the Mayor went away, many hours after. Serjeant Glyn puffed the Mayor, the mob, and the people. Wedderburne wished an enquiry into the riots. Lord North moved for the order of the day. Barré said report was a noble Lord was about to resign. Lord North said he had no such intention, and he did not know the King intended it, that nothing would remove him but the will of his Royal master, or the mob might despatch him. Ellis moved, first, the Mayor's breach of privilege; this went without a division; then he moved, in consideration of the Mayor's health, he might be sent to the

[1] C. Fox was at this time twenty-two years of age, and member for Midhurst.

Gatehouse instead of the Tower. The Mayor said his health was better, and that *he wished to go and visit his good brother at the Tower*, at the same time justified his insult to the House. At half-past eleven Ellis moved the Mayor might be sent to the Tower; on that they divided,—for it 202, against it 39. When he was sent off, the mob followed him; great riots all the way. The gates at Temple Bar shut, the deputy sergeant like to be murdered; they would not suffer him to go to the Mansion House. The Mayor stopped there, and went thence early in the morning to the Tower. Yesterday, the 28th, riots again, Charles Fox a second time assaulted. The King, in going to and from the House, greatly insulted. In the House of Commons they began by talking of the riots and of the worthy sheriffs; it was suggested they should have a vote of approbation of their conduct. Many were against it, your father among others, and spoke; so it was lost by 75 to 30. They then went on to the order of the day, which was to choose by ballot a special committee to enquire into the causes of the late obstruction to the orders of the House. Dowdeswell, with his usual heaviness, moved to postpone the matter for three months, which was rejected without dividing. They sit to-day (Good Friday) to ballot for the Committee, and the report is to be made to-morrow; then they adjourn to Monday se'night, when Wilkes is to appear. I doubt whether there is a precedent for the House sitting Good Friday and Easter Eve, but these times require it. Lord Anglesea's cause came to a decision in the House of Lords Wednesday last. The House was tolerably full, but on putting the question they were dubious to give their

opinion, and so many retired, that only four were left—Lords Mansfield, Macclesfield, Paulet, and the Bishop of Gloucester; so 'tis put off for three weeks, which I am sorry for, on Lord Lyttelton's account as well as Lady Anglesea's, for it almost wears them out.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, April 5, 1771.

I have learnt no politics since I wrote last. The beginning of the Easter week we spent at Twickenham. That, you know, is the seat of the Muses, who are to me more edifying than the politicians. I have enclosed some lines that were produced there. On Easter Monday some of the City mob made a procession and had several effigies dressed up, which they marched with to the Tower, and then hanged and burnt them on Tower Hill, for the amusement of those *patriots* who are in the Tower. The Lord Mayor and Oliver were brought this morning, by writ of a Habeas Corpus, from the Tower to Lord Chief Justice de Grey's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; Glyn and Lee, their counsel, attended. I take for granted they are by this returned to the Tower.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, April 12, 1771.

Wednesday, the 10th, Lord North opened the budget handsomely; the services in a round sum, 7,600,000*l.* (this includes 200,000*l.* extraordinary to the navy); the ways and means, 7,685,000*l.*; the odd 85,000*l.* (the surplus) to pay interest of exchange bills, and for incidental expenses. A lottery, which is to produce net to the

public 200,000*l.*, by selling the 12*l.* tickets for 13*l.* and by deducting 10 per cent from the prizes, that is 50,000*l.* Lord North gave his word that next year, if we had no war, he would be for reducing the land-tax to 3*s.* in the pound; complimented the landed gentlemen for their readiness to assist Government; mentioned the mean attempts of faction to disturb the public tranquillity—first by petition and remonstrances, then by the printers; said that laxity was interpreted fear, exertion of legal authority tyranny; laughed at the Mayor's scruples of conscience, and the marvellous cure of his limbs, when he wished to be sent to the Tower rather than to the house of the serjeant-at-arms; that the riots had had a contrary effect from what was proposed by those who raised them—that they had only tended to confirm him more effectually in his office. He took for the sinking fund 2,400,000*l.* Yesterday, April 11th, on reporting the resolution for the ways and means, Cornwall objected to members having part of the lottery tickets to dispose of; Lord North answered. In the course of the conversation mention was made of the King's friends and Carlton House interest. Sir G. Elliot got up and said he had been considered as belonging to that suite; he asserted, upon his honour, that he had never conversed with the Princess Dowager in private but once, or had ever conferred with her oftener, either directly or indirectly.

Numbers are preparing for a masquerade given by the gentlemen of Arthur's this evening at Soho. We shall content ourselves with seeing some few masques. I do not know who these gentlemen of Arthur's are. Charles Penruddock is one, and he is

gone into Warwickshire with Lord Craven. A good patriot may leave the Parliament in the middle or most interesting part of the session. Lord Shaftesbury [1] was here yesterday; seems but very indifferent; he goes next week to the Bath. I most ardently wish it may be of service to him; he is most amazingly broke lately.

You see by the public papers the Bill of Rights' people are all fallen together by the ears and have separated, which I like much. I hear there has been a trial at the Salisbury assizes between Mrs. Macie, as she calls herself, and Mr. Dickenson, whom she married at Paris; and now she disowns the match; but, as I am informed, General Irvine swore in the Court he saw them married at Paris, so a verdict was given for Dickenson.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

April 19, 1771.

Accept mine, your father's and sisters' most hearty wishes for many returns of your birthday, which is to-morrow. I flatter myself the next will be kept more to my satisfaction, as we hope you will assist in person. I am greatly obliged for your intended present; I am impatient to see it: whatever comes from you is a treasure to me. Your sisters and I were last night at the masquerade at the theatre in the Haymarket, given by the gentlemen of Arthur's. The *coup d'œil* when you first enter the room is striking to a degree, but in my

[1] Fourth Earl of Shaftesbury; he died the next month, aged sixty-two.

own opinion Mrs. Cornelly's is on the whole more pleasing. This was illuminated with lamps, which were disposed with great taste and elegance, and gave a very fine light. Lord Edgecumbe was a very good parrot; Lord Guernsey an oyster-wench, and a curious figure he was—many men in women's clothes, and some ladies in men's hats and dominos. A French milliner followed us a good deal, whom I took for some Englishman, for French is the common masquerade talk; but when *it* was unmasked, I found it was a person I had never seen. He then said he had been but two months in England, but that the young ladies spoke French so well, he thought they had come from Paris, and imagined he should know them when they unmasked; but owned he did not, nor could I ever find out to whom he belonged. Lady Mary Fox and Lady Payne were two charity-boys; they teased me a long time, but I never could guess who they were till they unmasked. Lady Pembroke, in a Grecian dress, looked beautiful; Mrs. Crewe a sultana, Lord Pembroke a friar with a bald pate. I had some conversation with Prince Masserano; I was rejoiced to find him well enough to venture into such a crowd. We set out at eleven, and arrived at one; I never saw a greater crowd of coaches. We returned home about six this morning, so I am rather stupid. Gertrude's dress was white lutestring, trimmed with blue gauze and made flowers, like Perdita; it became her much. Louisa was a priestess, and also looked well. I am always a domino. We were in luck; for we had determined not to go till three days ago; your sisters had their tickets in tolerable time, and Lady Pembroke sent another about five in the after-

noon, so I got dressed and attended myself on your sisters, and sent an excuse to Lady Knatchbull, who was to have guarded them. I, by choice, like always to go where they go; but I make no merit of attending them to a masquerade, for it amuses me more than any diversion, thanks to my friends in my younger days; for had I been permitted to go to them at that time, my relish for them would have been ended long before this. The Prince of Wales will have no farther establishment than governor and sub-governor, preceptor and sub-preceptor, and is to remain in the Queen's house. I do not believe in Lord North's going out.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Suffolk Street, May 10, 1771.

I have the satisfaction to inform you that Lord Rochford is so good as to promise your father that you shall continue your present character[1] on full pay to the end of the year. As your present warrant ends on Lord Grantham's[2] arrival in Spain, a new one must necessarily be made. I imagine you will be pleased with the honour being continued. Lord Grantham will not be in Spain till July. Lord Rochford says you may come home in September. The accounts from the Bath are very bad; Lord Shaftesbury is in the last stage of decay.

His Majesty went to the House Wednesday, and prorogued the Parliament. We were in the Park when he returned, and as there was no hired mob,

[1] As Minister Plenipotentiary.
[2] Appointed Ambassador at Madrid.

people had an opportunity of showing their own sentiments, and he passed 'midst the acclamations of a great concourse of people. In the evening a mob was hired, which attacked Lord North's house, and also Sir Fletcher Norton's,[1] and broke all their windows; no justice of peace or constable to be found. The horse-guards were ready saddled, in case they were wanted: probably the mob heard of it, so they went off without pulling down Lord North's house, which some think was intended. The Lord Mayor and Oliver were released, the City patriots illuminated; but we were quiet here, without exposing ourselves by putting up candles.

Lord Ligonier had too strong proof of his lady's attachment to a Comte Alfieri,[2] a Piedmontese. Last Tuesday he challenged him at the opera; they fought; the Count had a slight wound in his arm, and Wednesday her Ladyship was sent to her father's. Guadagni has condescended to sing lately in the character of Orfeo. I have constantly attended him; he is the finest actor, the finest figure, and the finest voice imaginable, and is undoubtedly the most insolent of all fellows; he gives out that he acts only to oblige Sir Watkin Williams, and takes no reward whatever.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, May 16, 1771.

Yesterday Lord Folkestone was elected for this city in the room of Mr. Edward Bouverie, who had vacated

[1] Sir F. Norton was Speaker of the House of Commons.

[2] The celebrated Italian poet, afterwards married to the Pretender's widow.

his place on purpose. Lord Shaftesbury was thought rather better Sunday. Le Chevalier d'Eon[1] turning out to be a lady has caused some talk. She got a great deal by going shares in bets as to whether she was man or woman; she must be a most enterprising genius. Our neighbours are not all come into the country; the Duchess of Queensberry is so busy making the match between Mr. Douglas and Lady Lucy Graham, I doubt whether she may come at all. Inoculation is going on very briskly here; my mother told me of 800 cases of small-pox, but that seems rather too many for this town. Not one of your cousin Arundels have had it, so the poor things are quite confined; they do not think of inoculating them. Is there any inoculating in Spain? Lord Castlehaven has been very dangerously ill; he was taken ill at Lyndhurst, where the choice spirits go for a month annually to hunt and drink; he must not attend that ceremony any more. I am sorry not to be more entertaining, but no events happen here. Your sister left London with great regret, particularly Louisa, and I believe the country fleas knew her sentiments, for they have bit her to such a degree, that she has had no sleep the two nights she has been here.

[1] The mysterious adventurer, equerry to Louis XV., soldier, envoy, and spy. He died in England in great poverty in 1810, and on the autopsy of his body by the surgeon of Louis XVIII., who attended him in his last illness, was found to be a man.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Great Durnford,[1] June 29, 1771.

We are here only for the day, as we cannot find time for a longer stay, but I hope we shall before the summer is passed. Your father, Louisa, and I dined Tuesday at Mr. Penruddock's; he has done, and is still doing, a great deal at Compton, and with taste. I cannot say he is as much improved as his place—just the same as you ever knew him. The day after we spent at Dinton. Nothing is done there, except disparking a pretty park which his father had made. The Squire came into the court to survey our *horses*, not *us*: the first salutation he gave us was, '*You have broke one of your splinter-bars*,' fixed his eyes on the horses, and left us to get out of the coach as we could. She has something sensible and agreeable in her manner, and were she to mix more with company would be very clever. Not a single person at dinner but we five; our conversation was chiefly of grass and dogs. We were relieved soon after dinner by the arrival of a Parson Waterman, who is a droll kind of animal, was perfectly easy, and was as soon acquainted with us as if he had been a Frenchman. He is well versed in all the Salisbury journals, but he says by living so much out of the world he is at a loss to fill up all the blanks relative to the scandal in that paper, so we gave him all the proper information on that head. So much for rural felicity! Last night we had a concert at our house, and a very fine one it was. Louisa makes the

[1] The family country residence and estate in Wilts.

greatest figure on these occasions. Mr. Earle, the Dean of Winchester, was so charmed with her, and was in such spirits, that he said things I feared would have hurt the gaiety of Mrs. Earle. Louisa speaks Italian recitative, I imagine, better than most English ladies. There is a famous song in the 'Pozzi d' Orlando'—where a person is supposed to be going to the Elysian Fields—with a long recitative, which they made her sing four times last night.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, July 20, 1771.

Our letters this morning brought nothing interesting; 'tis said Lord North is promised the next blue ribbon. Lord Rockingham[1] has taken a house at Wimbledon, for fourteen years. Politicians may make their conjectures, but, probably, 'tis only on account of Lady Rockingham's health; she has been in a dangerous way for near a year, and has lately received great benefit from Dr. James and the air of Wimbledon. Inoculation here goes on most rapidly; all the surgeons and apothecaries of the place inoculate the poor at a crown a-head and find medicines, which money is paid by the Corporation. They all walk about, and follow their various occupations as usual. Two of our household are now under it, viz. the gardener, on whom it is not yet come out—the other is an occasional maid of Louisa's, who supplies the place of her own when she is absent with Gertrude. She is now with her mother in St. Edmund's parish, but comes every day here to see Louisa. They are kept very cool, and are allowed to eat bread

[1] He succeeded Lord North as Prime Minister in 1782.

and all sorts of fruit and vegetables, but no butter; for a single slice of bread and butter would inflame their arms, and bring on a bad small-pox; this is known by experience. The natural small-pox has been very unfavourable here; many young people and children have died, whilst inoculation is favourable to a degree. I sent the other day to enquire after Miss Samber, who was then in the distemper; the answer was, she had walked into the market-place *to see the soldiers*. I fancy Lord Lyttelton is on the wing, and may probably perch soon with us, as his letters were directed this morning to our house, though his Lordship has not given us the least information.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, July 27, 1771.

Lord and Lady North came here this morning soon after eight; he enquired much after you, and said you might soon be at home, as Lord Grantham was advancing to Madrid. They came from the installation; nothing very particular happened there, nor was there any crowd in the chapel. They are now gone to Lady North's home in Somerset. We had a very agreeable assize, thanks to Messrs. Batt and Moisy, who gave us a great deal of their company. The latter, to the surprise of all his friends, had a brief given him on Monday. Such an unexpected honour took away his appetite, so he would not dine with us Monday—all other days they both fed with us. Tuesday we were honoured with a visit from both the Judges, and also Mr. Langham Jones, the High Sheriff. They expressed

great delight in our garden, library, &c. Your friend, Sir William Blackstone,[1] was highly pleased with the books. His brother Nains is musical, so while Sir William was deeply engaged in a book, they with mutual consent left the room to repair to the music, and I was left to guard Sir William. He did not hear them go. Some minutes after, he took his eye off the book, and when he saw only me in the room, he started and asked what was gone of all the company, and begged to be conducted to them. Nains made Louisa so many fine speeches on her singing, that the like was never before heard. I could not help thinking of 'Mammon's Luxury,' where he says, '*My flatterers shall be the pure and gravest of divines.*' We are to have a most extraordinary dancer for the opera; her price is 1,200 guineas, and a benefit which is to bring 600 more. Mr. Hobart gives only 600 of the 1,200; the other 600 is given by the Macaronis. We are much obliged for your remembering the Olla, and I shall be vastly happy to see you cooking it. It would appear very odd, in the country where you are, to behold a man with a pretty full small-pox out watering the orange-trees with only a waistcoat without sleeves, on a cool evening; but that may be daily seen in our garden, for Blandford goes on with his work the same as before he was inoculated, and so does everybody, with the greatest success imaginable. You will see in the public papers a most shocking narrative of the murder of Miss Mary Jones, whose family I knew well; her mother was daughter to the late Sir John D'Oyley, her father a man of good

[1] The celebrated writer of the 'Commentaries.' He was professor, and gave lectures on law at Oxford.

fortune in Gloucestershire; the young lady, Miss Gough, who suffered with her, I do not know: 'tis a most tragical event indeed. I hope your sisters will never walk in the fields without a servant, which they are too apt to do.

NOTE.

Miss Mary Jones, youngest daughter of William Jones, Esq., of Ross, and Miss Gough, a young lady of Monmouth, who was upon a visit at Ross, were murdered in a meadow near Sidney Church, Gloucestershire, as they were returning from Sidney to Ross. The young ladies after tea took a walk to Sidney, where they were detained by the rain, till near ten o'clock, at which time they set out for Ross about two miles distant, without any attendant. The family at Ross, surprised they did not return, sent a servant with a lanthorn to meet them, who found Miss Jones lying dead across the path in the meadow, with the back part of her skull beat to pieces, and Miss Gough in a ditch near the same place, most shockingly bruised. The whole country being very soon alarmed, every man was summoned to go in pursuit of the murderer. William Morgan, a young man of Sidney, a sawyer by trade, was the only person absent. He was in bed; when, being called up, and told what had passed, some blood was observed upon the knee of his breeches; he was directly charged with the fact, which he confessed. He says, he had been playing at Fives, and had lost all his money; but had engaged to play for sixpence the next night. Whilst he was thinking how to get the money he had engaged to play for, these two young ladies passed him, and it came into his mind that he could easily rob them. He accordingly followed them, and it being nearly dark, passed by them. Miss Jones said, 'Good night to you, Will.' Finding that he was known, he determined to murder them; and taking a little circuit, came behind them, and with a stake struck Miss Jones upon the head, which brought her to the ground; he then gave her another blow, and left her dead upon the spot. Miss Gough, who had run a few yards, he followed, and struck in the same manner. She screamed out, upon which he repeated his blows till she was, to all appearance, lifeless. He supposes, in struggling she had fallen into the ditch, as he did not throw her there; and that his breeches were stained by kneeling down to take off Miss Jones's pockets.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, August 3, 1771.

Tuesday morning we went to Southampton to see the new building called the Polygon; 'tis a fine thing, and every house has a most beautiful view of the sea and town of Southampton. There is a most magnificent hotel, in which there is a fine ball-room, card, tea, and two billiard-rooms, several eating-rooms, and they say fifty good bedchambers, and stabling for 500 horses. There are to be all sorts of elegant shops in this hotel; at present there is only a jeweller and a hairdresser. I never saw so great a preparation both for luxury and elegance. It is kept by Frère, the man at the 'Thatched House.' There are two balls a week; one is at the old room at Martin's, the other at this hotel; some make exceptions to the distance of this last. Frère, to obviate that, has sent to London for three new coaches, which will carry ladies there at threepence a head. After this we went to show Louisa Sir John Mordaunt's; got to St. Mary's by dinner, where Dr. Warton and his brother came to meet us; we talked much of you. In the evening we all went to a ball at the old room, which is a very fine one; there were a great number of people. I met some I knew, but not many. We went Wednesday evening to our palace [1] at Dibden, to the great joy of all the Gandys, who expressed the highest satisfaction at seeing us. Thursday, by six in the morning, we sailed for Cowes; had a most delightful passage, and

[1] A cottage residence in a charming country, adjoining the New Forest.

landed soon after eight; took a coach, and went to Newport and Carisbrooke; returned to Cowes to dinner, and about four embarked. We had a brisk gale out of the harbour, enough to give Louisa an idea of sailing, at which she was highly pleased, and was neither sick nor sorry. When we came to Calshot Castle all went against us: we tacked and tacked backwards and forwards for near three hours, constantly losing ground; so it was determined we should quit the sloop and trust ourselves to a punt about the bigness of a butcher's tray, with only room for one man to row three Harrises six miles in the dark. I own I was terrified at the idea, but submitted. It was starlight, and Jupiter shone bright, and reflected such a beautiful light on the sea that we were delighted. About nine o'clock the moon, as if jealous of our admiration of the other planet, rose with such splendour and dignity that we were all charmed; she cast such a column of light on the sea as is past my description; it fully paid us for our tedious passage, and I would be frightened and cold again at any time to behold so glorious a scene; we landed about ten.

The next morning we quitted Dibden with the greatest regret, for though there may be better houses, I do not know a more delightful country. When we came to Salisbury, Mr. G. Pitt was just arrived from Blandford races, with no less than seven excellent musicians, whom he consigned to Mr. Harris. I never heard so good a concert, except Bach's, as we had last night.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Durnford, August 10, 1771.

Lord Herbert is at Wilton with his tutor, a Mr. Hetley, a decent well-behaved man. They dined yesterday with us. Lord Herbert has quite got rid of his shyness, and is just as he should be. Lord Pembroke was for a few days at Wilton with the French Ambassador; they went from thence to Mount Edgecumbe. His Lordship is to go from thence in a frigate to Brighthelmstone, to visit Lady Pembroke, who is there; it is very probable that he may take a sail in the Bay of Biscay, as he talks of it, so Wilton will have but little of his company. Lord Herbert brought a foreigner to show him our cathedral, to whom our Dean paid no small attention. We let him go on for a short time, and then told him this foreign *Count*, as he thought, was Signor Como, an opera-dancer, who is come to Wilton to teach Lord Herbert to dance. A lad was brought last week to our infirmary, whom I am sure you would admire. His business was to keep cows and bulls in the fields; a bull attacked him, the boy fought with his hands for near an hour, and kept him off, but his strength was at last exhausted, so the bull overpowered him, tossed him three times, and gave him several wounds; they are not mortal, so in time he may recover. This boy might make a figure at some of your bull-fights in Spain. I shall be glad to know how Lord Grantham likes Spain, and whether he enters into the true spirit of a bull-feast. The Amesbury family[1]

[1] The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry.

have been long expected; they are to have with them the Pouchkins, Mr. and Lady Lucy Douglas, and many others. I hope her Grace will not take them all to Durnford while we are here.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Salisbury, August 22, 1771.

I believe I told you that Lord Pembroke was gone to take a sail somewhere, but Saturday he came to Wilton from Mount Edgecumbe, and brought the French Ambassador with him. Lady Pembroke had been three days at Wilton before their arrival, and had no expectation of her lord till Saturday in the morning. They stayed at Wilton Sunday, and his Lordship had prayers read in his chapel by Dr. Eyre: I suppose for the amusement of Monsieur de Guisnes,[1] for I never remember any service there before. Monday these gentlemen went to town. Lord Pembroke may be down again to-day, and talks of staying till September 9; then he still hopes for a sail. We all dine to-day at the Bishop's, to-morrow at the Dean's. The quantity of venison in this country is immense, though they say this is a scarce season. I have seen it every day at home or abroad for near a month. You will not be at home to eat it with your constituents at Christchurch. The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry are at Amesbury; I shall go there when we reside at Durnford.

[1] French Ambassador to our Court.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT MADRID.

Great Durnford, September 7, 1771.

I write now, as I flatter myself it will be the last letter I shall send you to Madrid in the year 1771. We all long to see you, you cannot imagine how happy your grandmother is at the thoughts of it. Lady Shaftesbury sent a note by this post to enquire when you were expected. Though we shall be charmed to see you, yet we do not wish you to hurry yourself, or to make your journey more fatiguing than it must necessarily be. This is a place of no events, we enjoy ourselves and the fine weather, we eat, drink, sleep, read, work, walk, ride, laugh, play cards, and grumble every day, and we are so satisfied with the uniformity of our living that we have fixed no time for quitting it. The house is alive and merry at six every morning. Your father leaves us to-morrow, and will dine at Heron Court, to be ready to eat venison on Monday, with his and your constituents at Christchurch.[1] We ladies escape, as there is no ball; it is judged better to postpone the dance till you return, so that pleasure is to come.

LORD SUFFOLK[2] TO MR. HARRIS, JUN., AT SALISBURY.

Charleton, December 29, 1771.

Dear Sir,—I am stepping into my chaise for London, and have therefore time only to intimate that I wish to see you there with all convenient expedition. His

[1] Mr. Harris, Jun., was now Member for Christchurch with his father.
[2] Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Majesty's Service requires that you should repair to the place of your destination as soon as possible, and it is with the greatest pleasure I inform you that it is the King's intention to entrust a still more honourable and important commission to your care than that of Bruxelles.[1]

I am, with the truest regard, dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient, humble servant,

SUFFOLK.

P.S.—Remember me kindly to your father.

[1] That of Minister Plenipotentiary to Berlin.

1772.

Lord North's Administration remained still in power, and even gained strength, but in consequence of the deaths of the Lords Halifax and Strange, some changes took place in the Cabinet.

Lord Suffolk was appointed on the 12th of June Secretary of State for the Northern Department, the Duke of Grafton succeeding him in the Privy Seal office. Lord Hyde was made Chancellor of the Duchy. Although the Opposition had become more feeble and diminished in numbers, some long and exciting debates took place upon three questions,—namely, the subscription to the thirty-nine articles by dissenting Ministers—the Royal Marriage Bill—and the attempt of the clergy to establish the principle of *nullum tempus* as regarded obsolete claims of property by the Church.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS FATHER.

St. James's Square, Friday, January 17, 1772.

Mr. Whately acquainted me this morning that on Lord Suffolk's being too ill to see me, he was authorized by his Lordship to tell me that His Majesty had been graciously pleased to name me as his Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Berlin, and that His Majesty expected I should kiss hands

this morning, which I accordingly did, and was most particularly distinguished. Mr. Whately told me that it was of very great importance that I should make no delay, but get to my destination with the greatest expedition, and added that it was hoped I would fix a very early day for my departure. He talked of less than a fortnight, and I promised him I would endeavour to be ready by that time. I shall kiss the Queen's hand Sunday, and I shall be at Salisbury Monday, perhaps by dinner. I have barely time to write these facts, and send them by the coach. My stay in Sarum must not exceed a week.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Pall Mall, January 30, 1772.

The enclosed came yesterday. The navy estimate was moved yesterday by Mr. Buller, seconded by Augustus Hervey, then opposed by Saunders, and Keppell. Lord Palmerston for, Cornwall against, Phipps, a navy officer late in Opposition, for, T. Townshend and Saville against; so also Barré, who yet said he would not vote against it, and commended the scheme recommended in the speech for regulating the Police in the East Indies. Lord North justified and explained our several naval appointments in different parts of the world, promised to support a reduction when circumstances would permit, spoke of the good condition of our fleet in the harbours. Twenty guard-ships in excellent order, sixty-one ships ready to be fitted out, would soon amount to seventy-five, and in another year to eighty; Spain had fifty ships, France forty-nine; said

the Navy debt was now brought under, but the present extraordinary expense would be 2,000,000*l.* instead of the usual estimate of 1,700,000*l.* Dowdeswell and Pulteney spoke against the measure. The House not full, rose before seven without dividing. This is the first conversation since the opening of the Session. Sir Philip Butler has left half his estate to Miss Bouverie, the other half between Lord Radnor, and Lady Folkstone.

Inclosure.

Voltaire's verses to Monsieur D'Aranda,[1] sent him with a watch, on the back of which was his picture enamelled by a protégé of Voltaire's at Fernay, January 1771.

Monsieur le marquis d'Ossun m'a flatté que V. E. ne dédaignerait pas d'accepter l'hommage de ma petite colonie de Fernay.

Le barbouilleur de mon village
A très-mal peint, je l'avouerai,
Les traits du héros de notre âge,
Il est un peu défiguré :
Mais dans les cœurs est son image,
C'est lui, c'est d'Aranda, dit-on,
Par qui l'Espagne est fleurissante,
Qui sut avec religion
Dompter la superstition
Et chasser l'horde puissante
Des docteurs de l'Attrition
Et de la grâce suffisante.
C'est lui qui dans les grands projets,
Dont nous verrons un jour les suites,
Saura triompher des Anglais
Comme il triompha des Jésuites.

[1] Count d'Aranda, called in 1765 to power at Madrid at a moment of riot and confusion, restored order, instituted reforms, and abolished the Order of Jesuits.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, sans que vous le sachiez, Monseigneur, de Votre Excellence l'admirateur et le bien humble et très-obt. serviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Pall Mall, February 7, 1772.

The land-tax passed Wednesday, three shillings in the pound, without a debate. Yesterday, 6th instant, Sir William Meredith tendered a petition, signed by 250 clergymen, against subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. Tom Pitt seconded; Sir R. Newdigate said it was inadmissible, and was for instantly rejecting it: this then became the debate. Government for rejecting; Stanley, Lord North, Jenkinson, Charles Fox, and others spoke against the petition; Lords George Germaine, John Cavendish, Dunning, Wedderburn, Sir G. Saville, Sawbridge, &c. for it. The House divided at eleven, after seven hours' debate: for rejecting the petition 217, against 71. Sir R. Newdigate was much in earnest, and so was Sir G. Saville; the last made a long speech, quite in the sermon style. The others of both sides were very cool. I forgot to mention Lord Folkstone spoke against the petition; (before the debate began, Charles Fox gave notice he would soon move for a repeal of the Marriage Act[1]). The House adjourned till Monday. The Duke of Bolton moved yesterday for an enquiry into the navy; Lord

[1] The Royal Marriage Act, which had just passed both Houses after great debates, and in consequence of a royal message, caused by the marriages of the Duke of Cumberland with Mrs. Horton, and the Duke of Gloucester with Lady Waldegrave.

Sandwich answered, it never was in better condition; so it ended, and their House was up by four in the afternoon.

Wednesday your two sisters, Molly Cambridge, and I went to the Pantheon. It is undoubtedly the finest and most complete thing ever seen in England; such mixture of company never assembled before under the same roof. Lord Mansfield, Mrs. Baddeley, Lord Chief Baron Parker, Mrs. Abbington, Sir James Porter, Mademoiselle Heinell, Lords Hyde and Camden, with many other serious men, and most of the *gay* ladies in town, and ladies of the best rank and character; and by appearance some very low people. Louisa is thought very like Mrs. Baddeley;[1] Gertrude and I had our doubts whether our characters might not suffer by walking with her; but had they offered to turn her out, we depended on Mr. Hanger's[2] protection. None of any fashion dance country dances or minuets in the great room, though there were a number of minuets and a large set of dancers. I saw Miss Wilkes dance a minuet, and that was the only name I knew; some young ladies danced cotillons in the Cotillon gallery. I met a great many of my acquaintances, and every one complained of being tired after they had been there an hour. The spectacle at first strikes one greatly, and then it becomes stupid. Charles Fox sat down to cards last Tuesday after dinner, played all night and next morning, and in that time lost 12,000*l.*: by noon Wednesday he got back his 12,000*l.*: by five that afternoon he lost the 12,000*l.* and 11,000*l.* more, and

[1] Of the former category.

[2] George Hanger in the Guards was one of the great beaux of his day.

was yesterday in the House of Commons, perfectly easy and tranquil. Lord Pomfret will bring an action against Wilkes in the Court of King's Bench for *scandalum magnatum*, on account of a most abusive article published in the common newspapers.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS MOTHER.

Herworden, February 10, 1772.

I have had no opportunity of writing since Brussels, nor shall I be able to send this sooner than the day after to-morrow, when I hope to get to Hanover. I was in hopes I should have got there in much less time, but the bad weather, and the worst of roads, rendered it impracticable. I was five days from Brussels to Wesel; the whole road was covered with snow, sometimes thawing, sometimes freezing, and as it is a very unfrequented one, it was nowhere beaten. We sank almost every hundred yards into holes that half buried us, and were forced to have out a whole village to heave us up. The insipid stupidity of these clowns was more provoking than the accidents, and there was no being patient with them. They would stand an hour consulting among themselves, lighting their pipes, exclaiming against the weather, and admiring most minutely my chaise, before they would undertake to lift it out of the hole into which it had fallen. Barnier's[1] sang-froid was heated, Édouard my valet alone was satisfied, and cried *Vive la France!* which I agreed with him in, as being a better country than the *basse Allemagne*. He had near paid dear for his self-sufficiency,

[1] Secretary of Legation at Berlin.

however, for at one of the places where the coach was to be dragged through a long track of water sufficiently frozen to bear us, but not our equipages, we got out, and Mr. Barnier, no light or nimble man, contrived to wet himself in crossing it. Edouard, animated by the true character of his country, laughed at the accident, and said that he would pass it *sans même se mouiller les souliers*, and accordingly walked up deliberately to the source from whence the water came, and where it ran too quick to be entirely frozen over, and, calling to us to look at him, cried out, *J'ai trouvé de l'eau coulante, je m'en vais la sauter*, on attempting to do which, the ice on which he stood, without knowing it, broke under him, and he fell in up to his shoulders. My secretary had his ample revenge, for it froze hard, and we were forced to wait so long for our coaches, that Édouard's clothes became as stiff as if he was in armour, and he was obliged to walk the rest of the post (about two miles), lest, by sitting still, his body likewise should be frozen. I attempted afterwards to reason with him, and convince him that running water did not freeze so soon as still water: it was in vain, *ce n'était pas l'eau mais le terrain qui était perfide*. Thus, after the battle of Rosbach, did the prisoners talk to the King of Prussia, as if they, not he, had gained the victory.

Hanover, February 13, 1762.

I got at last here safe yesterday evening, and to morrow intend continuing my journey to Brunswick. I shall stay there two days, and afterwards make no stop till I get to Berlin. I am just come from the first Minister's, who is going to carry me to an assembly at

one of his colleagues, which begins at five, and afterwards to another, I do not know where. I would willingly have dispensed with these ceremonies, but it would not have been taken well.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Pall Mall, February 14, 1772.

To-morrow we go to Twickenham, and stay Sunday. We were offered tickets for the funeral,[1] but refused. All cheerful spectacles I admire, but executions and funerals we none of us ever will attend. The Duchess of Grafton will be chief mourner; the Duchess of Bolton, with another Duchess and eight Countesses, will assist. Lady Gideon holds the end of the Duchess of Grafton's train. The funeral and procession are to go entirely round Westminster Abbey. The funeral was to have been public, but the Board of Works could not make the necessary preparations in time. I do not hear that any will is yet found. The Princess of Brunswick goes Monday to Lord Holderness at Walmer Castle, and from thence embarks for Calais. The Princess's body will be moved this evening from Carlton House to the Jerusalem Chamber, and from thence to-morrow the procession begins. I have kept this open in hopes of more intelligence, without success. Your father was this morning with Lord Lyttleton, who showed him a letter in English he had lately received from the King of Poland, and a most extraordinary fine letter it was. He says, he lives in hopes that the same Providence that

[1] Of the Princess Dowager of Wales, mother of the King, and youngest daughter of Frederick II., Duke of Saxe Cobourg.

has hitherto protected him will still continue to support him.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS MOTHER.

Berlin, February 22, 1772.

My house is so monstrous that I cannot occupy one quarter of it; it is little less large than Northumberland House. I believe I shall not keep it. I met several of my acquaintance here. I am just going to the first Minister, to whom I notified my arrival yesterday by Mr. Barnier; the result of this visit will be the knowing when I can have an audience to deliver my credentials. I have not heard as yet anything worth writing, neither can I properly go out till I have been to Court.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS MOTHER.

Berlin, March 1, 1772.

Since I last wrote, I have received yours of the 14th of last month. I, the day before yesterday, had my first audience with His Prussian Majesty at Potsdam, after having dined that day with the Prince[1] and Princess of Prussia. I was very graciously received, and after His Majesty had made a very polite answer to the few words I said on delivering him my credentials, he made me a very flattering personal compliment, entered very freely into an easy conversation, and kept me with him some time. The Polish Envoy, and the Bavarian Minister, who arrived some days before me,

[1] Nephew of the King. He succeeded him as Frederick William II.

were admitted on my coming out. We were conducted to our audiences by Count Finckenstein, first Minister for Foreign Affairs. Last night I delivered His Majesty's letter to the Queen;[1] Her Majesty was, as she always is, all affability and goodness. To-day I shall wait on some others of the Royal family, and by to-morrow I hope to have despatched the numerous branches of it to which I must pay my court. It is the custom here for the last comer to make the first visit. I have a list of near three hundred, so you may imagine that this employment alone takes up much of my time just now, without reckoning the numberless letters I have to write, or the endless embarrassments that attend the first starting in a place. I cannot tell what to do with my house; it is like living in the Atlantic Ocean, and the water comes into all the Offices. I must look out for another, no easy matter, although Berlin is so much too big for the inhabitants.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Pall Mall, February 25, 1772.

In the House of Commons, Friday the 21st, Mr. Thomas Townshend took up the 30th of January sermon, preached by Dr. Nowell of Oxford to the House of Commons, and highly censured its slavish principles,[2] once talked of moving to have it burnt by the common hangman, on which many voices cried, 'Move it, move it.'

The motion he proposed was, that no one should

[1] Daughter of Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick.

[2] This sermon compared George III. to Charles I., and the House of Commons to the 'Enthusiasts' who opposed him.

preach before them but their own chaplain; that was thought hard upon the chaplain. Seymour proposed the sermon should be printed first, and, if approved, the thanks of the House come after: that was thought odd; some proposed to have no sermon. Lord North observed, that to censure the sermon after they had returned the preacher thanks, was fixing a stigma on themselves rather than on the preacher, so moved for the order of the day. The Royal Marriage Bill is in the Lords this day;[1] Thursday it will be in the Commons. As I understand it, none of the Royal family can marry under twenty-five years of age, without the King's consent; after that, if they mean to marry, they must notify it to the Council, then wait one year, and, if 'tis not opposed by the Parliament, they may marry. Some say that Charles Fox resigned the Admiralty because he disapproved this Royal Marriage Bill; others, that he was offended at not getting a place he had asked for, for O'Brien. The patriots think they have him quite with them. George Selwyn says he will stick to them as Wilkes did; but they will find his debts more difficult to pay than Wilkes's were. Madame Cornelly gave a most odd entertainment, a kind of funeral elegy on the death of the Princess. A large kind of frame was made round the glasses and in various parts of the room with lamps stuck in it, and black crape strained over the lamps to make the light solemn. At the upper end of the room was a black canopy, under which was a white tomb with 'Augusta' writ on it; on one side stood a man, the other side a

[1] It was carried in the House of Lords by 90 to 26, and in the House of Commons by 200 to 164.

woman, who sang forth the praises of the Princess; a most ridiculous whim of the woman's. Window curtains all black, &c.

Tuesday evening.—Your father returned from the House about five. Sawbridge's motion for a call was put off, and also the motion for shortening the Parliament. A motion by Captain Walsingham to expunge the thanks of the House given to Dr. Nowell. To put it off, the order of the day was called for, which was lost by 152 to 41; then the motion for expunging the thanks was put, and carried without a division, so the thanks are cancelled.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS MOTHER.

Berlin, March 10, 1772.

I wish you would send all the new and old country dances that have been or are now danced at London, with the figures. This Court is full of young dancing Princesses, and they are always quarrelling with me for not having a collection of *Anglaises*; I wish, therefore, if this arrives in time, these may be added to my baggage. It is probably the only music I shall trouble you for.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS FATHER.

Berlin, April 11, 1772.

My situation here is very different from that in Spain. There it was a constant scene of negotiation either on small or great events; here I have nothing to do but collect intelligence, separate the true from the false, and to endeavour, at the same time that I

obey my orders in writing long despatches, to advance such conjectures, which, should they not be justified by the event, may at least not be productive of evil consequences. This is my chief object in regard to my own Court: in regard to this, I have no other than the endeavouring to render myself agreeable to its Chief; which is no easy matter, as he is not to be measured with the same rule as other monarchs.

The society of Berlin is not expensive; it cannot be in a town where the inhabitants are not rich. The men are entirely military,[1] uninformed on every other subject, and totally absorbed in that one.

MR. HARRIS TO HIS MOTHER.

Berlin, April 18, 1772.

I am very well pleased with my house, it is very large and magnificent, but not expensive, and the garden is delightful; as I have the permission to cut down a few trees and sow grass, I hope by the next spring to make something of it. Lord Marischal[2] who at eighty-five keeps up his spirits and humour, on my writing him word of what I was about, answered me, that I should never be able to find a German gardener who would ever submit to the English rules of gardening; and if I had one, he would sooner leave me than commit so dishonourable an action as to destroy straight lines, or root out cabbages, as a French

[1] They are much the same now, although a hundred years have passed over Europe since this was written.

[2] Keith, hereditary Earl Marischal of Scotland. He had been compromised in the rebellion of 1715, became the bosom friend of Frederick the Great, and died at a very advanced age at Potsdam.

cook did by the King, rather than dress him a dish of pork and pease, *ce qui n'est pas un mets pour la table d'un roi.*

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Pall Mall, May 1, 1772.

Yesterday your father dined at Lord Hardwicke's with Sir Joseph Yorke; in the evening we went to Lady Townshend's, who let in Masques, and a great number she had. Lady Villiers was a sultana, as fine as any Eastern Princess I ever redde of, a most immense profusion of diamonds all over her; Miss Dutton was a fine figure in the character of Almeda; there was a most jolly party of milkmaids with the May-day garland, Sir Watkins Williams Wynne carried the pail, and was a most excellent figure; Lady Williams Wynne, Lady Francis Wyndham, and another danced round the pail in the true milkmaid style; Mrs. Stapleton was the old milkwoman, and a most excellent Masque she was. They had an incomparable blind fiddler, who spoke in a thorough cluck voice; we could not discover who he was. That whole party were the most joyous of any I saw. Gertrude had engaged herself to dress Miss Letty Lee, so stayed at home all the evening, and let in Masques. The first was a Lady Abbess, who sat and conversed with her in French half an hour before she could find out it was her old friend Lady Newdigate; soon after Sir Roger came in domino.

MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P., TO HIS SON.

May 1, 1772.

Just come from the House, where I heard Lord North open the budget. The supplies (that is to say, the fleet, army, ordnance, &c.) amount this year to about 6,316,700*l.*; the ways and means, (that is to say, the land-tax, malt, sinking fund, &c.) amount to about 7,664,200*l.*; so this, you see, leaves an unappropriated surplus of 1,350,000*l.* With this Lord North, taking the advantage of 3 per cents. being no more than eighty-eight, contrives to pay off a million and a half of the national debt; and informs us that, by a proper economy, in ten years we may pay off sixteen or seventeen millions more, besides gaining a surplus of 600,000*l.* a-year additional towards sinking funds. If our Ministry continues firm, this is still a great and powerful country, even though we were not to compare it (as we may) to our bankrupt and divided neighbours.

MR. HARRIS, JUN., TO HIS MOTHER.

Berlin, June 6, 1772.

I went Tuesday last to Potsdam, and stayed till Thursday. I was lodged with Lord Marischal as well as Mr. Barnier and Baron Stosch, who accompanied me. We passed our time very agreeably; good conversation at home, and fine nights abroad. We generally were in bed by half-past nine and up by six; we dined at twelve, and supped at eight. Lord Marischal was in good spirits, full of entertaining facts, which he relates most pleasingly, and as his memory is very good, most

exactly. We talked over Spain again and again, and we disagreed in no one point. Nothing can equal the splendour and magnificence of the new palace His Prussian Majesty has erected near Sans Souci; it is superior to Versailles, to the Escurial, to everything I ever saw or heard of. I saw it five years ago before it was finished, and had no idea it ever could become so noble a pile of buildings. The costliness of the furniture exceeds all belief, and although the architecture is perhaps not quite conformable to the rigid rules of art, yet to the unskilful eye it appears faultless. The gallery of pictures and the château of Sans Souci are well known: the first is, as a room, the finest in Europe, the second a most agreeable retreat. The garden, though not quite in the best taste, is, on account of the fine trees and large walks, a very delectable spot, and Potsdam, if it was inhabited, would be one of the finest towns I know.

MARQUIS DE GRIMALDI, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN SPAIN, TO MR. HARRIS.

Madrid, Prado, 1772.

Monsieur,—J'ai appris avec un plaisir extrême la nouvelle marque de confiance que S. M. B. vient de vous donner, en vous nommant son Envoyé Extraordinaire auprès du Roi de Prusse. Si cette satisfaction ne portait avec elle l'éloignement de votre personne de cette Cour, où vous vous êtes acquis justement l'estime et l'amitié publique, rien ne pourrait ajouter à la joie que je ressens de tout ce qui vous arrive d'heureux, mais cette considération mêle des regrets, qui en faisant l'éloge votre mérite nous prive de votre

aimable société. Le Roi mon Maitre, aux pieds duquel j'ai remis la lettre que vous m'avez envoyée, a daigné témoigner des sentimens uniformes aux miens, et je suis persuadé qu'il sera charmé de vous faire connaître, par tous les moyens, combien votre résidence auprès de sa personne lui a été agréable. Pour vous en donner une marque, il a daigné vous faire présent de son portrait, que je remettrai à Milord Grantham,[1] afin qu'il vous le fasse tenir avec sûreté.

Je vous souhaite, Monsieur, tout le succès imaginable dans votre nouvelle destination, et j'ai l'honneur d'être avec beaucoup de considération,

Monsieur,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

LE MARQUIS DE GRIMALDI.

MR. HARRIS, JUN., TO HIS FATHER.

Berlin, June 27, 1772.

I have answered Monsieur de Grimaldi in the best manner I was able.

I am much satisfied in having given the parliamentary journals to Winchester College rather than to Merton ;[2] I received great civilities certainly from this last body, but none equal to what I owe to the first.

In regard to the Luca Giordanos which I sent you, they were recommended to me by Mengs,[3] who himself

[1] Ambassador at Madrid.

[2] Mr. Harris had been educated at Winchester College, and at Merton College, Oxford.

[3] Raphael Mengs was an artist of great celebrity, at this time employed in decorating the Royal Palaces in Spain. His Apotheosis of Trajan in

had discovered them in an obscure picture-shop at Madrid, and who, on advising me to buy them, said that of the Flight into Egypt was one of the best and most studied he ever saw of that master, who painted so much and so carelessly as to be nicknamed *fa-presto*. He (Mengs) and I also, thought that they had belonged to some of the seminaries of Jesuits, and, on their being ousted in 1765 by Count d'Aranda, were privately taken out of the church or sacristy, and exposed for sale. They cost me both, with immense frames, about 16*l*. We are here all enjoying quiet and fine weather, my garden flourishes, and is the admiration of all who see it, from no other reason but because they never before saw Nature left to herself, and only kept in order. The Queen, the Princesses, and everybody who possesses a garden, is beseeching me to lay out their ground for them, and I am considered the Brown [1] of Berlin.

It is late, and I must end, without having time to describe the reviews which I promised.

that of Madrid is considered a masterpiece. The pictures here mentioned are at Heron Court, as also a miniature of himself which he gave the writer.

[1] Lancelot Brown, the favourite landscape gardener of his day. He destroyed all the old-fashioned formal gardens and avenues wherever he could do so, to the detriment of some of the finest country places in England. Longleat was one of his victims. He was nicknamed 'Capability Brown' in consequence of his assuring everyone, that his place had 'great capabilities.' He appeared determined to destroy all the system of Le Nôtre.

MR. HARRIS, JUN., TO HIS MOTHER.

Berlin, July 11, 1772.

I received yours of June 27 from Dibden,[1] with an account of your charming expedition yesterday. I too have been a short journey which prevented my writing last post, viz. to Rhensberg, the country palace of Prince Henry[2] of Prussia, about forty miles distant from hence. It would be a most delightful spot in any country, but particularly in this, where a continued plain of arid sand makes fine woods and uneven ground especially beautiful. These woods and hills surround two immense lakes, which are joined to each other by a narrow strait, and the palace is so situated as to command a view of the whole. I scarce ever saw a place abroad where bad taste had spoilt so little, or, to do justice to the Prince, where there was so much good taste. The garden is not quite free from straight walks and fruit trees, but is however well laid out, and decorated with buildings, &c. in a very artistic way. The fine woods which lay behind it are only kept clear, and here and there a cottage ornamented, where he often dines and sometimes sleeps. These woods of beech, now and then interspersed with fir and large yews, are on a declivity, from whence, at every opening, you have a view of these immense lakes, for they really appear like the Southampton river, and a large tract of country beyond.

Although the Prince was not there, I was received

[1] Mr. Harris's cottage on the Southampton Water.

[2] Brother to the King of Prussia, himself a distinguished military commander.

with the greatest politeness, had an apartment in the castle and a table provided for me, and as I was not alone, I scarce ever spent a couple of days more agreeably. I intend going to Strelitz as soon as I can receive an answer from England, to know whether Her Majesty[1] has any commands. I shall be absent from Berlin about ten days. As soon as the King goes to Silesia, the end of this month, I shall make a visit of perhaps a fortnight to Lord Marischal at Sans Souci, coming occasionally my post-days to Berlin. I do this as well for the sake of passing a few days in the country, as to show my esteem and respect to that venerable Lord.

MR. HARRIS, JUN., TO HIS MOTHER.

Sans Souci, September 1, 1772.

I am here on a visit to Lord Marischal, and enjoy greatly the fine weather and sober hours of this habitation. I pass my evenings in Potsdam with the Princess of Prussia, who graciously, knowing Lord Marischal retires a little after eight, has allowed me to sup with her and stay till towards ten, when she and her Court all go to bed. As I saw everything that was worth seeing the last time I was here, I now have brought horses, in order to be better acquainted with the environs, which are exceedingly pleasant; unfortunately I have nobody to conduct me but a Scotch officer, who has little taste, and less curiosity; and I cannot persuade him ever to leave the great sandy road, or ever turn to the right or left, to see a fine prospect or get on better

[1] Queen Charlotte was a Princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz.

ground. The King comes from Silesia the 3rd, when I must return to Berlin, His Majesty not choosing that any of us accredited foreigners should break in upon his solitude. I was this morning in his kitchen gardens and hothouses, and I never saw a greater abundance of fruits of all kinds; he is a great lover of them, and spares no expense in having them in as great perfection as the climate will allow, and at all seasons.

MR. HARRIS, JUN., TO HIS MOTHER.

Berlin, December 8, 1772.

I am to thank you for yours of the 22nd ult., which came to hand yesterday. I should be sorry if Prince Czartoriski was prevented coming to Wilton, as, besides the making an acquaintance with a man of a very illustrious name, you would have found in him one of the most amiable foreigners you ever knew. The Princess is a very good-humoured, well-behaved woman, and I am greatly obliged to her for not forgetting me. I am glad to find I am well *en cour* at Amesbury; her Grace, I hope, will accept my most humble respects. The Duke's Vernit was the best cat and bagpipes I ever recollect to have heard of, and his submitting to it so patiently the highest proof of human resignation. Lord Marischal was in England for the last time, if I am not mistaken, in the year 1762; he made a short stay in London and a still shorter one in Scotland, his acquaintance being all dead, and both himself and his country greatly changed since the year 1715 when he left it.

We are to have grand doings here in the carnival;

the King comes in a fortnight, his brothers in a few days, and the Landgrave of Hesse in a few weeks to be married to the Princess Philippine of Schwedt, a very beautiful princess. My father, I take it for granted, is in London, and was at the opening of the Sessions; I have received the speech and address of the House of Lords; probably, that of the House of Commons was being debated when the post went out. I am curious to know whether either Court or opponents take notice, in their speeches, of this quarter of Europe. Whatever passes in the House of Commons may very safely be written, as it is, by means of the Foreign Ministers, known all over Europe as much as in London.

1773.

The firmness of Government in the spring of this year prevented a general war, when the Duc d'Aiguillon had prepared a fleet to assist the Turks and Swedes against Russia, then at war with the former. Lord Stormont, our ambassador at Paris, declared that we should not allow one to enter the Baltic, or sail up the Mediterranean, and Louis XV., who was opposed to interference, submitted to our remonstrance.

The discontent of our Colonies in North America increased daily, and by the committee at Boston a more extensive Declaration of Rights was published, the authority of Parliament to legislate for them in any respect whatever being explicitly denied.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

St. James's Street, February 9, 1773.

Lords Townshend and Bellamont have entirely taken up all the conversation since we came to town: the duel[1] was managed with great honour. They embraced before they fought, and each said '*Long life to your Lordship.*' Lord Bellamont has recommended his seven natural children to Lord Townshend, in case he should

[1] This duel was the result of long-subsisting differences between Lord Townshend and the Earl of Bellamont.

die: but 'tis hoped he will recover; they have found the ball, but cannot extract it, 'tis lodged in a muscular part of his body, so the medical people think it may in time work itself out, without any ill consequences. Monsieur Maltzan told Mr. Harris he saw you well at Berlin; we hear you are much esteemed there, and what is still better, you give satisfaction here. Lord Suffolk has been confined with the gout, Lord Rochford does not yet see company; your father has been at both their doors. To-morrow we all dine at Lord Hyde's; there I expect to hear a great deal of you; he is a most true friend to you, and has your well-being much at heart. There was a great ball last night at the French ambassador's, as yet I have learnt no particulars; there were to be three parties to dance quadrilles, and their dresses were to be different; of one party the four ladies were to be dressed in white polonaises, the gentleman in black with blue scarfs, another party were to be grey and pink. Slingsby taught all the parties.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

St. James's Street, February 16, 1773.

Thursday we were at Court, I never saw it so thin, only fifteen ladies; when Her Majesty comes out, it will undoubtedly fill. That evening your sisters went to a masquerade at Almack's, with Lady Langham—their dress that of two country girls. There were some fine dresses, it was not crowded, the company very good. A set with a band of music in pretty dresses went in a party, and danced a quadrille. The gentlemen were

Lord Stanley, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Storer,[1] and Lord Garlies; ladies, Miss Proby, Miss Stanley, Lady Eliza Capel, and Lady Anne Howard. People soon unmasked, and on the whole it was a serious meeting, near as solemn as Almack's assembly. Friday was Louisa's musical academy at Mrs. Walter's in Grosvenor Square. That meeting will always be the same, as the tickets are not transferable: I cannot even lend mine to Gertrude, which is stupidly rigorous.

Yesterday, the 15th, the motion was made by Mr. T. Townshend on the affair of St. Vincent's Islands; it purported that the present attack[2] on the Carribs was made without provocation, by interested persons, and tended to their extirpation. Lord North spoke an hour and ten minutes, a full vindication of himself and the Ministry as to the measure censured by Townshend, and also from another charge which Townshend said was to follow it with respect to the unseasonable and sickly time of the year when the troops were sent to St. Vincent's. The first motion was lost by 206 to 88, the second by 199 to 78. The debate lasted from four till past twelve. Your father got home at half-past two, he came home and dined with us on Lord Northington's venison, and went again to the House; so he was tolerably fortified for so long a day. They have a holiday to-day.

Foote exhibited his puppet-show last night for the first time. People were very riotous, and tore up the

[1] Anthony Storer, the admirable Crichton of the day, excelling as poet, learned disputant, wit, skaiter, dancer, &c. He was Secretary of Legation at Paris in 1783. He died in 1779, bequeathing a valuable library to Eton College.

[2] Under Major-General Dalrymple. The Carribs were reduced, but with a loss to our troops of 72 killed, 83 wounded, 110 died of disease, and 400 invalids.

benches, as they thought the thing stupid. It was imagined that it might be impertinent, as his puppets were at first intended to represent people of rank and character. Foote[1] is no favourite of mine, he has a great deal of assurance, and deals in personal abuse more than in real wit and humour. He means to attempt it again to-morrow, and I hope he will meet his just deserts. Lord Bellamont is thought in a safe way, though the ball is not extracted. Lady Townshend has sent her cards of thanks; so that looks as if she was easy. Poor woman! she has been very miserable during the suspense. A most audacious fellow robbed Sir Francis Holburne and his sisters in their coach, in St. James's Square, coming from the opera. He was on horseback, and held a pistol close to the breast of one of the Miss Holburnes for a considerable time. She had left her purse at home, which he would not believe. He has since robbed a coach in Park Lane. Why he is allowed this I cannot guess, for I should think he might soon be taken.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

St. James's Street, March 2, 1773.

Yours of February 16, with the Almanacks, &c., arrived yesterday at four in the afternoon. Your father bids me tell you he totally approves your conduct. 'Tis what it ought to be, 'tis respectful and manly, and therefore he hopes you will adhere to it steadily, and strictly. The Duchess of Gloucester sees company

[1] Samuel Foote, the celebrated comic writer and actor. He at this time held a patent for life of the Haymarket Theatre. He died in 1777.

every evening except Saturdays, and has generally a large circle sitting with her. Our dean often pays his court there. It was reported that His Royal Highness had named three bed-chamber women, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Haywood, and Mrs. Swanton, but I am not certain of my authority. A few evenings ago some company were rehearsing quadrilles at Mrs. Hobart's in St. James' Square, Slingsby is the master. It did not go right; Lord Edward Bentinck took up a fiddle to instruct the music, and in dancing backward, struck the fiddle against Slingsby's throat, who instantly fell down, to all appearance quite dead. Several gentlemen and servants were sent out for surgeons: Hawkins and another made their appearance in less than five minutes, and Slingsby recovered. His first words were, *Pray, ladies, go on with the dance*. The surgeons say the fiddle struck his windpipe, and had he had any kind of liquid in his throat, it would have been instant death. Lord Bellamont has been feverish for some days, they cannot come at the ball, so consequently he is still in a precarious state. Stephen Fox[1] has left off gaming, only plays at assemblies, dines every day on an ordinary flour pudding and one plain dish of meat; is paying off his Jews, going to let his house in Cavendish Square, and to reside at Winterslow; he only came to town for a month to a lodging. Lady Mary Fox[2] totally approves this plan; what reformations have we in our neighbourhood! Lord and Lady Pembroke are still at Wilton. The French ambassador gives most elegant receptions; there

[1] Succeeded his father in 1774 as second Lord Holland.

[2] Born Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of the Earl of Upper Ossory. She died in 1778. Described by her contemporaries as a very amiable woman.

was one last night, and by all accounts was the most agreeable thing possible. Your father does not visit him, so we can never be asked. I met Batt and Moisy, Sunday morning, on foot in Piccadilly, going the circuit; they both looked as miserable as if they were to be tried for their lives at every town in the West. I have kept this open, in hopes of further information. Your father was at the House this morning, and came home before four. Nothing of consequence there; the East India affairs, and that of the Dissenters will be on next week, and there seems little other business this Session. Your father dined at Dr. Heberden's, who attends Lord Bellamont; I have just now sent there, and find his Lordship has had very restless nights, and is feverish still, which I am sorry for, as one cannot but fear the worst consequences.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

St. James's Street, April 6, 1773.

Saturday last, Louisa and I *were fine*, and went into the pit at the opera. Their Majesties were there and a full house. Signora Sirman, who personated Venus, after having done her business upon earth was re-ascending in her car, when she had the misfortune to fall out, which was alarming to the audience, but fortunately she received no hurt. Lord Bellamont is well. Lord Townshend is to marry Miss Montgomery, who has more beauty than fortune, and is very young. The two blue ribbons are not yet disposed of; three people want them, the Duke of Ancaster, Lords Holderness and Harcourt.

The Dissenters Bill, after having gone through the

Commons triumphantly, was rejected in the Lords by 65 to 27. Yesterday, Lord North made his proposition about the East India Company. Stock not to divide above six per cent. till the Government loan of 1,300,000*l.* was paid off; seven per cent. when they had paid off their bond debts, so as to reduce them to a million and a half, then eight per cent. and no more, surplus above eight per cent. to be divided, three-quarters to the public, one-quarter to the Company. Territorial revenues and acquisitions to remain, and be left to the Company for six years, when the above scheme will be completed. No division, they sat till half-past seven. I have just heard that Sir G. Colbrooke's[1] affairs are so embarrassed that they cannot be adjusted in less than seven years; he is in contract for all the alum in Bohemia, all the chip hats in Italy, and the hemp in Russia and other places, so that, if he should be ordered to be hanged, no one will have hemp enough to find him a halter.

MR. HOOPER TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Hertford Street, June 4,[2] 1773.

Dear Sir,—An evening's walk in the park having enabled me to put something on paper that may render a letter not altogether unacceptable, I make use of my pen to tell you that there was nothing extraordinary to-day at St. James's: the Court was not very full nor very fine, the less splendid, as the ladies were in summer silks. At the French ambassador's I found the street crowded with a prodigious multitude, joyous and in good humour,

[1] Sir G. Colbrooke had just failed for half a million.

[2] George III.'s birthday, still remembered at Eton College.

though scorching one another abominably with squibs and crackers. This, however, served as an amusement until the lamps were lighted, which I believe must make a very fine show, the front of the house to the very top being almost covered with them, and in a very elegant disposition. The King's going to Portsmouth is fixed for Tuesday fortnight. His Majesty's attendants will be but few; by relays of light-horse and of post-horses, the King's intention is to dine there the day he sets out, to spend the two subsequent days in the naval review, and in seeing the dock, &c.; and to return to the Queen's house on Friday, just in time for the rising of Parliament, which is said to be fixed for the 26th inst. I have heard much talk of the proofs given of the Duke of Gloucester's marriage,[1] on the late solemn enquiry into it; but till this evening my information was imperfect. I believe those proofs were the affidavits of the Duke and Duchess, each taken separately, with a full detail of the circumstances. It was at her house, then in Pall Mall, no person present but the parson, since dead. Colonel Rainsford was then examined, and deposed, that at a time His Royal Highness was thought to be dying in Italy, the Duke sent for him to his bedside, ordering all other persons out of the room, and told him in the fullest confidence of secrecy, that he was married to Lady Waldegrave, and that he, Rainsford, should, immediately on the Duke's death, take post for St. James's, and acquaint the King with the marriage. The Bishop of Exeter made affidavit, that upon his coming up to attend the House of Lords, on the Royal Family Marriage Bill, he told the

[1] To the Dowager Countess of Waldegrave.

Duchess he must then ask her a plain question, and desire an explicit answer. His question was—Are you married to the Duke of Gloucester? The question thus solemnly urged by the Bishop disconcerted her, but she answered it affirmatively, and told him the time and manner of their marriage; but afterwards she burst into tears, expressing her regret at having violated a solemn promise she had made the Duke, never to own the secret of their marriage without his consent to her making that disclosure.

These particulars, but more at large, have been reported to the King, and are recorded, I am told, in the Council Books. The Duke of Gloucester had two Gentlemen of the Bar at these examinations—Mr. Dunning and Mr. Lee. The like enquiry was made about the Duke of Cumberland, but there the proofs were given by the clergyman who married them, and by a witness who was present. Now as to mere chit-chat. The coffee-house politicians about St. James's Street and Pall Mall, will have it that some change of Administration is at hand; but are puzzled in making out their imaginary places. I don't hear they get further than placing Lord Gower at the head of the Treasury, making Mr. Ellis Chancellor of the Exchequer, and restoring the Great Seal to Lord Camden.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

St. Giles's, June 9, 1773

We came here Monday. Yesterday morning Mrs. Sturt and Mrs. William Howe came here. In the evening we returned their visit. Mr. Sturt has added

much to his house at Critchill, it will be a very fine thing when finished; a number of very large rooms. It being joined to the old house, it is not so complete as one could wish.

Lord Shaftesbury is now here. He, his brother and sister, are three most delightful children, all sensible and good-humoured. Lord Shaftesbury has the greatest command of language and well-chosen words I ever heard in any *man*, with an amazing memory; at the same time, all the vivacity and tricks of a school boy.

This place is kept in very good order, both within and without. We pass our time very agreeably. Lady Shaftesbury has undoubtedly a very great charge on her hands, which she executes most incomparably in all respects.

The Duke of Gloucester having no witness to his marriage has caused much talk. No one was present at the ceremony, and the clergyman who married them is dead. Both the Duke and Duchess have taken their oaths they were married at her house, when she lived in Pall Mall. An enquiry has since been made as to the other Duke's marriage. That is made out very clear, both by the parson who married them, and also by the person who gave her away, so no difficulty can arise from that quarter.

1774.

The struggle for American Independence, which was the real object of our rebellious colonists, assumed increasing importance during this year. Opinions varied much on both sides of Parliament, as to the real causes of discontent, and the means of allaying it: Lord North adopted strong measures, and closed the port of Boston to punish its citizens. Lord Chatham disapproved of this policy, recommending leniency and amnesty first, and severity afterwards if those failed. Parliament was dissolved in September, and met again on November 29. Then Lord Chatham moved for the recall of our troops from Boston. He was supported by the Duke of Richmond, and Lords Rockingham, Shelburne, and Camden, but his proposal was negatived.

Louis XV. died in the month of May, of small-pox; and the ill-omened reign of Louis XVI. commenced this year.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Salisbury, January 5, 1774.

Your father and I went on New Year's day to meet your constituents at Heron Court. Everything is well among them, the day passed off as usual, by much the longest day in the year. We dined at two, and supped

at eleven; about one the company went away: they generally come at least an hour before dinner, so we were twelve hours together. A deep snow fell that night, and I thought we were settled at Heron Court for the remainder of the winter; but we wanted to be at home, so we ventured to try if that vile heath[1] was passable; and by the assistance of *two servants riding before*, we got well over it. We had a cotillon ball last night at Savenar; the family from Longford Castle assisted; they made three sets. Our Salisbury friends do not give proper encouragement to them; they are much the genteelest meetings we have, but three shillings, I believe, keep many away. Louisa danced almost every cotillon, though she informed you she had the rheumatism. She has had what was formerly named a *crick* neck, but the modern phrase now for those vulgar things is rheumatism. I hear Garrick[2] has engaged Mrs. Hodges for this season, and is to give her 1,500*l.* Her first appearance is to be in the 'Fair Penitent.'[3] Next week they act that play at Winterslow House, and Mrs. Hodges is to be Calista. I can hardly believe she will go on a public stage, though her finances are not very strong.

[1] Ringwood Heath, five miles in length, with, at that time, an almost impassable road, which is not much better now. Until the beginning of this century there were no roads, but smugglers' tracks, across these heaths. A considerable contraband trade was carried on along the South Coast at this portion of it. All classes contributed to its support. The farmers lent their teams and labourers, and the gentry openly connived at the practice, and dealt with the smugglers. The cargoes, chiefly of brandy, were easily concealed in the furze bushes, that extended from Ringwood to Poole and in the New Forest for thirty miles.

[2] David Garrick appeared first on the stage in 1741, and retired in 1776. He died in 1779.

[3] A tragedy by Rowe. It appears to have suggested to Richardson his *Clarissa Harlowe.*

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Salisbury, January 9, 1774.

I did not intend writing till I got to Piccadilly, but, for fear of hurries on our first arrival, 'tis no offence to write now. Yesterday we dined at Cannon Bowles's; at five I set off in his coach, in the dark and rain, for the play at Winterslow, we got safe there, and were most highly entertained. Mrs. Hodges does the 'Fair Penitent' most finely, and Mr. Fitzpatrick is the very thing for Lothario, dressed so elegantly, all white satin, trimmed with silver; I never saw so fine a figure. Lady Mary Fox was Lavinia, she looked and was dressed most prettily, but had the toothache, so was not in spirits. Charles Fox was Horatio, Mr. Kent Altamont. All did well. After the play we had 'High Life below Stairs,' and in the character of the Duke's servant Mr. Fitzpatrick exceeded all comic acting I have yet seen. When that was finished, we all repaired to the house to supper. The performance and company were very agreeable altogether. We got home in whole bones soon after one, and in high spirits; but our joy is now turned to sorrow, for this morning, at five, a fire broke out in the new building at Winterslow House, and entirely consumed that and also the old house, except the kitchen and laundry. Though the house was full of company, fortunately no life was lost: it was discovered by some Salisbury chairmen, who, for want of a bed, were deposited on a carpet under the great stairs; they alarmed the house, and probably saved some lives. Lady Pembroke, Lady Mary Fox and her children, were carried to King's house; Miss Herbert,

Mrs. Hodges, and the other ladies stayed in the laundry; all the gentlemen stood by. As they had no engines, and little or no water but violent rain, they in a manner gave up all hopes of the house; but their object was to save the furniture, in which they have succeeded, though 'tis greatly damaged by dirt and rain. 'Tis thought, but not certain, that the fire was owing to some timber near a chimney in the new building. This new building you have never seen; it consisted of three magnificent rooms below, which made six good ones above, and were furnished very elegantly and expensively. I think of the contrast. We left that house this morning between twelve and one, all mirth and jollity, and by seven it was consumed: it really hurts me, when I think how many agreeable days I have spent in those rooms. Mr. Fox, Lady Mary, and their two children are gone to Wilton house; Tuesday they go to the Bath to Lord and Lady Holland. I fear they will not build on the same site again, so we shall lose a most agreeable neighbour. The play was to have been again to-morrow, and a ball after: I have *bored* you sadly with this catastrophe.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, January 14, 1774.

We arrived here Tuesday morning, without any adventure on the road. As soon as I had looked over the house (which is no bad one), I set out to buy my birthday garment. In the evening I went to Carlysle House, which Bach[1] has taken for his concerts; the

[1] Johann, the son of Sebastian Bach, a celebrated composer. Johann came to England in 1763, and produced several operas. He died in London in 1782. He had been organist at Milan, and then Maître de Chapelle to Queen Charlotte.

furniture, like Madame Cornely, is much on the decline, but it is in my opinion better for the concert than Almack's. Yesterday Louisa and I went to the House of Lords, to hear His Majesty's speech. My last to you was written when my mind was oppressed by the misfortune which happened at Winterslow House. I did not sleep for two nights with any ease, owing, I suppose, to my old fashioned-ideas, for it is treated as a matter of joke. Some say that, during the flames, Stephen, Charles Fox, and Fitzpatrick got to a proper distance, and laid bets as to which beam would fall in first. The friends of that house who resort to Almack's and White's[1] say they are sorry they were not at Winterslow that night, as they 'might have had an opportunity of seeing the family in *a new light*.' I could mention profane things uttered at the very time, but they are too bad. It is very probable your father may be appointed Comptroller and Secretary[2] to the Queen in a short time. 'Tis a place more of honour than of profit, but it suits him in all respects more than a place of business. This you must not mention till you hear again from us. Gertrude intends to do us the honour of dining here Monday; she is too fine to come to town till the day before the birthday.

[1] Stephen Fox appears, from contemporary letters, to have been a kind of butt to the wits at White's.

[2] Mr. Harris was subsequently appointed to this office, and held it until his death in 1780.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, January 18, 1774.

The first visit in my new apparel is to you, for I am quite finished at least an hour before my time. I cannot well describe all our dresses: your father's is a sort of dingy red, called here the *Barre*; mine a decent, quiet, plain silk, no colour; Gertrude's a pretty uncommon colour, plain, but whether blue or green is hard to say; it is trimmed a great deal with gauze and shades of orange chenille; Louisa has the same sort of silk, her colour is named *Dartois*, something like a salmon not in season, trimmed with gauze and Denmark green chenille. Now you see us all dressed. Gertrude arrived yesterday; she was eleven hours coming sixty miles,[1] and paid a shilling a mile for most uncomfortable chaises. Lord Chancellor desired on Sunday his particular compliments to you. All seems peace in both Houses. The House of Commons very thin of members.

Friday, 21*st*.—You perceive this has lain by ever since Tuesday morning; indeed, I had not time that day to go on. By the perfidy of your sister's *friseur* we did not set out of this house, Tuesday, till half-past three. In St. James's Street we met numbers coming from Court, so we all trembled to think that all the money and trouble spent on our finery was totally thrown away; however, we made our push through all the smug parsons in the outward room, got into the drawing-room, were most graciously spoken to by His

[1] From Salisbury, now performed by rail in two hours.

Majesty, got away with ease, and were in this house before five. The first person Gertrude saw at Court was her father,[1] who had given strict orders we should be in the drawing-room by a quarter after one, so that added to her tremor. As it turned out so well we have no reason to complain, and were saved two hours' standing. Benson Earle desired I would take him to the ball, which I did, but he follows as badly as Towski,[2] so I lost him as soon as we got into the ball-room, and did not see him till the next day. Your sisters and I were well placed in the chaperone's box, where you carried Sir —— Gunning two years ago. The Duke of Devonshire and the Duchess of Grafton began; they say there were seventy minuets. Never was anything so tiresome. Both their Majesties were at the ball, and stayed three country dances. We got away quite easily at half-past twelve, though the crowd was immense. The ladies' clothes were more elegant than fine; chiefly plain silks, trimmed, some with sable, ermine, gauze, and chenille. The gentlemen were very fine, particularly Mr. Hampden, Lord Egremont, and Mr. G. Hanger, and many more than I can recollect. Your father has the satisfaction of hearing you well spoken of by people of all sides. Your despatches are much approved, and he desired I would tell you so. He will in time write himself to you, but at present he has not the leisure. The navy was voted to-day; 20,000 men, including 4,000 marines. This number was opposed by Sawbridge, Dowdeswell, and others, but candidly answered by Lord North, who said that next year we should have eighty-

[1] Now Comptroller of the Queen's household.

[2] Her pet dog.

two ships of the line complete, and fit for service. A petition is expected next Monday against the present Mayor Bull, one of Wilkes's friends, just now chosen for the City.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, February 8, 1774.

Yours of the 25th of January came in due time. The assistance of your maître d'hôtel will be very agreeable to me, nor need you be apprehensive of his falling in love with our cook; she is old, plain, and so awry, that Louisa says, when she comes into a room she looks as if she was blown in by a contrary wind. Fame says Charles Fox is paying his addresses to Miss Cross, whose father is to give her 100,000*l.*; 'tis also said Mr. Hanger is courting her; either of them will do to set old Cross's savings flying in all directions. Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick has refused Lord Stanley, and reserves herself for Lord Beauchamp. Your father's coach has liberty to go through St. James's Park, so Saturday morning your sisters and I profited by it; first made a visit to Mrs. Carr in the Stable-yard, from thence to Knightsbridge to Lady Salisbury, flattering ourselves we might have an opportunity of kissing our hands, and bowing to many of our friends who were walking in the Mall; but, to our great disappointment, there was such a fog in the Park that we could neither see nor be seen. As your father's place did not vacate his seat in Parliament, his absence was a little mortifying to our Christchurch friends. Mr. Harris took compassion on them, and ordered ten guineas to be spent at Tom Jeane's for them, for which they had, to use the Mayor's own

phrase, '*a very genteel dinner, and plenty of liquor.*' Young Mews is Mayor, and yesterday your father received a letter from him in the name of the corporation, as well worded and as well turned as if written by the most accomplished courtier.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Salisbury, November 13, 1774.

I have but little to send from hence; we are so totally taken up with our own theatrical business, that nothing else is thought of. The ladies acted last night in their dresses to all their servants, and a most crowded house they had. Although I was not admitted to the performance, I saw all the ladies; their dresses are fine and elegant. Miss Townshend makes an excellent Spanish ambassador, a fine figure, and richly dressed; she had a prodigious large sword, and not being accustomed to wear one, she contrived, as she walked, to run it through a scene, and damaged it greatly. Louisa has taken a sword you left her, and she manages it right well. She is very fine in a purple Spanish dress, all the buttons Irish diamonds, a handsome button and loop to her hat, and your King of Spain's picture hanging from her neck. The Queen (Miss Hussey) was dressed in blue and silver, with a number of diamonds; Miss Wyndham, who is Elvira, in white, trimmed with pearls; Gertrude (the Princess) in a black Spanish dress, trimmed with red and silver, and a great quantity of diamonds; it becomes her much. Lord Pembroke[1] sent a note to your father which was as follows: 'I can snuff candles, I can scrape

[1] Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke.

on the violoncello. If either of these sciences will entitle me to a place in your theatre, I will perform gratis.

'P.S. My wife [1] says she can thrum the harpsichord, or viol-de-gamba.'

We have sent them and the Amesbury House tickets for Saturday. Everybody is making interest to get in; the ladies mean to perform five times, so I hope everybody will see it.

There has been a foolish riot at Winchester, and forty of the middle class of the commoners have set off, our neighbour Seaman, Dr. Warton locked up, Lord Shaftesbury stayed at school, Knatchbull went to your uncle Harris's, and is still there. Seaman desired to be sent for home, and so he was. He tells me it all arose from some boy dressing up like the housekeeper, who has a humpback, and she desired the assistant, Huntingford, to order them all to bed before their usual time. That they would not comply with, then Dr. Warton came into the hall; the boys hissed him, and said either Huntingford or they must quit the house; so all this trouble is owing to a silly old woman, who now, too late, repents her complaining.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Salisbury, December 4, 1774.

The commonalty of Salisbury were all taken up yesterday in viewing poor Lord Holland's [2] coffin, which is the largest ever seen; they were obliged to

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough.

[2] Henry Fox, the political rival of the first Pitt, as was his son Charles of the second.

widen the hearse, as it could not get in. I mentioned this to Mrs. Barbara Wyndham; she said that was nothing, for when Mr. Cecil died, about fifty years ago, they were obliged to take down one side of the room to get the body out. Apropos, you must mourn for this said Lord, as Lady Holland[1] is your relation, and at this time we are in black. You have not a relation the less for this, as Mrs. Pen Wyndham has another son.

You may easily imagine that the following verses were sent from some vinegar merchant in Salisbury, who could not get admitted to the performance:—[2]

'On the ladies of the Close of Salisbury, now acting "Elvira."

'In good Queen Elizabeth's reign,
In a decent and virtuous age,
That they ne'er might give modesty pain,
No female appeared on the stage.
But lo, what a change time affords!
The ladies, 'mong many strange things,
Call for helmets, for breeches, and swords,
And act Senators, Heroes, and Kings.'

[1] Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond.
[2] *Bath Journal*, November 17, 1774.

1775.

Lord North, on February 20, proposed some conciliatory measures in respect to the taxation of the American Colonists, which, he said, would test the real object of their resistance. This brought upon him the sarcasm of the Opposition, and the disapproval of those who advocated no surrender. Burke and others suggested various conditions, and great debates ensued, in which the most celebrated speakers in both Houses took part. Lord North's conciliatory propositions were rejected by the Assembly of Pennsylvania. The Civil War broke out. The Americans issued letters of marque; and Lord Dunmore, Governor of Canada, was obliged to abandon it. Washington commanded the Colonist army, and the year was passed in a fierce contest, both in the field and Parliament.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, February 3, 1775.

I think it absolutely necessary to write this mail to inform you all I can learn of America; but I must await your father's arrival from the rehearsal of the opera for particulars, so that must wait for the present, and we will say what passed in the House Wednesday, when there was a call and Sawbridge made his annual motion for Triennial Parliaments. The Patriots talked,

the courtiers said little, and according to custom the motion was lost. A friend of ours spoke for the motion who had better have been quiet; the subject was bad, and the speech no better, but I take for granted he was obliged to do it to satisfy his constituents, and his father at Bath. It is unlucky the first speech should gain him no kind of credit. Your father and Gertrude attended Bach's concert Wednesday, it was the opening of his new room, which by all accounts is by much the most elegant room in town; it is larger than that at Almack's. The statue of Apollo is placed just behind the orchestra, but it is thought too large and clumsy. There are ten other figures or pictures bigger than life. They are painted by some of our most eminent artists; such as West,[1] Gainsborough,[2] Cipriani,[3] &c. These pictures are all transparent, and are lighted behind; and that light is sufficient to illuminate the room without lustres or any candles appearing. The ceiling is domed, and beautifully painted with alto-relievos in all the piers. The pictures are chiefly fanciful; a Comic Muse, painted by Gainsborough, is most highly spoken of. 'Tis a great stroke of Bach's to entertain the town so very elegantly. Nevertheless Lord Hillsborough, Sir James Porter, and some others, have entered into a subscription to prosecute Bach for a nuisance, and I was told the jury had found a bill against him. One would scarce imagine his house could molest either of

[1] Benjamin West, born of Quaker parents in Pennsylvania, came to England in 1763. On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was elected President of the Royal Academy.

[2] Thomas Gainsborough, one of the greatest of English portrait painters. Died in 1788.

[3] Giovanni Cipriani, an eminent painter, born at Pistoia in Tuscany, one of the original members of the Royal Academy.

these men, for Bach's is at the corner of Hanover Street. Poor Sam Clarke may complain, but the others can have no reason.

Your father is now returned and sends the following account of yesterday's debate. The debate was in a committee on the American papers. Lord North opened it, in a speech of an hour and three-quarters. After a detail of the behaviour of the Americans in various parts, all tending to show their seditious spirit, and desire to be independent of this country, he then proposed his resolutions, which he founded entirely on a desire to maintain the sovereignty of this country, and to enforce obedience to its laws throughout the British Empire. He therefore moved an address to His Majesty, praying him to enforce obedience to our laws and supremacy in America, and that to do this we should support him with our lives and fortunes: the report added, that we should listen to any reasonable propositions that should be made, as from that quarter. Lord North said, when this address was agreed to we should desire the concurrence of the Lords, and carry it up as a joint address to His Majesty. He said, that as human life was short, and that of Ministers still shorter, he might have proposed easier terms of accommodation; but that he did not think any others could put matters on a proper or permanent footing. Speaking of the unjust clamours of the Americans against paying taxes, he said the people of England were eight millions, who paid 10,000,000*l.* a-year taxes, that is, twenty-five shillings per head. That the Americans were three millions, and paid 75,000*l.* a-year, or sixpence per head, that is, less than this country by fifty times.

Dunning[1] spoke in answer to this an hour and a half. Thurlow[2] discharged his duty as Attorney-General very well, reciting from the papers a great number of particular facts in the conduct of the Americans, all which facts, as a lawyer, he pronounced to be rebellion or high treason. Colonel Grant, who had been Governor in America and had served there in the wars, pronounced the Americans from his own experience to be, as soldiers, the most despicable of men. This was ridiculously denied by one Cruger, their countryman, an unworthy colleague of the ingenious Burke. Charles Fox, after a long narrative in which he aimed to exculpate the Americans and blame his own country under the name of the Ministers, proposed an amendment to the address suitable to these ideas.

The debate lasted long after this, and many speeches were repeated, some set, some extempore, some moderate, but more bad. The time was a little enlivened by Burke and Wedderburne, neither of whom spoke long. About a quarter past twelve they divided on Charles Fox's amendment, when it was rejected by 304 to 105; a few people after this stole away, so that on a second division of the House (a factious and useless measure) the numbers were 297 to 106. The House adjourned about one this morning. The resolutions are to be reported on Monday next, when 'tis probable they will be debated a second time in the House.

[1] Dunning had been Attorney-General under the previous administration. He was counsel for Wilkes. Fox raised him to the peerage as Lord Ashburton in 1782.

[2] Thurlow held subsequently the office of Lord Chancellor from 1778 to 1792, with the exception of a short interval, during Fox's administration, in 1783.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, February 6, 1775.

Saturday we all dined at Lady Shaftesbury's. In the evening we had a reinforcement of Radnors, Bouveries, and Marshams. Your father stole off to the opera, where he fell into a most immense crowd and actually could only get his face into Fop's alley. Yates saw his distress, and carried him up to his box, four pair of stairs, but, however, he had a good seat and heard well. In the last dance he joined the fine gentlemen, of whom there were a hundred on the stage; two hundred people were sent away. All this crowd is for the Sestina, who is by far the best comic actress and singer we ever had.

Lovatini is as good as ever. This Buona Figliola will carry it all to nothing against our friend Sacchini's[1] new serious opera which comes out to-morrow. I have engaged Poore and Bate to dine here, that we may mount the upper regions and make all the noise that can be made with sticks and hands. Three major-generals are ordered to go to America in March—Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton; they had their orders Friday night last. I am very sorry for Mrs. Howe, who I believe would most willingly have gone with her husband had it been possible.

Tuesday, February 7.—I was in hopes to have been very circumstantial on what had passed in the House yesterday, but as your father did not come home till

[1] Antonio Sacchini, a Neapolitan composer. Meeting with opposition in London, he went to Paris, where he acquired great fame.

past three, he did not rise early, so the *evening* (visitors) were upon us as soon as we were up. Your father is now gone visiting, so I cannot learn as much as I should wish. Lord John Cavendish moved for the recommitting the resolution. Then the debate began; the first part consisted chiefly of the speeches of young orators; at nine the masters mounted. Burke talked and acted near two hours; all the great speakers spoke. On the division the numbers were, for the motion 105, against it 288. 'Tis to be carried this day to the Lords, for them to join in the address to His Majesty to send more troops to America, which address will be presented Thursday. Lord Chatham is expected in the House to-day. I believe Mr. Hawkins Brown will lose his election. He is to pay 1,200*l.* towards the expenses if he loses it; should he gain the cause, he is to add a thousand more. Giving 2,200*l.* for a seat in Parliament is, as the times go, very well, but to pay 1,200*l.* for nothing but trying Mr. Walter's right seems to me not a little hard.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, February 17, 1775.

Last Wednesday in the House of Commons Lord Barrington moved for an augmentation of the army; it was opposed, but not with warmth, by Barré: on a division, for the motion 91, against it 15. Great are people's expectations for the new play of this night, called 'Braganza;' it is written by Mr. Jepson, and has a most prodigious character. I cannot have a box till the eighteenth night, but hope some friend will take compassion on me before then. I have no idea it will

be well acted, for the men at Drury Lane are a miserable set of old beings: the whole must rest on Mrs. Yates. There was a new thing last night at Bach's room, in Hanover Square, called the Festino; 'tis under the direction of Gallini, and is to be weekly like Almack's. I have not seen anybody who was there. As I understand, the plan is a dinner for gentlemen. At eight or nine the ladies are to come, then catches and glees till supper, and after supper they dance. I think it is a pretty thing, and not so triste as Almack's.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, February 21, 1775.

The operas are much in fashion, both for serious and comic. 'Tis well for Yates: such crowds every night that you must go by six or have no place in the pit; you cannot even get your coach to the door.

Lord North moved yesterday, in the committee, a resolution favourable to the Americans, giving an opening for conciliatory measures upon their making proper concessions. The professed Opposition opposed this as not adequate to what the Americans desired, and had a right to. Welbore Ellis opposed it on a contrary principle, viz.—that it is by no means adequate to what we had said in our address to the Crown. Two Scotchmen—Dundas, an advocate, and Adams—were of the same opinion; but Jenkinson, Sir Gilbert Elliot, and Wedderburne[1] supported Lord North. You will see a puzzled account in the papers, scarce a

[1] Solicitor-General, afterwards Earl of Rosslyn. He succeeded Thurlow as Chancellor, with the title of Lord Loughborough.

word of which is true. Between ten and eleven they divided; for Administration 277, against them 88. To-morrow great things are expected when the Lord Mayor moves to have the proceedings of the House relative to the Middlesex election expunged. On the anniversary of the Propagation of the Gospel the Lord Mayor invited the Archbishop and seven Bishops to dine with him, which they did. After dinner the Lord Mayor toasted *Church and King*, and all went off perfectly well and decently. We are going this evening to Lady Mary Forbes's, where Louisa's harp is invited; that said harp is much in fashion. Saturday she exhibited at Sir Charles Cock's with great applause. I have no great expectation of much this evening, knowing the vivacity of the lady of the house to be too great to attend herself, or let anybody else attend.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, March 10, 1775.

Your father and I went yesterday to the oratorio in the Haymarket; your sisters are too refined for 'old Händel.' We were greatly entertained. Never was a finer band. The instrumental parts and the choruses went as well as in the days of Händel; I do not say much of the voices, though my countrymen Corfe and Parry did their parts well. Yesterday we had a different kind of music, namely Sacchini's 'Miserere,' which was rehearsed in this room. The voices were, Rauzzini (the first opera man), Savoye, Pasini, a bass, and Louisa. 'Tis undoubtedly the finest composition imaginable, and 'tis impossible it can be better sung. The

great distress of Louisa and Mr. Harris is to find out people worthy of hearing it, nor can they make out more than five or six among all their acquaintance. We have thought of the bench of Bishops, some of the Judges and some Roman Catholics; but the Bishops, though they must look grave, like things more lively, the Judges are gone the circuit, and the Papists have enough of the penitential at this season. This day se'nnight is fixed for the grand performance. This said musical set all dined here yesterday after the 'Miserere,' and very entertaining they were: after we came up from dinner they played and sang a great deal. I always get Mr. Bate to assist whenever we have foreigners, let them be of any rank or degree whatever. Bate had a good dose of music yesterday, and was satisfied; not so were Mr. Harris and Louisa, for at eight he went to Bach's concert, and Louisa to Miss Blosset's, where she was to meet the Sestini, and so she did; but Sestini was not in temper, said she had a cold; it was with difficulty she could be prevailed on to sing at all. When she did, it was very poor work. She is a most excellent comic actress, and a fine singer, but if she has such whims I do not wish her to come here, 'tis much better to go to the Haymarket to see her. There is a new dance at the Festino, called the Fricasée. It is danced by George Hanger, Mr. Damer, Lady Barrimore, and your friend Mrs. Rachel Lloyd; it begins with an affront, then they fight and fire pistols, then they are reconciled, embrace, and so ends the dance.

Friday evening.—Your father brings us interesting intelligence from the Levée. The troops most certainly go to America. Our letters from Salisbury mention that in

the county of Wilts many are bestirring themselves in case Hindon is disfranchised. Messrs. Dawkins and Herbert have already sent circular letters; Mr. Bathurst stands alone. 'Tis said that Pen Wyndham and Lambert of Boyton will join, also Buckler of Boreham with Bennet of Norton. Why Herbert did not join with Bathurst is incomprehensible; this last is the only one I would give a single vote for. Probably the borough will not be disfranchised, but as Mr. Bathurst did all that could be done to assist Mr. Herbert when he stood for the county of Wilts, that should not be forgotten. I detest ingratitude.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, March 16, 1775.

I hear there is going to be a new amusement at Hampton Court, which is to last a fortnight; operas and plays to be acted by ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Storer is the manager, and also first man dancer; he has tried to get Miss Maria Harlowe for the first woman dancer, but she can give no answer till her father comes back. The Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Harriet Stanhope are likewise dancers. The gentlemen subscribe 250*l.* each. You will see by the papers a long account of Sir Thomas Frankland's being defrauded of 9,000*l.* by false bills, and true it is.[1]

Friday, March 17.—Mr. Grenville made a motion in the House of Commons, Wednesday last, to empower members, under certain restrictions, to vacate their seats in Parliament without applying to the Govern-

[1] By the brothers Perreau, who were tried and executed on January 17 of the following year.

ment for a vacating office. This was opened on a general plan, but it soon appeared to have regard to a letter of Lord North's, in which he had refused to give one of these vacating offices to one who had wanted it for a particular purpose. It was not a long debate, about seven the motion was rejected by 173 to 126. Two towns in New England have applied to General Gage for troops to protect them against their rebellious brethren. Gage sent them 100 men, and as soon as the advanced guard of this handful appeared, 800 of the brave Bostonians took immediately to their heels. These towns for their reward will be excepted out of the Act which restrains the trade of the refractory colonies.

Louisa has been well enough to sing through the 'Miserere' with the best opera singers, and to dine with them after. Our music this morning was incomparable as well as uncommon; Lady Pembroke, who is not apt to be pleased, was delighted. A very fine new cantata, composed by Rauzzini, was performed last night for his benefit, to a house not half full; all the consolation the good-humoured man had was that he had the very best company in town. The Duchess of Devonshire had two plumes sixteen inches long, besides three small ones: this has so far outdone all other plumes, that Mrs. Damer, Lady Harriet Stanhope, &c., looked nothing.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, March 21, 1775.

The House of Commons sat yesterday on the Nottingham petition; there were two petitions from that town—one for, the other against, America. It was a

very dull, tedious debate, and they talked till near one this morning, but there was no division. Charles Fox takes all opportunities of abusing Lord North.

We all dined yesterday at Mr. Best's; in the evening Gertrude, Miss Kitty Knatchbull, and I, set Louisa down at home and went on to the Pantheon with Miss Wyndham. Nothing worth going there for but the Agujari. She is a most surprising singer, and in my opinion a pleasing one; she goes two notes higher in her voice than the notes of the harpsichord. The *ton* is to say 'she is more surprising than pleasing,' but I do not subscribe to that, for she has a very good method. They have a story of her here that when she was three years old she fell asleep on a dunghill, and that a pig came and ate all the flesh from her hips to her neck; that she screamed so violently from the pain she suffered, that it is imagined she broke something in her throat, which has caused her voice to be so very high and clear; they farther add that she was so eaten by the pig that she moves entirely by the help of silver springs, which are fixed under her stays. This woman always fills the Pantheon with a great mixture of company. The best company goes off soon after the concert is over. We stayed an hour longer, and then it is beyond all things deplorable. The plays the ladies and gentlemen are to act at Hampton Court in June are 'Braganza,' 'Henry the Second,' and the 'Stratagem,' with a musical farce after each play, and dancing between the acts. General Fitzroy offers to feed the company all the time. I cannot say who is to succeed Lord Bristol as Groom of the Stole; some say Lord Weymouth.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, March 24, 1775.

Mr. Burke made a motion relative to the American business, Wednesday; he spoke two hours and a half, and they say well. His motion was lost by 270 to 78. We are just returned from Mr. Jolliffe's concert; he has a most exceeding good house, good company, and a good concert. It appeared undoubtedly singular, their visiting us without the least previous knowledge of each other, but he said so many polite things on the occasion that I am quite satisfied with our new acquaintance. I find he gives masquerades, balls, and all sorts of things; he has an apartment equal to anything he pleases to give. The '*Savoir vivre*' Club are going to give quite a new thing on the Thames; all the river from Blackfriars bridge to some way above Westminster bridge is to be filled with gondolas, barges, &c., leaving a space as wide as the centre arch of Westminster bridge quite clear for a boat race, and all the company are to go by water to Ranelagh to dine, and to sup at Vauxhall. Three days in July are appointed for this. Should the first day prove bad they do not go, the same on the second, but on the third they proceed be the weather what it may. When they think the weather to their mind, a high flag is to be mounted on Westminster bridge, St. Margaret's bells are to ring, and cannon to be fired as a signal to bring the people together.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, March 31, 1775.

Louisa has been most violently offended with the printers of the 'Salisbury Journal' for having printed her verses with her name to them; they have also printed those the Dean made on Miss Wyndham. 'Tis not the thing for the Dean of a Cathedral to be writing gallant verses to young ladies who act plays. Monday we were at a concert at Mrs. Ord's; Tuesday your sisters went with the harp to Lady Brown; her ladyship had a select party, and they received great applause. The harp is so new in England that all the world is pleased with it; Louisa is at present the only lady who performs on it. Gertrude joining in duets adds greatly to the harmony. People ought not to abuse you for not liking music, for this acquisition of the harp is entirely your doing. Lord Stormont I saw yesterday; 'tis said he is come over after Lady Harriet Stanhope. Some say she is cruel. She has lately been in France with Lady Ailesbury and Mrs. Damer; they have returned in fine feathers, but the Duchess of Devonshire has still the highest. One lady tried all places to get one longer than those of the Duchess, but without success, till she luckily thought of sending to an undertaker; he sent word back his hearses were all out, but they were expected home in a few days, and then he hoped to accommodate her ladyship. Van Burchell, a tooth-drawer, has had his wife embalmed by the famous Hunter, and though she has been dead three months she looks as well as when alive. Cambridge is invited to see her to-morrow, so then I shall hear more of it.

DR. JEANS[1] TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Paris, April 12, 1775.

Dear Sir,—Nothing can contribute more to my happiness than to be assured that you interest yourself in it, and as you have often kindly expressed yourself in this manner, it is with a singular satisfaction that I now give you some little account of my reception and employment here. Colonel St. Paul,[2] whose letter of invitation I sent you, received me with that cordial friendship which his manner of writing seemed to promise, and (for the little service which I have been able to render him since his business has multiplied itself by the absence of Lord Stormont) does everything in his power to make my stay agreeable and improving. In a house like this, frequented by people of the first fashion of the country, as well as English, opportunities cannot be wanting of seeing men of different talents, and of getting some of that useful kind of knowledge which is to be learnt by observation only of the manners and language of this nation.

From the continual commerce and conversation of a man of Colonel St. Paul's abilities, experience, and good breeding, it cannot be but that daily instruction must be reaped. Indeed a Parisian way of life is so different from my natural disposition that, were it not that I considered myself under a course of habitual improvement which nohow else is to be acquired, I believe I should much regret the ease, health, and retirement

[1] The Rev. Dr. Jeans was Chaplain to the British Embassy at Paris, Lord Stormont being Ambassador, and Colonel St. Paul Secretary.

[2] Secretary of Embassy and Chargé d'affaires at Paris.

which my country curacy afforded me. Fortune perhaps, by representing to me prospects of future advancement, may in some measure contribute to my present contentment, but so little share has she in the plot that, should her scenery prove illusions, they will have no more effect on my mind than has in general the episode of a poem when the attention is entirely occupied by the more interesting objects of the fable. I can send you little information from hence of any moment. The young Queen[1] has a great predilection for everything that is English, which partiality, together with a little misunderstanding in etiquette between her and the Princes of the Blood, has of late made her unpopular. The general topic of conversation in all companies is the *procés* of Count de Guines with his secretary. Almost all unprejudiced people wish, and are inclined to believe M. de Guines innocent, and yet there are not wanting some who have their doubts of the success of the trial. The Duke d'Aiguillon[2] has just published the correspondence between M. de Guines and himself. Could I in the least imagine that you have so far interested yourself in this affair as to have read the former memorials, I should be happy to forward to you a copy of this last work (which is scarce).

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, April 14, 1775.

This week is not a week to fill a letter. Monday the Lord Mayor and the Livery went to St. James's, to

[1] Marie-Antoinette. Louis XV. had died in the preceding year, 1774.

[2] The Duc d'Aiguillon was Minister for Foreign Affairs to Louis XV., superseding the Duc de Choiseul, and hastening by his character and conduct the fall of the French Monarchy. He was exiled by Louis XVI.

petition His Majesty to remove his Ministry. The answer was a most excellent one; you will have seen it in the papers. I never saw so shabby an appearance as they made; for, except the Lord Mayor's coach and Mr. Sawbridge's chariot, no equipage had even the show of belonging to a gentleman. They dispersed hand-bills, Sunday, to assemble a mob; and some blackguard fellows got together, but they would not cheer, though the Lord Mayor's servants called to them so to do. The Duke of Queensberry had his pocket picked, in the Drawing-room, of a gold snuff-box. It is thought some of these Livery people when they came from the King got into Christie's, and there Lord Sandys had his pocket picked. We were also there, but I was so alarmed at the look of the company that I turned my pocket-holes down and kept my hand on my watch, and so escaped.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Twickenham, April 20, 1775.

We live very comfortably here; Batt is of the party. This fine situation, fine weather, and fine walks are a prodigious treat to us cockneys, who are accustomed to see nothing from our windows but a fishmonger's shop and the lame, idle shoeblack.

Monday Lord North dined here, and his lady and daughter came to tea.

Tuesday Dr. Johnson, his fellow-traveller through the Scotch Western Isles, Mr. Boswell, and Sir Joshua Reynolds dined here. I have long wished to be in company with this said Johnson; his conversation is

the same as his writing, but a dreadful voice and manner. He is certainly amusing as a novelty, but seems not possessed of any benevolence, is beyond all description awkward, and more beastly in his dress and person than anything I ever beheld. He feeds nastily and ferociously, and eats quantities most unthankfully. As to Boswell, he appears a low-bred kind of being.

DR. JEANS TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Paris, May 11, 1775.

Dear Sir,—I sit down to inform you that I did myself the pleasure of sending you last week the Duc d'Aiguillon's correspondence with M. de Guines, together with the 'Legislation sur le Commerce des Grains.' This last work, though much read, appears in the world rather *mal à propos*, as it is written in opposition to the system of M. de Turgot, the present Comptroller-General, and the scarcity of bread in this kingdom, which has occasioned a revolt in almost every Province, is imputed to that system.

M. de Necker, the author, who is envoy from the city of Geneva, did not intend its making its appearance at so critical a conjuncture, but as it so happened I believe the imputation is against him, as he is supposed to have cast his eye on the Comptroller-Generalship in case M. de Turgot should resign.

I do not know that the book has done any essential disservice to M. de Turgot, for as the King supports him, private sentiment is of little signification in this country. There is to be an admission at the Academie Francaise on Saturday, which I hope to be able to get

admission to. M. de Chatelux is the elected member, and the wits joke at his expense by saying that it is the '*premier chat de l'Academie Francaise.*' I saw a day or two since a Mr. Howard,[1] who with a very patriotic principle is here visiting the different jails of this city, in order to bring in a Bill into the House of Commons for the better regulation of English jails. I believe he has been concerned in several Bills of the same useful tendency.

After he has done with France he purposes visiting Holland, and I make no doubt but that England will reap the benefit of his extraordinary tour, as he seems a man of strong sense and observation, and great perseverance.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, June 2, 1775.

Lady Fleming seems to have a small attachment for you. I met her at Stainer Holford's a fortnight since, she talked much about you, and lamented grievously that you had called so little upon her when you were in England. You see by the papers that Miss Davis has been triumphant over Yates, and got 1,500*l.*, with costs. I should have been sorry if Miss Davis had lost it, and now I cannot help being sorry for Yates. He is a civil, good-humoured man. All the Italians and fine opera men attended the trial. Sacchini was summoned, but he could not tell for which party, so stayed in Westminster Hall from nine in the morning till six in the evening, was never called in, nor did he understand

[1] The celebrated philanthropist.

anything that was going on. Your acquaintance Mrs. Faulkner was the principal evidence for Yates, and acquitted herself well. Probably I may hear the fate of the Perreaus[1] before this goes, though I doubt whether it can end this day. Mrs. Rudd, who was mistress to one of the brothers, is the principal evidence against them. She is much given to cheating. She got several thousand pounds out of Salvadore under pretence of marrying him to a foreign princess: she went to a silk mercer, made him put vast quantities of silks into her coach, desired he would go with her home to her husband for him to choose; instead of which she carried him to a private madhouse, where she told the keeper that this mercer was her husband, a man of fortune, but out of his senses, and fancied himself a mercer. The keeper took him, confined him, made him go through all sorts of discipline, whilst madam soon made her retreat with the silks. I can learn no further intelligence of consequence except that one Perreau is capitally convicted, the other's fate I know not: he is undoubtedly the worst. Mrs. Rudd was not admitted as King's evidence, but is sent to Newgate, and I hope will meet her deserts.[2]

[1] They were hanged for forgery the following year. At the time they were executed, the large house opposite Stratford Place was the last or nearly the last decent sized one in Oxford Street. A lady who died in 1847, aged ninety-seven, recollected being at one of the first floor windows of that house (then occupied by George Shakespear, builder &c., to George III.) and seeing the culprits drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn to be executed. The lady above mentioned said that there was great commiseration shown for the Perreaus, as it was generally believed they were the victims of Mrs. Rudd.

[2] Mrs. Rudd was acquitted; her ingenuity and impudence baffled the prosecution. She had been the mistress and accomplice of Daniel Perreau.

DR. JEANS TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Paris, June 8, 1775.

Respected Sir,—The books you were so kind as to send to Colonel St.-Paul arrived safe on Monday, and he seems exceedingly flattered with that mark of your attention to him. I cannot but think myself exceedingly fortunate to be the means of commencing a friendship between two persons so worthy of each other's esteem, and for both of whom I have so great a regard, and to whom I lie under so many obligations. I hope that when opportunity serves this acquaintance, began at so great a distance, will be improved by a personal knowledge; nothing, indeed, can be wanting but a reciprocal communication of sentiments. Colonel St.-Paul met M. Thomas, the author of the 'Éloge sur Marc-Aurèle,' the day after I had the pleasure of your letter; who heard with great satisfaction your opinion of his genius and abilities. He has desired Colonel St.-Paul to lend him your third volume, as he says he shall find a particular pleasure in the perusal of the sentiments of the ancients so elegantly treated by a hand so masterly. M. de Guines' cause was decided in his favour last Friday. People who are his friends are discontented with the sentence, as it does not carry with it a sufficient exculpation. His enemies say that the decision is the effect of Party. It is very certain that during the trial couriers were dispatched to and from Versailles continually, and it is whispered that M. de Guines had only a majority of one in the King's Council. Things took such a turn about a fortnight since that I daresay

M. de Guines is happy to have it as it is for the present. There is one flattering circumstance for him, which is that the Duc d'Aiguillon is ordered to retire to his country-house at Aiguillon till further orders. The Queen espoused M. de Guines' cause, and it is to her ascendancy over the King his victory is attributed. Tort is declared *un calomniateur atroce*, his memorials are *défendus*, and he is dishonoured and to be kept in prison till his punishment is declared for treasonably revealing the despatches. Unprejudiced people wish him the galleys. They talked of the Blue Ribbon[1] for M. de Guines, at the promotion at the *Sacre*, but without foundation. I am sorry I have not time to enter further into particulars, but as M. de Guines set out last night for England you will probably hear of his success almost as soon as this reaches you.

DR. JEANS TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Paris, July 13, 1775.

Respected Sir,—The desire of pleasing those we esteem is attended with so great a satisfaction to ourselves, that I need no other incitement to writing to you than your approbation of my letters. I wish materials were as ready at hand as my inclinations are to make use of them. Though the political knowledge which I gain in my present situation (which is indeed considerable, as Colonel St.-Paul makes me his confidential friend and does me the honour to accept of my assistance in almost every instance which regards his office) may never be of any service to me in my line of

[1] The order of St. Louis, at the coronation of Louis XVI.

life, yet it is of very essential use in forming my judgment and opinions, as I have such excellent opportunities of reading men and measures, and of that kind too which are seldom to be met with in this manner by people of my profession. Though the incidents which come to my knowledge are foreign to the function I have embraced, it is my business to use them in such a manner as they may redound to my advantage; if in this line I should perchance see the passions of men analysed, view hypocrisy in its full light, learn the nature of intrigue and ambition, I may say with Lord Bolingbroke, 'I blame the facts, but I may blame myself more, if I do not make them all a good lesson of philosophy.' I am very happy that your book has met with the success it deserves among the men of real science.

I have the satisfaction yet to come of reading it, for immediately on its arrival here Colonel St.-Paul sent it to M. d'Alembert, who was very anxious to see it. Speaking of M. d'Alembert calls to my mind a conversation of his, in which he spoke with great freedom of the clergy of this country and of the danger of their intrigues; the subject took its rise from an incident which relates to ourselves, and which one day or another I may perhaps be at liberty to relate to you. From the clergy the topic naturally turned to superstition, and M d'Alembert, who is very entertaining, mentioned an instance of the power of this passion on the human mind. He said 'that in some church in Paris there was a votive altar consecrated to the Virgin by an opera-dancer, who from being a very moderate performer in the chorus dances attained on a sudden the

excellence of the most celebrated man at that time on the stage. This performer, whose agility was not equal to his ambition, heard with envy every applause of the favourite of the public, and when he found that he was incapable of himself to rival his brother performer in his *entrechats*, bethought him of invoking the assistance of some supernatural power; he fancied his prayers were heard, and gave out that he should dance the first part in the dance then in vogue on such a day. As this was the character of a man so much more able in his profession than he was, everybody laughed at him for a madman; he, however, persisted, and dressed himself on the evening appointed in every respect like the other person whose place he said he was to fill. He renewed his petition to his divinity with a double fervour, and when the dance began it is presumed that the Virgin interposed, for his rival sprained his ancle at the first step, upon which he entered, and continued the figure in a style rather surpassing the grace and activity of the man who was thought to have no equal.' In gratitude for the assistance he had received, he dedicated this altar, on which the story is related, and is sincerely believed by many bigots as true, and as the effect of an implicit belief in the power of miracles. The state of music at the Opera is, I think, upon the rise. Rousseau is adapting his 'Devin du Village' for this stage: not, I imagine, in the intention of rivalling Gluck, for he loves Italian music; but if possible to lend his assistance towards exploding the wretched taste which now prevails. But they may adopt what species of music they please, for they never will be a whit nearer the point of perfection till they change the

singers also; the present performers have been so long habituated to their unmeaning *chant* that I consider it as an impossibility to make them forsake it. Caraccioli, the Neapolitan Ambassador (who says more rude things of this nation to their faces than any other person ever dared without being thought a *bête*), was one evening conducting some French ladies of fashion to their coaches from the Opera, and was much offended with the link boys who ply there in large numbers. One of them plagued him very much by frequently bawling out '*Le carrosse de M. l'Ambassadeur!*' At last he turned about in a great passion and said 'Pourquoi diable criez-vous come cela? croyez-vous que vous êtes encore sur le théâtre?' A countryman of our own was asked one night at this house, by a Frenchman, if the French Opera was not amazingly *superbe*, and how he liked it. The Englishman answered with great *naïveté* 'that it was exceedingly fine, but that he should like it better *s'il n'y avoit pas de chanson*,' a term which, though he did not understand, was turning it more into ridicule than any he could possibly have made use of. The Abbé Galliani was conducted to the Opera by some French people, who placed him as a connoisseur directly behind the orchestra, that he might enjoy the music in greater perfection; the Abbé leant attentively on the rails of the orchestra during the whole performance, and was found in the same position by his companions, who came from the boxes after it was over to lead him out. One of them, surprised to see him in this attitude, said '*Que faites-vous là?*' He answered with a seeming astonishment, '*Aspetto l'aria.*' You love the arts and take a delight in seeing good pictures, and

it is with pleasure I inform you that you will most probably see in your Exhibition next year one that rivals some of the best Italian masters.

It is now here at this house, for Colonel St.-Paul is an excellent judge and a no mean amateur in this art. Mr. Peters, the artist, is a young man who has been some years in Italy, and who has amazing genius as well as great application. The picture I speak of is the portrait of the famous Mr. Montagu in his Arabian dress. The design, the colouring, and the whole is much in the style of the Venetian school, and is hardly to be known from a Titian or a Bonifaccio.

This young artist is now copying a famous picture of Rubens', very little known, because it was always kept in the bed-chamber of the Duc de Chartres in the Palais Royal, and one of Rubens' best, if not his very best. The story is the Judgment of Paris.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, June 25, 1775.

His Majesty's birthday was very brilliant. Lady Lincoln was fine and elegant, Mrs. Howard had a point-lace trimming that cost 500*l*. Gertrude got a pretty light brown coat for your father, lined with blue and trimmed with a gold net set on blue ribbon. We thought him quite gay, till Lord Guilford came here to carry him to Court. His lordship was dressed in light green, the cuffs turned up with a flowered silk with silver pink and green flowers. We females did not go to Court. Friday we all went to Lord Pembroke's terrace to see the regatta on the water: the evening was not favourable, a small rain fell which darkened

every object. Lord Edward Bentinck had a barge fitted up like a gondola; it was very large and had twenty oars, and made the best figure there; he had two music boats which went before him, the musicians all dressed in blue and white uniform. One of the race boats sunk, but the men were saved. It was altogether a fine sight: the number of boats and barges on the river all dressed out with colours and streamers, and the multitude of people standing on the shores of each side of the river, and on Westminster bridge, was a very lively scene. The Lord Mayor's barge was magnificent, and I was told he had filled it with foreigners. In the morning papers of that day there were various advertisements of the society for recovering people who have been some time under water, to the effect that they had several houses open on each side of the river, with proper attendance, to take in and recover drowning people. There was only one boat besides the race boat overset, containing several females, but they all escaped. The match between Charles Herbert and Lady Caroline Montagu is over. She wrote to tell him his behaviour had been such lately that she could think of no further connection with him; at the same time he wrote to her to say he had considered the affair over, and found they could not be happy together. These letters crossed each other. 'Tis best as it is, for she was at least ten years older than him. By a letter your father received yesterday from Paris we learn they are dissatisfied with Monsieur de Guines' sentence; it is *trop faible ou trop forte*. If Tort[1] is guilty,

[1] Tort had been private secretary to the Comte de Guines, the French Ambassador, and brought charges against him. The Comte was suspended, but reinstated afterwards, and Tort imprisoned and fined.

why is he at liberty; if not, why is Monsieur de Guines in England? It is no secret that this affair was brought about suddenly by the influence of the Orleans and Choiseul party with the Queen,[1] who not only spoke to the King, but sent to the judges before the trial. People began to be alarmed at her increasing influence, but her precipitance ruined her designs, and it is said, although the Duc d'Aiguillon is removed, there is no chance of the Duc de Choiseul coming in.[2] In the cavalcade to St. Rémy's the Comte d'Artois had decorated his horse very richly with diamonds, and placed the great knot of his Countess's stomacher on his horse's tail. The Duc de Bourbon's horse which followed him, allured by the lustre, took the knot in his mouth, and bit it in two; the diamonds were scattered about the streets, and although they picked up as many as they could find, still the loss is computed at about 1,800 livres sterling.

DR. JEANS TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Paris, August 10, 1775.

Respected Sir,—It was with the utmost regret that I was obliged to let pass a messenger day without having it in my power to acknowledge your very friendly letter, for as in an epistolary commerce with you I must at any rate think myself a gainer, I consider so ready a payment at sight but as a *don gratuit*. If you have seen any precise account of the battle of the Spaniards with the Algerines, you have probably found amongst the names

[1] Marie-Antoinette.

[2] Louis XVI. appointed Malesherbes and Turgot as his Ministers.

of the wounded that of Mr. James Harris,[1] friend of the Count of Fernan Nuñez, and in that case I am sure it will be a satisfaction to you to hear that his wound is very slight, and will be attended with no ill consequence. M. d'Alembert, I hear, is very much pleased with your last volume which Colonel St.-Paul has lent him, but which he says he has not sufficiently studied. There is an anecdote very singular in the life of this famous man, and which does honour to his sentiments as a philosopher. He was abandoned when an infant by his mother, and was found, and educated with all the affection of parents, by a glazier and his wife. When his literary reputation made him received and respected in all societies, his mother, who knew that then he could be no charge or trouble to her, and who thought to derive honour to herself from the abilities of such a son, went to his foster-father's, found M. d'Alembert, and threw herself about his neck and told him he was her son; 'then Madam,' said he, 'do I see one of the worst of women,' and immediately disengaged himself from her, and left her, and will not acknowledge any other parents than those who have generously taken upon themselves the care and trouble of his education. Instances of generosity of mind should never be concealed, and when they come from men who have benefited mankind in other respects too they shine with a double lustre.

Your acquaintance M. Thomas (for so he is by his writings) is as much admired for the purity of his actions as he is for the eloquence of his style. For an

[1] A cousin of Mr. Harris.

example of this, I shall mention a reciprocal spirit of fine feeling which first made him and M. Marmontel acquainted with each other, and gave rise to a most perfect friendship.

It was M. Marmontel's turn to be elected of the Academy, but M. de Praslin (with whom M. Thomas lived) and some other of M. Thomas's friends made a party, and secured a majority of suffrages for him. M. Thomas could not prevail on M. de Praslin to abandon his plan on any other terms than that of his breaking with him entirely, and leaving his house, and this he preferred rather than do an injustice to a man whom he knew by reputation to bear so estimable a character. M. Marmontel was elected without opposition, and by accident heard of this piece of generosity of M. Thomas. He consulted nothing but his feelings, and went immediately to a notary, and made over half his estate, which was 4,000 livres a year, to M. Thomas; he got introduced to him, presented him with the deed, and begged they might live from that moment upon the footing of brothers. M. Thomas accepted the latter part of M. Marmontel's proposition, and thought himself sufficiently compensated for the loss of M. de Praslin's table by the acquisition of M. Marmontel's friendship. On Tuesday last the Sardinian Ambassador made a *formal demand* of the French King of his sister, Madame Clotilde, for the Prince of Piedmont. The marriage is to be celebrated on Monday se'nnight, and the whole week to be employed in *bals parés*, *bals masqués*, and entertainments. I do not love crowds, even though they are fashionable ones; but I must attend these fêtes on account of their novelty

to me, and to be able to give some account, should I be hereafter asked, of a period that passed during my stay at Paris. 'Non nobis solum nascimur,' and it holds good in trifles as much as in matters of consequence.

On Sunday in the afternoon the Countess d'Artois was brought to bed of a son, whom the King has called the Duc d'Angoulême. This is a subject of great rejoicing for this nation, and deservedly too, for by want of male heirs in the present reigning family a disputed succession between the Spanish part of the House of Bourbon and the Orleans family would involve this nation in a cruel domestic war and probably engage the greater part of Europe in the quarrel.

I do not hear that the Queen or the Countess of Provence are likely to become mothers.

You will be sorry to hear that Tort has lodged an appeal to the Parliament against the sentence of the Chatelet in favour of M. de Guines, who will now have to go over again all the ground of that long and tedious process, and if Court intrigue should take a turn against him, the decision of the Parliament may be little regulated by that of the Chatelet, or even by the merits of the cause. The Duc d'Aiguillon will soon have to pass from Aiguillon, where he is exiled, to his seat at Verette in Tourraine, and from thence the step is easy to Paris. The *bals parés* in this country are magnificent beyond description, as nobody dances but in a fancy dress. I do not know that there is more wit at the *bals masqués* here than in England. If the Miss Harrises will please to put on their dominos on this occasion, we will make an English party from this house. There is to be a grand concert at the Sardinian Ambassador's the evening

of the masquerade. Gluck's opera has been given, and will not succeed. I have heard it, and do not dislike it. The French, I believe, are afraid of condemning the music, for fear of exposing their bad taste; they therefore find fault with the subject and the plan. As to my part, I should imagine there could not possibly be found a subject more calculated to hit the fancy of a nation so much addicted to trifling and gallantry as that of this opera *Cithère assiégée*. I am told for certain that there is not a singer at this house but what learns his part by ear.

DR. JEANS TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Paris, August 23, 1775.

The moment's repose which I now breathe gives me an opportunity of looking back upon the transactions of the two preceding days, and of arranging the confused ideas of pomp and magnificence which now bewilder my imagination almost as much as they before dazzled my eyes. Colonel and Mrs. St.-Paul are just gone to the Sardinian Ambassador's great supper, to which, as not being personally known to the Ambassador or to Madame de Viry, I am not invited.

The festivals at Versailles on Monday and Tuesday were conducted with great order and regularity. All foreigners who were presented were treated with great distinction, and placed everywhere most commodiously. The celebration of the marriage on Monday morning, at which the Count de Provence, the King's first brother, assisted as proxy for the Prince of Piedmont, excepting that it was a Royal marriage and performed with

great pomp by a Cardinal, had nothing more in it very interesting except the Mass, which was the finest I ever heard, and executed by a well-chosen band of music. The effect which the different movements of this mass had on the mind, assisted by the highest decoration of a Popish ceremony, was certainly sufficient to raise a superstitious mind to enthusiasm, but to those who worship the God of meekness and simplicity it only disposed to veneration. At the *grand appartement* in the afternoon, we (I speak of the foreigners) were admitted into the area of the great gallery, with the Court, which was exceedingly brilliant and numerous, to be present at the card-playing.

A philosopher, or rather a politician, might have here observed that this was a public exhibition which could arrive but too seldom, for where a King loses 400 guineas upon a card, and one of his party gets up a winner of a thousand, it is an example of too bad a tendency to be often proposed to the subject.

In the evening was the *banquet royal*, and if splendour can add a keenness and a zest to the viands, if the enjoyment of our food is proportioned to the state in which we take it, how is that supper to be envied. But, were the truth to be ascertained, a crust and a cottage would not perhaps remain unwished for.

I have not as yet spoken of the *coups d'œil* of these festivals; all and each of them were magnificent, but so much eclipsed by the one that followed on Tuesday night, that they would appear spoken of together, 'Lucet inter stellas, Luna minores.' At the *bal paré* for the marriage of the Count d'Artois, Lord Clive, who was then here, declared that Asiatic display of riches ap-

peared but as tinsel to the brilliancy of the French Court upon that occasion, and the ball at that time was much inferior to the present on account of the excellent arrangement of the theatre made by the Duc de Duras, the grand master of the ceremonies. All the accounts which I had formerly read in the 'Thousand and One Nights' of the palaces of the genii under the sea fell short in their descriptions to the reality which here presented itself to my view. The most decorated room perhaps in the world, the Opera House at Versailles, illuminated by crystal lustres containing upwards of 2,000 bougies, and all trebly reflected by mirrors, was filled by between 3 and 4,000 people dressed in the richest, and at the same time the most fancied, taste imaginable. The show which French ladies always make above those of other nations added much to the spectacle. The ornaments of their head-dresses, and their robes, so disposed and varied, composed a most beautiful *tout ensemble*.

In regard to their persons, to be sure, they seemed to be almost all of the same family, from the similarity of their *complexions* and the unity of their dress, but from this I reaped a great advantage, as luckily I was placed near to the Portuguese Ambassadress, supposed to be one of the most beautiful women in this kingdom; the Queen, who is very majestic, and at a distance very handsome, was likewise full in my view, so that it appeared to me an assembly of houris.

The Queen opened the ball with *Monsieur* the King's first brother, and the Count d'Artois and Madame Clotilde[1] danced the next minuet. Afterwards minuets,

[1] Louis XV.'s daughter, about to be married to the King of Sardinia's son.

French country dances, and simple figured dances both quick and slow, succeeded each other, and the greater part of the young nobility who took part in them would have gained great applause upon a stage.

Madame Clotilde, for whom all these fêtes were given, is very sensible, and of an excellent disposition, and upon this occasion was exceedingly gracious and amiable. People who love to account for everything give an extraordinary reason for this additional good-humour.

She is, though but seventeen, the largest woman I ever saw, and the Court of Turin had conceived such an idea of her size that the bracelets and necklace which they sent her were obliged to be contracted by forty diamonds in each. To be thought larger than what she really is by the Court where she expected to be received as a prodigy was, they say, an occasion to her of much satisfaction. It is not to be conceived the profusion of refreshments which were handed about in all parts of the theatre. The finest fruits that could be procured, ices, jellies, bonbons in large boxes for everybody to take away with them, *liqueurs rafraîchissantes* of all kinds, were every moment presented. The guards, who are ordered at these times to be exceedingly good-humoured, suffered all ranks of people who could not get admission into the ball-room to eat and drink what they pleased in the refectory. Although the company was so numerous and the weather so hot, nobody suffered from the crowd or for want of air. The orchestra made a singular appearance, and added much to the *coup de théâtre*. The band, which was considerable, were all dressed in a pink-coloured kind of domino.

Description must here fall very short, and all I can say is that the magnificence of a *bal paré* at Versailles on account of a Royal marriage is not to be described or imagined.

Thursday morning.—Colonel St.-Paul has just informed me that the Sardinian Ambassador's supper last night was not inferior in magnificence to the entertainments which preceded it; an account of this with those which are to come, will, I hope, afford sufficient matter to amuse you at another opportunity. Before I conclude, I must not forget to tell you of a little *bon mot* made last week at Court. When the King congratulated Count d'Artois on the birth of his son, the Count said he hoped soon to have the honour of paying His Majesty the same compliment. The Queen, who stood by, answered very naïvely, 'Ainsi soit il.'

DR. JEANS TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Paris, August 31, 1775.

I am very happy that our festivals have passed off without any accident or discontent among our countrymen. Those which we have had since I last wrote to you were equal in their kind to those I have already given you an account of. At the Sardinian Ambassador's great supper, on Wednesday night, there was exhibited the greatest taste in the decorations and illuminations to delight the eye, and the greatest profusion (in three courses and two desserts) to regale the appetite. Beyond this little is to be expected; it is not a place where to reap mental satisfaction.

At all great entertainments there must be much

noise and little conversation. Those alone have their feelings truly interested who are subject to agitations from gain or loss at play.

The King, Queen, and Royal Family honoured the Ambassador with their company at his masked ball on Friday night. They came in black dominos without masks. The fireworks were let off at eleven o'clock, which would have been superb, had not the King been convinced (excuse the pun) that though he *reigned* below, some one else *rained* above, and that the compliment of *divisum imperium*, &c., would then but ill have suited him.

To prevent too great a crowd, as there were 6,000 tickets given out, about 1,500 of us were admitted by tickets on purpose, between ten and eleven o'clock, while the rest were kept out until after midnight.

The King went away about one o'clock, and the Queen in a *carosse de remise* conveyed herself to one of the Minister's houses, and came back very soon after, masked, to entertain herself with some of her Court, who were unmasked, and with whom she joked about an hour on many little particulars which she had learnt on purpose. Every public concourse is so well managed in this country (especially since the accident at the marriage of the Dauphin) that there was no press, no confusion of coaches.

I send you a spare ticket which I have left, which will give you some idea of the precautions necessary to be observed.

The decorations of the theatre, the machinery of the scenes, and the pomp of the stage were exceedingly to be admired at the representation of the 'Connetable de Bourbon' on Saturday night.

Perhaps it more than compensated for a little disappointment in regard to the tragedy. Had it been called the 'Death of the Chevalier Bayard,' I should have been more contented with it. The going over of the Connetable from the French to the Spaniards is certainly the acting spring, but the death of Bayard the interesting one.

The author is a young man of great military abilities, who was once near going to the Bastile for a spirited preface to a book upon Tactics.

He seems in his play to have remembered this incident, for I think the arguments he puts into the mouth of the Connetable in favour of his giving up his country, where injustice was done to his merit, stronger than those which he makes Bayard use to dissuade him from it—though (perhaps for a blind) Bayard prevails, and his friend at that moment gives up the point. He owes much of his merit in regard to sentiment and incident to Shakspeare, having evidently borrowed from him Othello's art of winning Desdemona, the actions of Richard's dream, with an application of the thoughts of Clarence.

The heroine is a fictitious character in history, but well supported. As this play was composed in honour of a marriage between the House of Bourbon and the House of Savoy, represented before the King, the Princes, and the people in a particular manner, three great improprieties strike me in it—*that* the mother of Francis I., of the House of Savoy, should be represented as the worst of women; *that* a Prince of the Blood should desert his country; and *that* the French army should be made to run away before

the Spaniards. It is said that the play is reserved for the stage of Versailles, not to be printed or represented in Paris. I am conscious how much description falls short to the reader of what is imagined by the writer, whose ideas being warmed by the remembrance of the objects, thinks he can paint them in the same colours in which he saw them represented. If I can catch your attention by a moment's amusement, it is all I expect; the outline is not formed, nor the colours laid on, for a close inspection or a long duration. I hardly even aspire to so strong an impression as the figures from a magic lantern upon a white wall, but if I give you a general transitory idea of festivals different from what you have seen them in England, my ends will be answered and my pains well requited.

I am glad, now all is over, that I have assisted at these entertainments; it will be a subject for reflection for the rest of my life; and after having seen the French Court in its utmost splendour, I shall be able to judge for the future 'how much or little I lose' in preferring retirement to mixing with the gay world.

I don't know which to admire most, the magnificence of the Russian presents, or the grace with which they were bestowed. The munificence of such a Sovereign must certainly be a great incentive to military merit.

DR. JEANS TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Paris, October 19, 1775.

If you are crammed with public disputes, we are no less gorged with private *memoirs*. Philosophy with you is an air bubble, with us it is absolute infidelity. Since Helvetius' book *de l'homme*, the French press has given us few new ideas, nor no real instruction.

Apropos to Helvetius, students have great reason to regret his loss, as at the time of his death he was collecting materials for a work which he meant to call 'An Introduction to the Study of Metaphysics,' and for a Dictionary to explain and define metaphysical terms. A work of this kind from so fine a genius and profound a reasoner would have done essential service to moral philosophy. As a lesson to mankind, and as a blow to despotism, I could wish to see a private History of the Bastile. M. de Malesherbes, the new Governor of the Police at Paris, is well qualified to furnish materials for such public services. The late Governor, the Duc de la Vrilliere, held his employment nearly fifty years, during which time no inspection was ever made of this prison.

His dismissal produced scenes painful to human nature. In the cells many were found who had lost their senses, from a mere want of means of employing them: others, against whom no one single trace of crime could be found, who had not only outlived in confinement their families and connections, but were even almost strangers to the sounds of their own names. One man, who had lost his liberty by a purchased

lettre de cachet without any accusation, refused to accept of his permission to be at large but on condition that a proper allowance was made him for his future subsistence. The King humanely ordered him a pension of 150*l.* per annum.

The Inspector was a witness to many anecdotes too shocking for the public ear, but it is to be hoped from the virtue of M. de Malesherbes that a knowledge of these facts will occasion the entire suppression of secret *lettres de cachet.* His answer to the Governor of the Bastile does him great honour. He had ordered that all the prisoners should be furnished with every kind of amusement, according to their inclinations, whether musical instruments, books, pens, ink, paper, &c. The Governor of the Bastile reasoned against the latter, and alleged that it would encourage them to write libels against the Ministry. 'So much the worse for the Ministers,' replied he, 'if they are bad ones.' In spite of age and infirmities, Voltaire still preserves his brilliancy of wit and elegance of expression. Some letters of his have lately been read in the political circles here, copies of which I endeavoured to procure for you, but without success; one of them was addressed to a country-woman of ours, Mrs. Pitt, who he does not scruple to place amongst the first female geniuses either of the present or of ancient times. She goes frequently to Ferney, and passes some time with him, and when absent, their correspondence is kept up with the greatest regularity and liveliness. In whatever art or science the French have a superiority over us, we may claim with great justice the palm in painting; the exhibition of their Academy is just closed, and, for the number of

pictures, it gave us few proofs of real merit. A landscape or two of Vernet's stood among the first, though very inferior to some of his productions.

MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P., TO HIS SON AT BERLIN.

London, October 30, 1775.

I write you from this place, whither I am called from the tranquillity of my own home, by faction and rebellion, weeds which are too common in free states.

The King's speech and our address were read at the Cockpit, to about 165 members, on Wednesday evening last. The next day we met,[1] and the address was moved by Mr. Acland of Devonshire, and seconded by Governor Lyttleton, both of whom did remarkably well. Then followed the debate, when the advocates for America took great pains to convince us that the Americans were invincible, and Lord John Cavendish in particular advised to stop all hostilities, to bring them (if we could) by lenity to terms of accommodation, and if that could not be, then to give them up and say, Go and prosper. The speeches of Burke, Barré, and Dunning were immoderately long, nor could the wit, vehemence, and declamation of the two first obviate a fatigue as natural to hearers as that of a long ride is to a wearied horseman. The division took place about half-past four, when our numbers were 278 to 108. The country gentlemen were in general for their country, and showed their attachment to old England

[1] Parliament met on October 26. The King's speech acknowledged that the Rebellion had become more general, but intimated a firm intention of putting it down. It alluded to promises of foreign assistance, which, however, were not realised.

never more rationally. Our county man, Penruddock,[1] was of the number.

'Tis somewhat singular that the celebrated Wesley has published an excellent short piece upon this occasion, called 'A Calm Address to the Americans.' I wish I had one to send you.

I find, from a letter from Dr. Jeans at Paris, that there has been an inspection of the Bastile after an interval of more than fifty years, and a shocking scene was disclosed; some had been there almost as long under *lettres de cachet* purchased clandestinely.

MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P., TO HIS SON AT BERLIN.

November 21, 1775.

Yesterday we sat till near eleven. Lord North proposed a bill to prevent all further commerce with the rebel colonies, and did it with much spirit, showing in that boasted land of liberty, America, their tyranny over the press, over private letters, over common conversation. It would be endless to repeat the declamations of the Americans in our House upon this subject. Thurlow answered them in a very able speech, for which he was justly applauded. Charles Fox proposed an amendment, on which we divided, and rejected it by 192 to 64.

Barré and Dunning were not there, nor have been there for *some days past.* Dunning goes to Westminster Hall, and Barré is at Bath. The same day Lord Mansfield spoke on the Duchess of Kingston's trial, as

[1] Of an ancient Wiltshire family whose ancestor, a loyal adherent of Charles I., was executed at Salisbury.

to the place and time; said in great offences, such as treason, murder, &c., trials had been held in Westminster Hall, but he did not think that parade necessary now, and therefore proposed the Chamber of Parliament, that is in the House of Lords, and fixed the day for the 19th of next March. By a sentence in Doctors' Commons she has been adjudged not to be Lord Bristol's wife, and that sentence never having been modified, 'tis imagined will operate strongly in her favour. Lord Mansfield said, if she was convicted she would be Countess of Bristol, could not be burnt in the hand, nor her effects forfeited, because they would then be Lord Bristol's. 'Tis generally thought that before the trial a *nolî prosequi* will come from the Attorney-General to stop further proceedings.

P.S.—November 24. I had the honour this morning of seeing your patron, Lord Suffolk. He is recovered from the gout, but has had a severe time for five weeks past. Nothing could be more kind than his expressions with regard to you and your interest.

MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P., TO MR. JAMES HARRIS.

Gerrard Street, November 14, 1775.

Dear James,—You see by the papers we have a new Privy Seal, Lord Dartmouth, and a new Secretary of State, Lord Weymouth, as well as a Secretary for America, Lord George Germaine. I believe they commenced from the Duke of Grafton's defection, and from Lord Rochford's health making him wish to retire. This last is, we hear, to have a handsome pension and the blue riband. I can't find anything essential will

happen from this change, such as a change of measures or a metamorphosis of patriots into courtiers. It was said Lord Suffolk was to change his department, but that I find is not intended. I am glad to hear he is growing better, for he has had a sad confinement.

On the 8th instant we debated the army. Lord Barrington proposed 55,000 men, at an estimate of 1,233,000*l.*; of these men 21,000 for home, the rest for garrisons and the plantations. It was opposed as usual by Burke, Barré, and also by General Conway. Sir John Wrottesley told us he had just seen three gentlemen from New York, who said that the Petition from that place, denying our supremacy, was forged here, and sent to them hence. The division was, for Old England 227, for America 73. On the 10th instant I met Duke Chandos and the Hampshire Gentlemen to carry up their address. It was signed by all the respectable names of the county, and was only opposed by a broken attorney, a broken apothecary, and an unknown civilian. This opposition was at the county meeting. Jervison attended that, and was also at Court, and kissed the King's hand. I fear I have been guilty of repetition, but you must excuse it.

Sunday, November 12*th.*—I was at a small but agreeable concert at your friend Dr. Burney's. Lord Bruce, Lady Edgcumb, Mr. and Mrs. Brudenell, and many fine people were there, amongst others General Baur and Count Orlow, this last the most decorated with diamonds I ever beheld. He had the Empress's picture in diamonds, but I think yours of the King of Spain far more magnificent.

Land Tax 4*d.* in the pound voted yesterday; it was

opposed, and 3*d*. proposed in its room, but that was left by one or two to 4*d*. The papers say that Townshend was for 3*d*., but this is false, for he both spoke and voted for 4*d*.

General Gage is arrived, who left Boston the 11th of October. I hear from an officer who came with him that they are perfectly at their ease there, have plenty of provision, and have no expectation of quitting the place. It is reported that Lee, one of the rebel generals, has run his sword through a mutinous soldier, and killed him, and that this has raised so great a ferment among the Saints, it was expected he would be hanged. If this be true, we shall soon hear more. The colony of Nova Scotia have sent a very handsome address to the Lords, and another to the Commons.

Lord North this day (November 15th) moved for a Bill very favourable to them. They are the colony which alone is not in rebellion. To-day too (the 15th) we had a feeble opposition to the Militia Bill, and a division, 140 to 55. Patriotic garrulity kept us till nine o'clock. To-day (the 16th) Burke made his long-expected motion for a bill to quiet the Americans, upon a plan giving up all taxation, repealing the objectionable laws, &c. He talked for three hours. Ellis replied. In the course of the debate Lords Ossory and Fitzpatrick both spoke and took part against Government; they spoke well, the latter especially. Pownal proved the antiquity of taxation from 1655. After the inferiors had done, Lord George Germaine arose from the Treasury Bench, where he had just taken his seat on being re-elected, told us the opinion he was about to give was what he had always been of, that he was

desirous to bring the Americans to submit to taxation, a submission they owed to the sovereignty of this country, &c. He was very firm and strong. Fox answered with great spirit and vehemence. Wedderburne answered Fox in a most animated and eloquent manner, and, the orations of Demosthenes having been mentioned, spoke on that period of Grecian history, and applied it with wonderful propriety, though it must needs have been perfectly unpremeditated.

General Conway spoke next, as able an advocate as America has on this side the Atlantic. None worth mentioning after this but Lord North, who observed on what had passed with many pertinent observations. Between three and four o'clock we divided, but not, as I wished, on the main question, but foolishly, I think, on the previous question, which we carried by 210 to 105.

Barré and Dunning not present; whether sick or no I can't say. Cambridge University has resolved upon an address. I hear it is to be offered to their Chancellor, the Duke of Grafton, to present it; if he declines, then to Lord Hardwick, their High Steward. Though I did not go to bed till five o'clock this morning (Friday the 17th), I must be down by two o'clock to make up a ballot on Mr. Grenville's Election Bill, else all business is at a stand.

On Monday the King goes to the House to pass the Malt Bill.

MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P., TO MR. JAMES HARRIS.

Gerrard Street, November 28, 1775.

On Sunday, the 26th, I was at Court; it was not full. In the evening I waited on the Duchess of Northumberland. I was glad to see her look so well. I believe the immense jumbling of a post-chaise for six or seven hundred miles has been of great service to her lethargy. She enquired very politely after you.

Lord Percy is well at Boston; Lord Algernon and his lady in the south of France. The Duke has made a noble purchase in Cornwall (they say near 100,000*l.*), of all the Morrice estate, and a borough or two belonging to it. Monday, in obedience to the hot and heavy instructions of his constituents, Alderman Oliver made a motion to address the King, to know who were the advisers of the measures (established you will observe by Act of Parliament) about the Courts of Admiralty in America, about Popery and Despotism in Canada, &c. This was seconded by my Lord Mayor Sawbridge, and supported by Wilkes and Hailey, the City members. Lord North and others opposed with great force. At length the patrons of the motion, suspecting the division would bring it to disgrace, got Lord Folkstone to move the previous question and Charles Fox the order of the day, two methods of gently letting the thing down. But these projects would not do; the previous question was rejected by 159 to 16: then came the main question, and that was rejected by 163 to 10, a majority of more than 16 to 1. Rigby was humorous on the occasion, and treated the Livery with

the contempt they deserved. A former design of the Ministry was mentioned to prosecute five of the City Aldermen for some of their seditious practices, but Lord North was said to have rejected it by observing that one Wilkes was more than enough, and then they should have five. Lord North stated he knew nothing of the measure; that as to one Wilkes being more than enough, he was ready to confess it with a view to the public order; but as to having five Wilkeses, *that* he thought impossible. We adjourned at six o'clock, an early hour. We shall have passed before Christmas, Land-Tax, Malt, Army, Navy, Ordnance, Militia, Indemnity Bill, Bill for prohibiting the Rebel Colony Trade, Bill for encouraging Nova Scotia, the only dutiful colony. It seems as if our business was done, and that after the holidays nothing would be left but Turnpikes and Navigation. And yet I doubt not something will spring up from the fecundity of Opposition heads.

Tuesday, 28*th*.—I went to a very thin Opera, but not less entertained, as the performance was excellent.

I hear a new consul (Falcomer) is going to Naples in the room of Gemino, and that Sir W. G., since his misfortune of shooting the young Prince in the eyes, is uneasy at Brussels. But this I only pick up as common talk. I think I mentioned in my last Sir John Stepney going to Dresden in the room of Osborn, who retires on account of ill health.

To-day, 29th, the Nova Scotia Bill was reported, of which I gave you some account in my last. The patriots Burke and Fox did not wish to oppose it. After much captious work we had a division of 89 to 12.

You see by this how thin our Houses grow; and as people are impatient to go, they will become still thinner.

November 30th.—To-day I went to Lord North's levée and the drawing-room. The thinness of both shows how many people are out of town. Amid these bustles, stocks keep up. It is said the Americans have paid off large debts by sending the produce of their country, rice, tobacco, &c., hither. We have a very large and profitable trade with Russia and the North of Germany. Our harvest this year has been very plentiful. This plenty and the flourishing state of the manufactures is a reason, and I think a good one, why the recruiting service is not so successful. Add to this the large navy and military establishments, and the militia which will soon be embodied. Though we did not sit to-day the Lords did, and threw out the Indemnity Bill[1] without a division. My own conjecture upon this is, that Opposition did not like the bill because the *preamble* was not sufficiently pointed. Administration did not value it, as they said their measures *wanted no indemnity*.

December 1st.—I have since seen men, intelligent persons, and I find this is the truth. St. John the counsel has got the fine place of Burrel, deceased, Surveyor of the Woods. I told you in my last there would be a *noli prosequi* in the case of the Duchess of Kingston. I am now told that in criminal cases (like hers) there can be no such thing, and that therefore she will be tried on the 18th of this December at the bar of

[1] This bill was brought in by Lord North's friends, to legalise his employment of foreign troops in British garrisons. It had passed the House of Commons against Lord North's wishes, as he ridiculed the attack against him.

the Lords' House. To-day we read the second time the great Bill for prohibiting the American commerce. The debate arose whether it should be committed, which debate began about four o'clock and lasted till past eleven o'clock. We had the whole American controversy repeated. Dunning, who had been absent for some time, was present, and spoke against the Bill. Charles Fox was answered by Thurlow, who did very ably, and spoke in my opinion the best of any on either side. Lord North was very short. Burke was (as usual) long, vehement, and florid, without order, and therefore not to be remembered. The division was 207 to 55. Thus the commitment was carried. After this we had a captious division of T. Townshend about the day, which at a late hour wasted much time, but was carried by Administration. I did not get home till twelve o'clock. I find there is a project of taking Hessians and Brunswickers into our pay, and sending them to Ireland in the room of troops we send thence to America. The patriots have already begun blustering about this in our House, and will probably bluster a great deal more before the matter is over.

December 2nd.—I have been at the Opera; a good house. Gabrielli sings much to please me, but they say she sang better in Russia. I hold my resolution of going to-morrow to Twickenham, and so to Sarum.

I hear the rebel General Lee, who when he was in the service of his country had but just religion enough for a soldier, prays and seeks the Lord every day.

MR. BATT, Q.C., TO JAMES HARRIS, SEN., ESQ., M.P.

Lincoln's Inn, December 18, 1775.

Some very disagreeable news was received yesterday from Canada. Our people have been forced to yield up Fort St. John's to the rebels, for want of fuel and provisions; and the garrison of near 500 men are made prisoners. General Carleton, who marched to relieve them, has been repulsed and obliged to retreat to Montreal, the fate of which place is greatly to be apprehended. This account comes from General Tryon, in a paper printed at New York, with the letter from Montgomery, who commanded the provincial army before St. John's. Lord Suffolk acknowledged to-day in the House of Lords that this account had been received, but at the same time observed that it was incomplete, and therefore the particulars could not be altogether known. Burke and Charles Fox were in high spirits yesterday at this *good news*, which indeed comes the more unlucky just after the account in Saturday's Gazette.

The physicians will be examined again next Wednesday, in the House of Lords, touching the Duchess of Kingston's health. Lord Mansfield is thought to have been unaccountably forward in explaining away her offence, and it is imagined will be obliged to retract a good deal of what he has advanced on this subject. She will be tried in Westminster Hall, but not so early as the 24th of next month.

Upon Mr. Thomas Foley's going to Calais, to meet Lady Harriet Stanhope, to whom he is soon to be

married, in consequence of which his father has agreed to pay his debts, George Selwyn said that this would be the worst Passover that had ever been known by the Jews. Somebody told this *bon mot* lately at the Speaker's table when old Mr. Foley and his second son were present, on which Mr. Foley's son wrote with a pencil on a slip of paper, 'Pray don't talk about Jews before my father,' and sent it to the relator.

1776.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, February 23, 1776.

YOUR father heard yesterday that news had arrived that morning to the Government, by an officer of marines who came in eighteen days from Boston, that on New Year's Day the rebels made a double attack on Quebec, one of which was a feint in order to draw off our troops to facilitate the real attack. From some mistake (as it is supposed) the real attack was made too soon, the rebels were entirely defeated by General Carleton and the garrison, a hundred of them slain, among them their leader Montgomery.[1] In the meantime the feigned attack was made, and the town being on that part without defence, and the ditches frozen, the rebels entered it with ease, but were soon surrounded by our victorious troops and made prisoners to the number of 300, together with Arnold[2] their leader, who is said to be wounded. This event 'tis imagined will clear the rebels out of Canada.

[1] Montgomery was a chivalrous man, esteemed and regretted by both parties.

[2] A letter written by Arnold stated the loss of the rebels to be 700 men. Carleton evinced the greatest talent and energy in this defence, with a small garrison, composed in its greatest part of raw volunteers. He showed great humanity to his prisoners, and awarded to Montgomery a funeral with military honours.

Arnold has of late been much talked of for leading the New England men through woods and deserts into Canada. Montgomery has been an officer in the British troops, and had served with reputation. Since some time he had quitted the service of his country and had married an American. Good effects are hoped, from this event and those immediate, with regard to the Canadians. Last Tuesday Charles Fox made a motion for a committee to enquire into the conduct of the American war, and also into the defection of the Canadians. He spoke well; was seconded by Lord Ossory. Fitzpatrick also spoke well, as did General Burgoyne, Lord North, Wedderburne, and others; so the debate was entertaining. About half-past two in the morning they divided: for Fox's motion 104, against it 240.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Picadilly, March 1, 1776.

Yesterday Lord Hilsborough moved in the Lords whether they had a right to try the Duchess of Kingston,[1] and it was agreed they had. Whether her *Grace* will stay the trial is doubted by many, but true it is that the scaffolding is begun in Westminster Hall, and that she has attended and looked to it more than once; some say she goes daily. The *ton* here is the game of

[1] Miss Chudleigh, when very young, and Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, was secretly married to Mr. Hervey, a Lieutenant in the Navy, afterwards Lord Bristol. They separated, and their marriage being concealed, she married the Duke of Kingston. The latter died, and she succeeded to great wealth. The Duke's heirs, however, having obtained proofs of her former marriage, instituted the prosecution for bigamy. Amongst other devices to which she resorted, was tearing out a leaf of the parish register at Lainton, where she had been married.

'Commerce,' which the fine people play most immoderately high, sometimes 1 000*l.* the pool, the lowest hand giving ten guineas each deal; if the highest has a priol of aces all the company give five guineas each. Besides this they have a sweepstake.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, March 15, 1776.

Very few interesting events have come to my ears lately. Your father constantly attends the House of Commons: nothing has been done there this week except committees on private bills. The Lords have been engaged in divorcing men and their wives. Tuesday we went to a ball at Lady North's. One card-table pleased me, which was Lord Suffolk and Lord North playing whist against Sir Grey Cowper and Mr. Eden. Their lordships, as you may guess, were triumphant, just as the Archbishop used to be when he played against his chaplains. The Duke of Grafton's motion yesterday in the House of Lords was that, in case the Americans should offer terms of conciliation, hostilities should immediately cease, and the terms be sent over here to the Government for their approbation. This produced a debate, which lasted till half-past ten. The clear answer to this proposition came from Lord Mansfield. It was this: 'Supposing the rebels, without offering terms, were to come to a battle and be totally routed, they would immediately have it in their power to stop all farther efforts of a victorious army, by offering terms, which would require great length of time to decide upon.' The numbers, without proxies: for the motion 29, against it 71.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, March 26, 1776.

Many people talk of your being appointed to a new Mission. Those that know best do not think it proper to say anything about it to Mr. Harris. He earnestly advises you not to accept of anything that is not to be *entirely* your own, to take nothing where another is to be quartered upon you. Thursday we all went to St. James's. The court was very full and long. Gertrude and I got home just time enough to dress, swallow a little dinner, and go to the play. Your schoolfellow Jolliffe tried to bring a bill into the House for a tax upon dogs, but it was thrown out, which I am rather sorry for, as Rigby intended to make an amendment, by a tax upon cats. Jolliffe was most violently attacked last night by nine young ladies at once, for his inhuman intention; these ladies so *worried* him that he had not a word to say, and they fairly barked him off. I hear there are parties among the great world for and against Monsieur Tessier.[1] The Duchess of Manchester says he is not a person fit to be admitted into genteel society. The Duchess of Devonshire has danced with him at Almack's.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, April 16, 1776.

As I am likely to have a long and quiet day, part of it shall be dedicated to you. Your sisters set off this

[1] A professor of agricultural science, on which he published treatises.

morning at seven with George Cambridge,[1] and took up Mrs. Hussey and her daughter, to attend the Duchess of Kingston's trial. Your father followed soon after nine; he has a place in Her Majesty's box, and 'tis well he has, for he is but a poor lame soul. This gout has sadly hurt his feet: in all other respects he is very well. Yesterday Gertrude and I attended the trial; the procession and form were exactly what you saw at Lord Byron's trial.[2] After the commission was redde, the Duchess of Kingston was called to the bar and knelt. She was soon permitted to rise. She was led in by Mr. Laroche, one of her bail, attended by the widow Egerton of Salisbury and another lady. The Duchess was in deep mourning, her ruffles were black crape. Her ladies were also in mourning. The High Steward told her she was indicted for marrying a second husband when her first was living, and expatiated on the offence to both public and private society. She then made a speech, said she was the unfortunate widow of the Duke of Kingston, late brother to their lordships, and that is all I could hear. She pleaded, not guilty. Thurlow then spoke for the prosecutor, and moved that the whole proceeding in Doctors' Commons relative to her and Mr. Hervey should be redde, which was done; after this her counsel got up—first Wallace, then Mansfield, then Leigh: these three talked four hours, but we could not hear a word. When her fourth counsel got up, we departed, being most extremely fatigued. By the assistance of an officer of the Guards, who walked

[1] Mr. Cambridge's father is mentioned in Boswell's correspondence as having a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, with a library, pictures, &c.

[2] For killing Mr. Chaworth in a duel.

before us with his sword drawn, we got safely through the crowd. He then gave us two sentinels, who conducted us to our coach, which was in Parliament Street, so we were home by half-past five.

Her Majesty was in the Duke of Newcastle's gallery, with her four eldest sons and the Princess Royal; no attendance but Lady Holdernesse, General Fitzroy, Lady Charlotte Finch, and Lord Holdernesse. Lord Lincoln stood behind the Queen all the time, as his father was obliged to be in Westminster Hall. The House adjourned at six. To-day they are to hear Mr. Meadows (counsel). When our people return you shall hear what passed: if it is no more entertaining than it was yesterday, I think myself better here than there; ten hours yesterday was sufficient for me. The Duchess of Kingston behaved with great propriety, and seemed quite to possess herself. She wrote a good deal at times, and gave it to her counsel.

We returned here Saturday, but have not got any information. Nobody talks of anything but the Duchess of Kingston.

Six o'clock in the evening.—This morning the continuation of the trial began at twelve o'clock. Thurlow spoke first for an hour, then Wedderburne for an hour and a quarter. This brought it to between two and three, when the Lords stopped by consent and went out to refresh themselves.

They rested about half an hour; then Dunning spoke, and a Dr. Harris, a civilian, both of the same side as the two former, being all for the prosecution. The chief point they argued was the invalidity of the sentence in the spiritual court against her marriage with Lord

Bristol, which sentence her counsel had urged as a plea in bar to her indictment. It looks at present as if the whole would turn upon the judgment of the Lords in this particular. The House adjourned about five, 'tis supposed till Friday, and that the House of Commons will sit Thursday, so as not to interfere, and will adjourn till Monday. Dunning was the most severe on the Duchess, and on his saying that if she was convicted in the House of Lords, Lord Bristol would not receive her, but get a divorce and then she would be nobody, I hear she shed tears. She was assisted by two divines and Mr. Laroche, Mrs. Egerton, &c.; the last I hear rather laughed at the reflections thrown on the Duchess.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Piccadilly, May 10, 1776.

I learn from good authority that there was no capitulation between Washington and General Howe when our troops quitted Boston, that Howe never meant to begin any operations from Boston, and left it but some days sooner than he intended, as the provisions were falling short. They were ten days embarking, carried off twelve ships laden with cannon, and what cannon they left was spiked. Why the rebels let them go off so very quietly, they best know themselves; but true it is, though the mock patriots tell another story. Our prisons at present are very full of convicts, for since this American war they know not where to send them. Mr. Eden moved they might be put on board transports on the Thames, to work in irons for the purpose of clearing the river of all rubbish, and all that impedes the

navigation, and to be fed with common food, none for less than three years, or more than ten. This you may easily guess set the patriots talking: 'the liberty of the country would be at an end, men working in irons was slavery, &c.' Yesterday was the second reading of the bill; they sat till near ten and divided: for the bill 67, against it 18. The last reading will be on Monday. Tuesday they adjourn for a week, to give the Lords time to finish the business, and Thursday the 23rd the Parliament will be prorogued. Lord Stormont was married on Sunday to Miss Cathcart. They went immediately to Lord Mansfield, at Caen Wood. Lord Stormont made his daughter a present of his first wife's jewels. She is about two years younger than her mother-in-law. She is still to continue with Lord and Lady Mansfield.

Lady Mary Hill was married Tuesday to Mr. Talbot, and Miss Foley was married yesterday to Mr. Winnington.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Salisbury, June 9, 1776.

Lord Clarendon gave your father timely notice of the honour intended him.[1] Lord Bruce's was but a short life at Court. Fame says his lady did not choose to lose so much of his company as she must have done had he continued in that office. He has got an Earldom, and 'tis said he is made Constable of Windsor Castle; good things to have, as the Round Tower of Windsor is a most delightful habitation. When Mrs. Egerton

[1] Of his advancement to the Earldom of Clarendon. He was the Lord Hyde frequently alluded to in previous letters, and a warm friend of the Harris family.

visited me she was full of the Duchess of Kingston's trial; though Mr. and Mrs. Bathurst were with us, she abused and laughed at the Lord High Steward to a degree. She says the Duchess was entirely governed by Doctor Costier, and that she thought herself totally disengaged from her first marriage. Mrs. Egerton also had a stroke at the Bishops for not supporting the Ecclesiastical Court: she spared nobody. She said that the night before the last day of trial, after Sir Francis Molyneux [1] had been some hours in bed (for he slept at Kingston House), he got up in a most violent fright, ran out of his room with nothing on but his shirt, caught a housemaid in his arms, crying out '*The Duchess is gone off!*' The maid said he might see the Duchess, for that she was not undressed, as the Councillors had just left her, but recommended his putting on some other garment. So, in his hurry, he threw his powdering dress over his shoulders and went into the Duchess's room, after which he went down and 'saw that all his *tall beastly fellows* were on duty,' and then went to bed again.[2]

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Salisbury, July 6, 1776.

Thursday, the second day of the Salisbury races, the sport on the hill was good: it consisted in two races, one for the City plate, the other for fifty guineas given by the members for the city. The horses started alter-

[1] Usher of the Black Rod, who had charge of the Duchess.

[2] The Duchess of Kingston was found 'guilty of bigamy,' and sentenced to be branded in the hand, but, claiming the privilege of peerage, she escaped this degradation. She was condemned in costs.

nately, which made it lively. In the evening there was a card assembly and a cotillon party; it was poorly attended, but those who were there were gentry, so the dancing was agreeable. Yesterday all went to the hill: two races again, one as usual for the Give-and-take plate, the other a sweepstake by subscription of 130 guineas, to be ridden by gentlemen, who were Lord Castlehaven, Mr. George Hanger, Mr. Basset, and young Compton. They all rode exceedingly well. Mr. Hanger won, though the knowing ones say Lord Castlehaven's horse must have beat if his lordship had not been much frightened. Jostling was allowed, and Mr. Hanger declared he would jostle and whip whoever came near: this menace intimidated Lord Castlehaven so much that he prudently kept at a due distance from George Hanger. These heroes rode but one heat, but it was very exciting, for everybody's attention was much more taken up with seeing gentlemen ride than jockeys. The horse that Harry Compton rode belonged to George Chafin, who died last Sunday; his death was occasioned by his horse falling. Mr. Chafin used such force in trying to pull the horse up that he broke the spinal cord: he languished a fortnight in the utmost torture. Have you received the box Mr. Bate sent you some time since? I hope you will soon have it, or the buckles will be too small for the fashion, for George Hanger wore larger at the Salisbury race-balls.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT BERLIN.

Durnford, July 28, 1776.

Our assize dinner at Salisbury was but scantily attended, as the violence of the rain prevented Mansfield and others from coming to Salisbury. The Sheriff and both judges drank tea, and sat great part of the evening with us. Louisa sang, and their lordships made her fine speeches. The assembly, Monday, was better than expected. There was only one great prize for the ladies, which was Mr. Northey the High Sheriff. Gertrude had the good fortune to have him for her partner. He is a pretty kind of young man, totally unlike anything we have yet seen from North Wiltshire. One cause on the Crown side made some talk. A Miss Mary Bowes had her sister, Diana Bowes, forcibly carried to a madhouse at Mitford in April last, and her pockets taken away, in which were notes to the value of 990*l.*, and also some spoons. The former was taken in London, but nothing was found on her but the spoons; however, it being proved that Miss Di Bowes had given her the use of her house in Salisbury, it being thus only a breach of trust and no felony, she was acquitted. The confining the sister to a madhouse is traversed. The grand jury found a bill, or bills, against Mary Bowes, Henry Hele, Finch the keeper of the madhouse, and others whom I do not know, for being in conspiracy against Diana Bowes. 'Tis hard at 89 years of age to be brought into such company as my old friend Dr. Hele has got into; but in April last he signed a certificate that Diana Bowes was a lunatic, and in May he

wrote under it, *I mean only a lunatic at times.* What will become of them I know not. The Doctor and all his company are bailed, so they have escaped prison. Nothing was mentioned of the 990*l.* poor Miss Di had in her pocket. Your friend Batt is counsel for Mary Bowes, who is a most diabolical creature in all respects, but he will, I make no doubt, get her off. The father left all his fortune to Di, and nothing to Mary. Di seems a quiet, inoffensive being; whether she is right in her senses I cannot say. She gave very clear, good evidence in the court, and most certainly ought not to be treated as inhumanly as her sister has treated her.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT BERLIN.

Gerrard Street, November 18, 1776.

To day Gibbon[1] carries me to dine at Twickenham, where we lodge, and return to-morrow after breakfast.

I attended the three *Couchés* last night of the Speaker, Lord Mansfield, and the Chancellor. They were full of the best company. The Speaker said the Malt Tax would be passed by us on the 26th, and he could see no reason why we should not rise Friday or Saturday after. This, you see, will not retard my return. Opposition at present seem quiet. Charles Fox is going for six weeks to Paris.

A great match for Mr. North, Lord North's son: Miss Egerton, daughter and only child of Mr. James Egerton. He gives 100,000*l.* down, and settles 300,000*l.* more after his death.

[1] The great historian. He was at this time Member for Liskeard, and in this year brought out the first volumes of the 'Decline and Fall,' &c.

You may learn from the Dean the three public preachers upon the Fast. 'Tis remarkable 'twas a fast through America enjoined by the Congress, *the day they so shamefully were defeated in Long Island*. The preachers above alluded to are, Doctor Porteus before the King; Bishop of Lichfield before the Lords; and Doctor Butler before the Commons.

The Nabob ——, the greatest Bouncer of all those Bouncers, comes out of gaol the 24th inst. He is very angry at the three years' security he is to give for his good behaviour. 'Tis a blessed thing we live in a country where Nabobs and Creolians are as yet controlled in their despotic insolence.

MR. ELLIOTT[1] TO MR. HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, December 23, 1776.

Burgoyne's defeat has produced the effect here I expected. The King[2] is confirmed in his ideas of connecting himself with the Americans, and of distressing us. The new levies in Germany are nevertheless likely to succeed, and I believe the Hanoverians have orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark in Spring: the number is not I believe yet fixed, but it is imagined will be considerable.[3] The King has treated the Prince of Prussia very cavalierly, two or three of his servants were caned at the Guard, his surgeon is banished, and the Prince is supposed to be not a little piqued.

The King has not honoured me with one word since his arrival, and I have learnt from good authority that

[1] Mr. Hugh Elliott, British Minister at Berlin.
[2] Frederick the Great.
[3] Hanover was then an English possession.

I am not in his *bonnes graces*. Lee, the American who was here in summer, is again to return and to be received upon the same footing. Franklin and Deane are at Paris. I have told Lord Suffolk candidly my opinions, and have asked my recall, not that I believe it possible by any management to gain the King of Prussia: *il nous en veut*, and can only be withstood by internal force or the support of some powerful ally. It is said here that a difference has arisen between the Empress of Russia and Great Britain. I hope not, and long to hear the report contradicted.

1777.

DR. JEANS TO JAMES HARRIS, SEN., ESQ., M.P.

Paris, January 16, 1777.

After many delays in London, and after a disagreeable journey of fourteen days, I arrived in good health at Paris last Friday.

The French, who are American mad, say that Dr. Franklin is invested with full powers both in regard to France as well as for England, if he does not succeed with the French. Those who are in the secret seem very shy of him, and say very contemptuously that he has certainly more esprit than the rest, because he knows how to save himself in good time. He and Silas Deane have taken a house for the winter, and I know, from a person who is the most connected with them, that they think America lost if the French and Spaniards will not interfere, and that they will not I have very strong reasons for believing. The Amphytrite, a French ship, which had so much ammunition on board, and some very good engineers, and among the rest M. de Coudray, a very expert one, sailed some time since for America, just before orders came down from the Minister to stop her. She has been driven back by contrary winds, and is now detained by orders in Port l'Orient. I am sorry to find that our English persons of quality will not be convinced that play is a

trade in France. Lord Littleton has lost 9,000*l.*; the Duke of Dorset and Mr. Hanger 5,000*l.* each; and Mr. Fitzpatrick 2,000*l.* and all to Frenchmen.

DR. JEANS TO JAMES HARRIS, SEN., ESQ., M.P.

Paris, January 30, 1777.

Your letter gave me much amusement in the information you were so kind to send me. I only regret that in the companies in which I mix I can pick up such small means of compensation—the general and only topic being that of America. Dr. Franklin, who is called by the ladies *le Général Franklin*, they having no idea but that the rebels' Ambassador (for for such he is mistaken) must be *un grand commandeur*, is as much an object of admiration as to his dress, as he is of wonder as to his mission. He wears his grey locks hanging down his shoulders, covered by an uncouth fur cap, and scarce ever talks of America at any of the suppers. The wiser French begin to perceive his inconsistency, he having at first talked in a high style 'that America was not to be subdued at all; now stopping to declare that it must be obvious to all the world that unripe colonies cannot long resist the mother country, unless assisted by some foreign Power, and that if France and Spain will not see their interest, he must lament it on their account as well as his own.' Certain it is that if he has any powers from the Congress he is ashamed to show them, as I believe he is well informed that the Ministry here will acknowledge no power in the Congress. He never has been at Court, or with any of the Ministers, and they may talk what they will about the contract for

tobacco. If he has made any at all, it must be with *contrabandeurs*, for Government laughs at him and his character, and acknowledges him in no other but in that of a fugitive from his country, which he has put in flames, and from whose heat he has been glad to escape. To speak politically, the French certainly were not sorry to see this dispute begin, and would be glad that it should continue, as long as the Americans can support themselves without their declared assistance, for so much the more would Great Britain exhaust herself; and I have great reason to believe that when they were originally solicited to take a part in favour of the colonies, they answered, 'No, for you are still subjects of England.' This was a great motive to the declaration for independence, but the end is not answered, for France perceiving in the meantime that if she intermeddled, she would have to do with people who were so incapable of defending themselves, so raw and so undisciplined, that she now listens to nothing that can be urged by the abettors of America, and I have heard that Franklin has let drop some complaints how different he finds this nation from what he expected to find it.

The madcaps in general (as I mentioned before) gave him great hopes, and told him that he would be applauded in the theatres; but all is silent. He and Deane[1] still continue in an *hôtel garni*, and live at small expense. Deane is a heavy man.

But I am sure this uninteresting talk must tire you; I hear it so much myself, go where I will, that I seem to have no resource left for revenge but retailing it upon you.

[1] The other American Commissioner.

But, as you ought to have the good with the bad, and as anything is better than the piece itself, you shall have the only episode which has cut any public figure in the assemblage of my *belles conversations*. It is an act of that power which exists in a high degree in this country for the maintenance of good order and high respect. Carlain, the famous harlequin upon the Italian stage, whose sallies of wit are equally brilliant with the *sauts* of M. Rich, in one of his extempore conversations with Scapin, asked him what profession he would advise him to take up, both for honour and profit. Scapin advised the army, 'for there,' says he, 'the more loss you suffer, the greater will your gain be. If you lose an arm, you are made a colonel; if two, a brigadier; if, besides these, a leg, you become a maréchal de camp; if two legs, a lieutenant-general.' Harlequin paused a little, and recapitulating the rewards, concluded with '*Comme ça si je perds ma tête, je deviens Maréchal de France.*' He was the next day arrested and obliged to expiate his sarcasm, by a confinement of indeed only a few hours. Marmontel has just published a book, upon which he piques himself not a little. It is called 'Les Incas de Peru.' It is an historical romance, calculated to introduce a great deal of the *belles morales*, but I have not heard much of it yet. Piccini is come here to write for the opera, and is I believe paid beforehand, and has a pension besides; he certainly ought to be well paid, as he will have the mortification of *hearing* his own music wretchedly handled. I think I mentioned in my last that I officiated as Lord Stormont's chaplain. Mr. Maltby it is supposed will not return, and I do not think it the most improbable thing in the world but that it will be

offered to me. The honour would certainly be great, and yet I should scarce know how to act. I mentioned the circumstance to my very excellent friend Mr. Hooper before I came here, and if he is now in London I should be glad to trouble you with my best respects to him, and with your advising with him upon the reasons which I then mentioned to him. The concern which I know you have for my interests will I am sure excuse me for giving you this trouble. I hear from England that Mr. Gibbon has solicited the secretaryship of the Embassy at Paris, and I hear at Paris that he certainly will not obtain it; but I beg this latter part may not be mentioned as from me.

DR. JEANS TO JAMES HARRIS, SEN., ESQ., M.P.

Paris, February 20, 1777.

As I have been lucky enough to meet with information relative to the questions you did me the honour to make in your letter of last week, I transmit it to you as early as I can, without waiting for the ultimate answer—viz., whether some of the papers are to be got at. The Noailles papers in the hands of the Abbé Milot will appear some time in March. The work will consist of four or five vols. in 12mo, and will be a history of Louis XIV. and XV. The Abbé makes use of no other facts than those found in these papers, notwithstanding which, they say, the work will be very complete.

In examining the originals, he has found many facts and passages altered by La Beaumel (I think they call him) to answer the purpose he was writing upon. The Duc de St. Simon kept a regular journal of everything that occurred, and his memoirs consist of twelve or

thirteen vols. in folio. There is a great deal of trash in them, and much curious anecdote.

An abridgment of them was made for the Duc de Choiseul, but I have not yet heard what is become of it. Certainly they say these memoirs are not to be published (and my informant adds to be got at); but if they are in the hands of one of the M. Turpins (for there are two authors of that name here), which I shall soon know, and if it is a matter of any consequence to you or your friends, I have no doubt but that I shall be able to get leave to examine them. The Abbé Raynal is the only person I have heard of who has read them, and, as I shall probably see him in three or four days, I will make every enquiry about them. I cannot omit relating one anecdote to you, which the Duc de St. Simon has preserved. Louis XIV. in the latter part of his life became extremely devout, and was much offended that no person attended the Salut (an afternoon service in the Romish Church). This was no sooner known than the chapel at Versailles was so crowded as to render it difficult to get a seat. One evening when the king came he found only five persons, and upon asking the Duc de St. Simon the reason, he said, 'Sire, it is I who am the cause of it. I gave it to be understood that your Majesty did not mean to attend chapel this evening, as I wished to know who came for the sake of God and who to please the King; and your Majesty is now a witness how many more servants you have in your Court than the Bon Dieu.'

The Chevalier d'Eon has sent to the Duc de Nivernois and his other friends here copies of his pardon and permission to return to France, with a pension of 12,000 livres, to be paid in England or elsewhere.

Everything is expressed for his justification and assurance in the strongest terms, but it is supposed that he knows his country too well ever to trust his person in it. They say he has given up all his correspondence with Louis XV. for a gratuity of 100,000 livres, but they imagine he has kept back some letters, or at least copies of some, and therefore this indemnity and pension have been granted him to oblige him to keep silence, and with a distant hope perhaps of luring him into France.

I was present a few nights ago where a letter from Vienna was read. The only article worth mentioning in it was that the arrival there of the Duchess of Kingston alarmed everybody, as everybody was afraid to receive her, yet nobody dared to refuse her. One evening, however, she made her appearance at Madame de Hatsfield's, to the great astonishment of the whole company, which was a very large one; but the Duchess found no reason to be offended at her reception. A few nights after Lord Lewisham, who is a very fat fair young man, dressed himself in all points like the Duchess, and made a round of the circles of that evening. He supported the character very well, and he made choice of that which they imagined (perhaps only from report) was the Duchess's real one—namely, of liking the conversation of some particular young men, and of being rather *cavalière* and free with the women she disliked. It made a great talk in Vienna and was not found out for some time. The Queen was very often at the Carnival balls, both at the Opera House as well as the Palais Royal.

Mr. Hanger generally contrived to get a dance with her, for everything that is English pleases her, even to

Lord and Lady Clermont. Lady Clermont is indeed now taken but little notice of, and Lord Clermont's dancing is not at present considered so much as the agreeable vivacity of a man of his age, as that of a 'would-be.' The Archbishop of Paris, they say, has put a stop to Mademoiselle Guimar [1] the opera dancer's balls (which were considered indecent in Lent), and that by his desire the police sent the Comte d'Artois' and the Duc de Chartres' coaches back again with both these Princes in them.

We have had various reports of late concerning our ill success in America, most of them I dare say fabricated at the Hôtel d'Hamburgh, to answer some present negotiation of Franklin.

The last was rather curious: it was that Cornwallis's detachment was entirely *derouté*, and they added that the French King made a very handsome present to the man who brought the intelligence.

DR. JEANS TO JAMES HARRIS, SEN., ESQ., M.P.

Paris, February 27, 1777.

In regard to political news, I can seldom send you any, lest I should inadvertently mistake what I heard in confidence from Lord Stormont for what I pick up at table.

I went on Tuesday to see a horse-race, which is now become a very frequent and frequented amusement. I must say that the comparison betwixt this plain and an English one affords me much entertainment. The contrast is very striking. Imagine to yourself a motley group of parade coaches, with prancing horses and

[1] The celebrated dancer and courtezan.

coloured harness, and of villainous, ill-accoutred, ill-horsed, and ill-managed fiacres; numbers of staunch patriotic Frenchmen, upright and stiff as their jack-boots, with double the number badly imitating the English mode of riding; ladies of fashion, clad in boots and leather breeches, astride on their horses; and very many of those originals which Bunbury has scarce imitated in his caricatures; and, to heighten the picture, the Queen with all her Court upon the stand at *the starting post*. The race itself, as it was managed by English grooms upon English horses, was much the same as with us, except that there wanted that animation amongst the spectators which betting and a predilection for a particular horse gives. Indeed the people in general have not yet found out the merit of a horse-race. They have a new Carnival play this year, called 'Don Japhet d'Armenie,' in which tournaments are given. Among the rest, they have introduced, and with much success, an English race, and the *jackés*, as they call them, manage their pasteboard horses very well; neither is the bottle or the wisp of straw at the end of the heat forgotten.

The Queen[1] gives life to almost all public amusements, and is very familiar with those who are in favour. She has a remarkable fine hand and arm, and admires that perfection in any other person. We have a Russian lady here who excels in that particular, and was accidentally placed in a box at the opera opposite to her Majesty. The Russians decorate themselves very much with diamonds, and it was observed in the house that this lady, with her fine hand and finer bracelets,

[1] Marie Antoinette.

attracted the Queen's attention. Presently a gentleman very richly dressed came into her box, with the Queen's compliments, who praised her arm very much, and begged to have the pleasure of seeing her bracelets. The lady thought herself much honoured with the Queen's notice and readily sent them. The joke was carried on so well that the sharper got clear off with the diamonds, and has not since been heard of. I dined yesterday with a gentleman who is just come from Madrid; he says that Lord Grantham is exceedingly well and looks so, but that Mr. Robinson appears sickly. Upon enquiring concerning the re-establishment of the Inquisition there, he told me an excellent answer of the late Pope Ganganelli to the King of Spain, who had taken much offence at the *Grand Inquisiteur* at Rome, and desired a gentleman who was going there, when he presented his respects to his Holiness to desire the favour of the Grand Inquisiteur's *ears*. The gentleman with much caution expressed to the Pope the King's request, and Ganganelli with the utmost liberality and mildness said, 'Vous pouvez assurer sa Majesté de ma part, que le Grand Inquisiteur ici n'a pas *d'oreilles*.'

P.S.—A few nights ago at the Palais Royal the vingt-un table was so full that many people stood behind the chairs of the players and backed their cards. An English gentleman, who spoke French very indifferently, and knew as little of their manners (I mean as to play), put his money upon a lady's cards, who presently threw up her hand and claimed double for *vingt et un*. The dealer offered to pay the gentleman also, who said, with a great deal of naïveté, 'Moi, je n'en prends pas; c'étoit

vingt et un pour madame, mais vingt-deux pour moi.' This unaffected manner of telling the company that the lady cheated excused him for the rudeness of it.

CAPTAIN SERLE TO JAMES HARRIS, SEN., ESQ., M.P.

Elk River, in Maryland, September 12, 1777.

Dear Sir,—Though late in acknowledging, I am duly sensible of the honour of your last favour, which arrived at New York at a time when we were all in the hurry of preparing for a voyage up the Chesapeake, on our present expedition. Our passage was immensely tedious, occasioned partly by contrary winds and partly by the great number of vessels (about 270) to be conducted and kept together. The heat upon the coast of Virginia was intense and intolerable. The poor soldiers in our crowded ships were almost suffocated. Very happily, however, the consequences were not so fatal as everybody presumed or expected. The troops were all safely landed at the head of the river Elk, not fifty miles from Philadelphia. Washington, with (it is said) about 10,000 other rebels, is posted at Wilmington, and has declared his intentions of keeping his post, in order to cover Pennsylvania. Our army is now very near him, and has already had two or three skirmishes with his outposts. Before I close this letter I hope to have the happiness of transmitting some account of an event no less successful than it is important. I am writing in a country which we have peopled in great measure with healthy vagabonds, who (as might be expected) are to a man become rebels. Transports and emigrants constitute the strength and flower of their army. Of the

last denomination I think with pain. From very good authority, not less than 33,000 people have migrated from the North of Ireland only, between the years 1766 and 1773, all Presbyterians in principle and now rebels in practice. In every man who has settled in America, Great Britain has lost a subject, if not found a foe. These people, if they have not brought over wealth, have brought over the seeds of it, manufactures and labour, and because we will not suffer them to rival us in the most essential parts of our commerce and trade all over the world, under our protection and at our expense, they aim at the very ruin of the State, and would join our worst foes for its destruction.

Off Potomac River, in Virginia, September 20.

Since writing the above, the fleet has been made happy by a short account from the General of the success of the army. Our distance was too great, and the mode of conveyance too precarious, to allow Sir William Howe to give up the detail. While I am writing we are sailing down Chesapeake Bay for the Delaware, and all in the utmost hurry. I hope soon to have the honour of dating you a letter at Philadelphia. In the meantime the Gazette will furnish you with the most authentic intelligence respecting Washington's defeat. I conclude this letter, lest the fleet should separate at sea, and I should have no further opportunity, by the present packet, of expressing with how much respect and veneration I have the honour to be, Sir, your much obliged and most obedient humble servant.

MR. ELLIOTT TO MR. HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, November, 1777.

The 'Bienfaisant' from Halifax confirms the former accounts of Howe's victory, with little addition or diminution. Philadelphia is certainly ours, and Washington, after losing his baggage and artillery, escaped into the Jerseys. Government has not yet received Howe's despatches, but as these circumstances are taken from the 'New York Gazette,' published by authority, they do not admit of a doubt.

The same Gazette says that Clinton had sailed up the North River to join Burgoyne at Albany. No certain news from thence, but many reports of success; I own I doubt them. I have this evening obtained the copy of a paper signed by the King's own hand, and addressed to the principal merchants in Berlin, advising them of the danger of any commercial connection with England, as the continuation of our troubles and the bad state of our affairs were likely to produce many bankruptcies. A more hostile paper cannot be penned, as he gives them warning in consequence of particular information. The Ministers here have made the strongest representations in our favour; they were really ignorant of the King's refusal,[1] and his orders had been sent privately by a courrier de cabinet unknown to any of them. It is no less true that not a week before application was made by the German Chanceries he meant to have let the troops pass as usual.

[1] For troops to pass through his boundaries for embarkation to America.

MR. HOOPER TO JAMES HARRIS, SEN., ESQ., M.P.

December 4, 1777.

I am sorry, infinitely sorry, to find myself a true prophet as to Burgoyne's fate, whose bravery, void of discretion, has reduced the British arms to the greatest disgrace they may perhaps have ever suffered. He has, nevertheless, the consolation (or will if he lives to hear of it) to have been respectfully spoken of on all sides (though no doubt from different motives) in the debate of yesterday in the House of Commons, he having, and his troops after his example, behaved with the utmost courage under the insuperable difficulties wherein his impetuosity and presumption had involved himself and them, and by that courage obtained a capitulation hardly to have been hoped for in favour of 3,000, or 4,000 at most, without food, and surrounded by at least 30,000, with arms in their hands of some kind or other. You will see in the papers what this capitulation is said to be, but it is not supposed here that it will be kept by the rebel commander-in-chief.

Washington will break it, as he has done the cartel he made with Howe. This is probable, and the more so as Arnold is said to have died in the action which immediately preceded the capitulation, and Gates, who is said to have signed it, is not much in the favour of his leaders. These accounts are sent from Quebec, and brought there only by deserters from the rebels, but their uniform concurrent testimony is amply confirmed by the accounts from Paris. Arnold was yesterday spoken of in the House of Commons, and particularly

by Barré, in a high strain of applause. Barré expressed his hope that the report of his death was not true, and that he might yet have the pleasure to shake again by the hand a man of such great and extraordinary military merit, or to this effect.

It may, however, be hoped that Arnold is no more; for if he lives he has no doubt, ere this time, hastened with a body of his best troops, animated by his presence and example, to reinforce Washington.

But the latter has no doubt received a large addition to his army, whether headed by Arnold [1] or not, so that it is thought not improbable that Washington may attempt to put the Congress again into possession of Philadelphia, especially as the extent and open state of that city is such that a less force than General Howe's whole army would not be sufficient to garrison it properly, and the behaviour and manœuvres of the rebel army have shown that they have but too well improved themselves in military discipline, under the instruction of French officers. So say several letters by the late express, and they add the necessity of a strong and speedy reinforcement of troops, the rebel army far outnumbering the King's, and not a man of all the Americans (where they are) to be relied on, all being against us from motives either of fear, interest, or enmity.

This is the expression of an officer of rank to a man of distinction here. It is generally supposed that Sir William Howe must now act on the defensive only, and that he may think it expedient to abandon Philadelphia and take to some strong encampment on the

[1] An American general who betrayed his party to General Clinton.

banks of the Delaware, in the close neighbourhood of the fleet and transports, as soon (which it is not doubted has been done) as the Fort or Mud Island has been taken and the passage of the river laid open to our ships. It is believed that the Hessians sustained great loss in their unsuccessful attempts on that fort, though no other than slight mention is made of that repulse, and that mention only in the Admiral's official letter to his board as falling (or supposed to fall) only within the naval operations. The Opposition are in very high spirits, and seem to conclude that the game is now in their own hands. Indeed, the affairs of this kingdom in America seem to be now totally overset by the rash enterprising courage of one man. A sufficient supply of troops to sustain this shock cannot be had. The King of Prussia has stopped all recruits from Germany.

Our Bishops have caused a rejection of the proposal from the Irish Catholics, and we have hardly a regiment of our own to spare. From Russia no assistance can be had, as the war is certainly breaking out again with the utmost violence between that and the Ottoman empire. Some late particulars in Lord Chatham's speeches in the House of Lords are much remarked on. Great encomiums on the King. Great abuse of the Ministers. The Americans driven into the rash steps of assuring an independency by our insisting on unconditional submission; that the claim of independency was however absolutely inadmissible; but taxation must not be thought of. Some of revenue, however, there must be, but not by Act of Parliament; to any

treaty on terms of independence no Minister ought on any account to set his hand, and much more to this effect. His Lordship has, they say, the appearance of being in as good health as at any time for many past years of his life. Thanks for the communication from Berlin. Adieu!

1778.

MR. ELLIOTT TO MR. HARRIS.

Berlin, January 14, 1778.

I HAVE just learnt from Sir Joseph Yorke your safe arrival at Riga. I have been uneasy at your long silence, particularly since the Duchess of Kingston gave me so tremendous an account of the roads you were to pass. She stayed here one night only, saw nobody, not even the King. The Elector of Bavaria died of the small-pox December 29. You are too well acquainted with the importance of this unexpected event in Germany not to be interested in its consequences.

All public expenses here are retrenched, and every preparation is making to enable the army to take the field at a moment's warning. The peace of the Empire will depend upon the conduct of the Court of Vienna.

The Elector Palatine has already taken possession of the whole succession, and has issued a proclamation for that purpose, which has met with implicit obedience. He founds his pretensions upon the treaty of Pavia and several compacts between his family and the Gulielmi line, but last of all upon a treaty concluded between him and the Elector of Bavaria in 1774. This treaty was unknown to everybody. I suspect it to have

been the work of M. de Folard and Pfeffel. I think it is overdone; room ought to have been left for the claims of the Allodiels. The new fiefs granted to the Bavarian family since its separation into branches are certainly escheated to the Emperor. As these were not objects of very considerable value, they ought to have been ceded in order to secure the rest.

MR. ELLIOTT TO MR. HARRIS.

Berlin, January 30, 1778.

The Bavarian succession is likely to occasion much trouble, perhaps bloodshed. Austria has forced a treaty down the Elector Palatine's[1] throat, by which she gets possession of the best part of Lower Bavaria. You may be sure this Court cannot look on indifferently: either an equivalent must be granted, or else war will ensue.

A courier has been despatched to Versailles to demand its assistance in support of the peace of Westphalia. In short, all is confusion, alarm, and doubt. The King of Prussia has had a severe attack of a fever; it went off in a violent perspiration; he is at present confined with the gout.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Pall Mall, February 6, 1778.

I had great pleasure in the perusal of yours of the 9th instant, and am happy to find you have begun your important mission so honourably. As you never write

[1] Carl Theodore, heir to the Electorate of Bavaria—a weak prince. It was the scheme of the able Kaunitz, but Frederick was too strong for him.

tate matters (and we never desire to hear them), nothing can be more amusing than those incidental events 'quæ rimosâ bene deponuntur in aure.'

Distance gives value even to trifles, and makes them lose their character, and very names. Your mother and sister send their respective narratives so accurately and fully that I cannot commence any narrative of my own from any remote date. I therefore go back only to the martyrdom of the 30th of last month,[1] which we celebrated according to annual custom at Twickenham, staying there from Friday till the Monday following. The weather was dull and gloomy, but a good house, good fires, and, above all, good friends, made the time pass most agreeably. Patoon, who lives at Richmond, has painted three elegant pictures—a Cleopatra, a girl sleeping, and a Neapolitan peasant. The drapery of the two last is particularly pleasing and simple, and naturally brings to my mind what you write about the Russian dress for women, which I dare say has great merits. That it should exceed ours or the Parisian dress in grace I can easily believe, for the two latter, in their infinite mutabilities, have seldom the good fortune to attain that merit; and if they chance to do so, they quit it as precipitately. You will observe Patoon is a gentleman, who paints for his amusement. I hear a good account of your pictures at Romney's,[2] but you must quicken him by letters, or he will not execute them in due time. Monday, February 2, was a day of debate in the House. Fox

[1] The anniversary of the execution of Charles I.

[2] Romney was an eminent portrait-painter. He painted twenty-three of Lady Hamilton, whom he found in the streets of London, and who lived with him. I have five family portraits by him.

moved that no more troops might be sent to America from England or Ireland, as the number we had at present was considerably less than our peace establishment.

This argument was preceded by a minute and accurate detail of the American war for four or five years past, when you may imagine the representations were not very favourable either to the Ministers or to the generals. On Burgoyne[1] he said little, reserving him for especial enquiry. The whole was orderly, able, and masterly, and prefaced with a good exordium, like an oration of old. It may be questioned how far the premises accorded with the conclusion. Had we been represented as triumphant in America, it might have been justly said, 'Why send more troops from Great Britain?' But, as things are reported so deplorably, does not the distress palliate, if not justify, the measure? Neither this nor anything else was said. We divided without an answer—for the motion 165, against it 259. Last night (the 4th) we had another debate on the legality of *private* subscriptions[2] to raise men and money to defend Government. Dunning argued for an hour very ably on their *illegality*, and referred to historical cases from the time of Edward IV. till after the Restoration; sensible that the *time of war* made a capital difference, he made the time of war to be when

[1] General Burgoyne, after a successful campaign against the rebels in Canada, had in the previous year been compelled to surrender, with all his forces, to General Gates at Saratoga.

[2] These subscriptions, to a very large amount, testify to the feeling of a considerable portion of the people in favour of prosecuting the American war. 20,000*l.* was subscribed in London, Manchester, Bristol, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; each levied 1,000 men from voluntary contributions.

the *courts of Westminster Hall were shut up* on account of it—a time which will almost prove we have had no wars since those between the Houses of York and Lancaster. Thurlow answered him ably and minutely, and with equal historical information proved all the benevolences which Dunning had quoted to have been requisitions, and that it was their *compulsory* character which had made them be condemned. Wedderburne was not less able, though in a different way. Both these last quoted the late Lord Hardwicke's authority, expressly in their favour, on the very same point during the Culloden rebellion. Charles Fox replied, but he was not the Charles Fox of the Monday before. Other speakers were like Virgil's Alcandrumque, Halinumque. Reflections were thrown out upon the Scotch promotions in the late levies, and upon that nation in general.[1] This produced from Dundass (the Lord Advocate) as handsome and manly a defence of his country and countrymen as I ever heard. He *truly* compared them to England as to their behaviour at the Revolution. Then, while *we* were quibbling about words, and at length fixed on the uncouth word 'abdicate,' they boldly voted James to have *forfeited* his crown. In other respects he justified and praised them, but without any invidious comparison, which was certainly judicious. Among the secondary heroes were Van, a Welshman,[2] and Adair, a serjeant. Van was drunk, the serjeant was sober; the serjeant talked law, Van about Hannibal. The noise was so great, nothing could be heard distinctly. However, as

[1] Several Highland regiments were raised by voluntary subscriptions.
[2] Independent companies of volunteers had been raised in Wales.

they were of different sides, like plus and minus in algebra, nothing was lost. George Hanger,[1] from being the glory of the British Guards, is sunk into a *Hessian* captain. The best Burgundy sometimes ends in vinegar.

Thus have I opened my Parliamentary budget. Business still goes on. To-day we are to talk about the employment of savages,[2] and about Lord Dunmore's emancipating the Virginian negroes. Opposition, if they can do no good, can clog, embarrass, and perplex, and talk about public virtue without possessing an atom of it.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

February 20, 1778.

Lord North's conciliatory propositions were made in the House on Tuesday, the 17th instant. He was more than two hours in making them; yet, as the detail was necessary, (unlike the prolix declaimers in our House) he did not appear tedious. His propositions respected a revenue from America, to be raised by themselves, and their proportion to what is raised here in England. The offensive laws, the Boston Post Act, Charter Act, tea duty, &c., to be repealed, to submit to laws for the regulation of commerce, to be freed from the claim of Parliamentary taxation. Nothing was said about *their* dependence or *our* sovereignty, because these they said were implied, if they submitted to the above conditions. When Lord North had finished, Fox got up, approved

[1] The great 'beau' of the day.

[2] Burke made a celebrated speech on this occasion, but his motion for papers was defeated by 223 to 137.

the scheme, said 'twas like what he had always conceived, only wished it had been made sooner. He then fell very severely on Administration for this delay, and said he thought 'twas now too late, as a treaty of commerce was actually signed between France and America. (Some fixed the date of this treaty to the 29th of last December.)

Lord North did not appear to despond on the suggestion of these facts, but talked in a spirited manner of our resources, and of the necessity of supporting our concessions, with a confident tone. The Bills relative to this conciliation were redde for the first time yesterday, and are to be redde second time today; they are to committed on Monday, when 'tis probable they will be debated.

Yesterday in the House, Conolly, opposing the measures, asked Lord George Germaine if Sir William Howe was coming home. Lord George replied he had desired leave to return, but that His Majesty had declined giving him leave till the campaign was closed, and then only upon condition that Sir H. Clinton was present to take upon him the command. 'Twas then asked what reasons for his request Howe had given in his letters. To this absurd question Lord George declined giving an answer. Your mother was yesterday at Court with Mrs. A'Court. Their Majesties, as usual, very gracious. I saw Lady Elliot there, and she appeared in good health and spirits. I can't write you anything about operas, for I know your taste not to be *operatical*. You have more interesting matters to attend to, and therefore I forgive your indifference most sincerely. I should not say so did you contemn

them for the sake of a gun, a spaniel, or the Deptford Club. Report says (but report is not always to be trusted) that the highest officer of the law is no longer in the Cabinet. Nothing can I learn to fill this small scrap of paper. Two new things I have seen—viz., Lord Harborough at Court in a maroon coat with gold buttons, and point ruffles; the other is a lady who dressed in man's apparel, and was so dressed Wednesday at Bach's concert. She had two ladies with her who appeared creditable. She rides constantly in Hyde Park without any servant. She is said to be a German.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Pall Mall, February 23, 1778.

Our neighbour the Duchess of Norfolk gives a grand ball this evening. Her acquaintance is not numerous, so she gave out she wished to augment it, and whoever would leave their name at her door would have a card of invitation; many have availed themselves of this indulgence. The house I much wish to see, also their Graces; but I could not submit to that mode of visiting. By what I hear, she has passed the greatest part of her life in the country, was a gentleman's daughter, but has no education.[1] She has dined at the French Ambassador's, speaks no French, nor could she eat or drink anything at his table, being always accustomed to plain roast or boiled meats, beer, and cider. We dined yesterday at Sir Gilbert Elliot's; she is much better, indeed I might say quite well. We often meet,

[1] She had been Miss Brockholes, of a Lancashire family.

and I like her much. Your father saw Mrs. Boscawen last night; she said she met Comte Schulenburg at the Dowager Lady Chesterfield's; never could any man speak more cordially of another than he did of you. At this instant I am in the midst of noise, for all the world, great and small, is driving to Norfolk House. I hear a number of coaches coming from *the east*. It will undoubtedly be the most extraordinary assembly London has produced for many years. The Duke of Norfolk[1] is a singular being, but why Lord and Lady Surrey were not to settle this meeting no one can tell.

February 24.—Your father came from the House about two this morning. It was expected the House would have gone into a committee, but the whole evening was spent in debates about instructions intended for this committee. One of these instructions was that the Commissioners to treat with America should be appointed by Parliament, and not by the Crown. This was given up without a division, and the Crown is to choose them.[2] The second instruction was, not to suspend the laws offensive to the Americans, but to repeal them immediately. This, after a tedious talk, was rejected about midnight by 181 to 108. Report says Lord Carlisle is to be one of the Commissioners to go and treat with the Americans; he offered himself. I hear the ball at Norfolk House was beyond all things odd; some good company there was, but the greatest part unknown. Punch was given in quantities. Neither the Duke nor Lord Surrey made

[1] Charles, tenth Duke of Norfolk.

[2] Those appointed were the Earl of Carlisle, Viscount Howe, Sir W. Howe, Mr. W. Eden, and Captain Johnstone, R.N.

their appearance; they were said to have been too much occupied in making this said punch. We shall I hope follow your advice of going every autumn to the Bath; Dr. Woodward says *it is the milk for old age*.

MR. ELLIOTT TO MR. HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, March 2, 1778.

I suppose Eden[1] has told you his acceptance of a share of the Commission to the Colonies. Appearances here are still very unfavourable to the continuation of peace. Prince Henry has passed several days at Potsdam, it is supposed with a view of concerting the plan of operations for the ensuing campaign. I believe means might be found to lay the storm, but I doubt they will not be adopted.

I think Eden too prudent to have accepted a mission to the rebels without a good prospect of success. What a tumble down to all our mighty pretensions! Lord North's coolness is above me. His recantation, confession of faults, and total change of system are edifying to the last degree. I am convinced we might have conquered, and still may conquer, if common understanding and common vigour direct the machine.

I am not the less convinced that even if we had conquered we ought to make unbounded concessions, and I am still of opinion that the present moment will be reckoned the epoch when our greatness left its cradle to stretch itself over the Western Hemisphere. But I

[1] Afterwards Lord Auckland, married to Mr. Elliott's sister. The Commission was composed of Lord Carlisle, the two Howes, Eden, and others, and appointed to treat with the rebels.

still weep over the disgraces of the last campaign. The very French seem to bully us.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

London, March 10, 1778.

The arrival of your packet of letters yesterday gave us the greatest satisfaction, as their contents were in every respect pleasing. I shall not, however, answer it paragraph by paragraph: such dull correspondents are like old walls, that can only re-echo what others have said before. As to news here, the Budget of late has totally occupied us. The first half was opened Friday, the second half yesterday. Our unhappy broils with the puritanical Americans make our expenses this year to be no less than 13,000,000*l.* Land Tax, Malt, Exchequer Bills, and the Sinking Fund furnish 7,000,000*l.*, 3,000,000*l.* of which are taken from the Sinking Fund. The remaining 6,000,000*l.* are raised by loan, and the interest money to pay that loan amounts to 330,000*l.* a year. This interest is raised two ways—by a tax on houses, and a tax on wines. The tax on houses is sixpence in the pound on all houses from 5*l.* a year to 50*l.*, a shilling in the pound where the yearly value of the house exceeds 50*l.* a year. This tax will raise per annum, in London and its environs 189,208*l.*, in the rest of England and Wales 71,250*l.*, in Scotland 5,000*l.*: total, of houses, 264,458*l.* Wine, four guineas a tun on port, eight guineas on claret, &c., 72,100*l.* Total, 336,558*l.* This you see by computation exceeds by a trifle the sum wanted. After this was done, Gilbert, a kind of demi-courtier, demi-patriot, moved a tax on

all places of a fourth part of their nett income, excepting from the number the Chancellor, the Judges, the Speaker, the foreign Ministers, all officers of the Army and Navy, and all whose salary was not more than 200*l.* a year. This was supported by most of the patriots, and *not opposed by any of the Administration*, and of course on a division was carried by 100 to 82. A noble patriotism this, a heroic generosity, to dispose of money *not your own*; yet this produced on the faces of all the patriots present a most broad unmeaning grin; they all expected to be in a few days Lords of Trade, Admiralty, Treasury, &c. These hopes were of no long duration, for the next day, upon the report, the motion was ably opposed by Lord North, Nugent, and others. Nay, what is singular, the leaders among the patriots disapproved it. Burke and Barry spoke against it; though Barry voted for it, Conway went away. Sir George Saville and Charles Fox were in the majority; yet, for all this, the majority was but 147 against it, 141 for it. The poor chance of an office so blinded men's eyes, and so tempted their avarice (for 'twas presumed the present set of placemen would all fall), that they did not see the injustice such a measure would do to a multitude of official drudges who *now* dearly earn their money, have nothing but their salaries to live on, and who, not being in Parliament, have no blame for not being patriots. Burke rightly observed that public business was done cheaper in England than in any part of the world. Yesterday Luttrell made a motion that the American Commissioners should have power to promise the removal, and to remove in the King's name, any of his Ministers the Americans

should disapprove. It would be a strange thing if you had that power at St. Petersburg, and could remove the King's Ministers at the Empress's request. Yet she is a sovereign princess of the first rank, and at peace with us; the Americans, rebels, and at open war. So strange a proposal met the treatment it deserved.

March 27th.—I am now going to make a long skip. Hearing nothing of a *messenger*, I trust the post, and continue a letter begun more than a fortnight ago, as it may possibly contain what you have not heard. The French declaration[1] has surprised but not terrified us. We were never in so respectable a state, in such a situation, I mean at the beginning of a war. Forty-one ships of the line ready; thirty thousand soldiers; and the militia, which will double the number, ready to be called out. This, I believe, mortifies the heroes of Opposition; their minorities grow daily less and less, and people of both sides grow weary of attending their captious cavillings. Lord Amherst is made General and Commander-in-Chief. Report says Lord Barrington wishes voluntarily to resign, being turned threescore, and that Barré will succeed. This, of course, carries Lord Shelburne to be one of the Secretaries. Lord Suffolk, who has been confined with the gout, we hear is to be made a duke, and to have a blue ribbon. The great House of Howard merits particular distinc-

[1] This declaration, delivered by the French Ambassador to Lord Weymouth, stated that France, recognising the independence of the United States, had concluded a treaty of friendship and commerce with them. It went on to profess neutrality, but ended with a threat. On March 17 the King sent a copy of this declaration to Parliament and stated that he had withdrawn his Ambassador from Paris. The French Ambassador left on the 20th, but war was not yet declared.

tion. Many expect to see Lord Chatham Premier. Lord Gower is better, but has been ill, and was for some days thought in danger. Report says, among other things, the Spaniards will soon send a declaration like that of the French. Lord Hardwicke wants a picture of the Czarina; give me an answer as you please.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

London, April 1, 1778.

Though I wrote to you so lately, and pretty well then made up my pack of trash, I cannot omit this unforeseen opportunity of addressing you by a messenger, and of sending you the little which has since occurred. That little is of small importance, for to us bystanders things appear to stagnate. The militia is to be embodied; H. Herbert is to be our colonel[1] in the room of Lord Pembroke, Popham to be lieutenant-colonel, and Vince major. For other officers there will, I fear, be great scarcity, and the talk is that a way will be found for admitting half-pay subalterns of the army. This will apply not to Wiltshire only, but to all the counties. For many days Lord Chatham has been expected at the House, but he has not yet appeared there. On Monday Barré made his promised motion respecting our war expenditures. He began by giving us the various precedents for Parliamentary enquiries in former times, after which he entered into a long detail of our present expenses, and concluded with a motion for a committee to enquire into the expenditures of the

[1] Of the Wilts Militia.

war, since the year 1776 to the present time. Lord North rose, and well vindicated himself as to any imputations thrown on him, but consented to a committee, which is to be select, and to consist of twenty-one members, chosen by ballot, who are to report upon facts, but not to give opinions. This ballot is to be this day. In this debate Barré spoke for two hours; Burke spoke also, but not Fox. The minor orators followed their leaders, and were stupidly abusive to the noble lord, just as the parish curs all yelp when once the great dogs begin. Lord Amherst (a valuable man) is made Commander-in-Chief, a choice which no one disapproves. Reports, like insects, appear for a moment and vanish. One day we hear we have beat Washington, another day he is for treating with us; now the colonies are inflexible and united, then again the Southern differ from the Northern, and are for peace and submission to their mother country. 'Tis, I believe, true that the Austrians have evacuated their garrisons in the Low Countries, and that they are succeeded by French troops. I don't like this. We have reason enough to fear from an addition of Austria to the family compact,[1] and can only look for salvation from the North. To-day Wilkes is to make a motion against voluntary subscriptions and benevolences. It respects the efforts made by individuals to support the public in these troublesome times. This practice the patriots cannot bear, as they think it obliquely tends to support Ministers, whom they are for blowing up, be the consequence as it may. As for Wilkes himself, he is a

[1] Between France and Spain.

pleasant social companion, a lover of letters, and (I believe) in his heart, a most complete contemner of his illiberal puritanical associates in the City, whom, notwithstanding, he must endeavour to cajole and please, as if he were as earnest as themselves.

April 3rd.—The above motion was made and rejected by 71 to 40. 'Twas confidently said yesterday that Jackson would not go as commissioner to America, but Governor Johnson in his room. To prepare their way, I hear all our Parliamentary proceedings have been sent to the Americans. If Johnson goes, he may do good, for he appears to have sense and courage.

MR. ELLIOTT TO MR. HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, April 11, 1778.

The garrison left us yesterday morning. The Prince of Prussia marched the same day out of Potsdam at the head of the Guards, &c. I contrived matters so as to see both columns. They will join the King in Silesia before May. The last answer from the Court of Vienna is considered almost as a declaration of war; an ultimatum is, however, to be sent from hence. The Empire seems to count the war *de gaieté de cœur*. I am certain every reasonable disposition to peace existed at Potsdam. I doubt, however, that the same disposition will not prevail in Silesia. The King is already encamped. The Austrians are said to be less prepared for immediate action. I do not yet know what is the plan of operations, but believe there will be two principal armies, one under the command of the King, the other of Prince Henry,—the first to enter Moravia, the other Bohemia.

MR. ELLIOTT TO MR. HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, April 12, 1778.

I have promised to give you an account of my reasons for having wished to quit Berlin, and why I am still here. You know how very inconsonant I always thought it to the dignity and interest of Great Britain to permit the Court of France to receive the rebel commission at Paris. It was my opinion that Government ought at first to have insisted upon a full explanation. For my own part, I was thoroughly resolved not to remain at Berlin, if any such phenomenon appeared upon this theatre. The King of Prussia, in order to pay his court to the French, and gratify his ill-will towards us, had actually accepted of a similar mission. I wrote home to Lord Suffolk that I could not prevail upon myself to remain here, if any such person arrived and was countenanced here, and therefore asked provisional leave to quit my post. As soon as I received this line I prepared to march. The King of Prussia, finding himself *joué par la* France, took a fright, and sent the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick to me, to enquire into the reasons of my departure. I told the Prince of Brunswick the real truth, that I was well informed a rebel agent was to arrive here, that his Prussian Majesty's Ministers carried on a correspondence with the rebels, that every step taken of late by this Court was so hostile that I would no longer stay to be witness of it. That I knew myself too well not to be certain 'que la ville de Berlin n'étoit pas assez grande' to hold me and an American agent. I owned, however,

I spoke as Elliott, that perhaps my Court had not the same feelings, and I had no doubt there might be found men mean enough to fill my post were I to quit it. In answer to this I received assurance from the King of Prussia, that all American connections should be put a stop to, the passage of the Hanoverian troops granted, and a courier was dispatched to prevent the arrival of the agent, who was already set out from Paris. Everything now goes on smoothly, and I obtained a complete victory. At home I should not have been supported; another would have been sent in my place, and that cursed want of vigour, which has occasioned all our misfortunes, would have prevailed here as well as elsewhere. I meant to have gone to America in any capacity. In short, I find our pusillanimous forbearance is the real cause of the insolence of our enemies; they do not trust to their own strength, they rely upon our weakness and incapacity. I wish we had a change of men and measures. Hostilities are not yet begun between Austria and Berlin, but are daily expected.

MR. ELLIOTT TO MR. HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, April 16, 1778.

As a very civil answer made by our Court to the overtures sent by the King of Prussia relative to the defence of Hanover in case of attack, has given me the opportunity of a conversation with Count Finckenstein, I have detained Booth the messenger a few hours, in order to give you an account of the dispositions here. In general, they do not appear so hostile as they were some time ago; but no positive conclusion can be

drawn, till the Cabinet of Versailles has taken off the mask, and a coincidence of France would, I am certain, be more eligible to His Prussian Majesty than any other political connection. It is strongly reported to-day, that overtures for peace have been secretly made by the Court of Vienna. I am certain the King of Prussia will accept of any reasonable equivalent, and I think the Court of Vienna must be infatuated not to offer it. I by no means, however, approve of the project of treaty transmitted to you. This is not a time to mince matters on account of partial considerations of trade. The only reason which will ever induce the Russians to enter into an alliance with us, is the necessity of being assisted in a Turkish war by our fleet. They have no use for English ships in the Baltic. Remember there are no bounds to the intimacy between this Family and the Russian Court. The Great Duke is still more closely connected with Prince Henry and the King than his mother.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Pall Mall, May 1, 1778.

Parson Horne has writ a little pamphlet, called 'A Letter to Mr. Dunning.' 'Tis the most strange stuff ever seen: he has presented it to your father, whom he has fallen upon most egregiously on account of his *Hermes*. The Queen desired Mr. Harris would bring her the book, which he did yesterday at the drawing-room; the King said to Mr. Harris, 'I find Horne has writ a book to abuse you; I wonder he did it, for he must know you had too much sense to answer it, which is what he

desires.' Mr. Harris answered he felt happy in the abuse, as it brought him into the best company he could wish to be in. In this said book, Horne had abused the King, the Parliament, Judges, and Bishops. You have seen by the papers His Majesty's little voyage to Chatham. To-night, at twelve, both their Majesties set out for Portsmouth; the King will be attended by the Lord in waiting, Colonel St.-John, and another aide-de-camp, Colonel Harcourt; Her Majesty is to be attended by Lady Egremont and Lord Carmarthen. They are to reside in the Governor's house on the Parade at Portsmouth, which they are to have entirely to themselves; they will witness the sailing of the fleet, and remain there a week. This must be the very finest sight ever yet beheld; had Gertrude been in England, she would have gone frantic not to have seen it. This day Lord Petre and Lord Surrey, attended by Sir George Howard, will carry an address to His Majesty, signed by almost all the Roman Catholic nobility, Baronets, and men of fortune, offering their lives and fortunes in defence of His Majesty, and expressing their approbation of the government of this country, *as established by the Revolution.* Lord Petre was presented yesterday, for it was judged proper he should be first known, and not go up like the Mayor of a Corporation. Your father has heard the address, and thinks it as handsome and respectful a one as can be.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

May 13, 1778.

Monday Barré moved to address the Crown to direct a public funeral for Lord Chatham,[1] who died that morning: he was seconded by F. Townsend. The latter also moved to-day for an address to the King to settle a permanent pension on the present Earl, which Lord North admitted; both these motions went *nem. con.* They now proceed on the Irish Bills, a nice subject between *us and them.* Parliamentary faith is pledged to do something for them; something I hope we shall do, and yet 'twill be, I fear, a hard medium to hit, that will both satisfy them, and not disgust our own people. The English Roman Catholics have presented a most admirable address to His Majesty, signed by the Duke of Norfolk and all the principal Catholic nobility and gentry of Great Britain. Sir George Saville, in consequence of this, is to move to-morrow a repeal of these harsh laws, respecting the descent of their estates, as also respecting the celebration of mass in their chapels, and elsewhere. For the honour of our Puritans, they do not (as Sir George tells me,) oppose this intention. I wish religion would make us love one another; 'tis certainly high time it should no longer make us hate one another.

May 14*th.*—At the motion of Sir G. Saville, seconded

[1] On April 8, Lord Chatham made his last speech in the House of Lords, against giving up the American Colonies. Shortly afterwards, when rising to answer the Duke of Richmond, he fell senseless, and was carried from the House. He died on May 11.

by Dunning, a Bill is ordered to repeal one[1] of the seven laws against Papists, which affects their possessions and purchases, and inflicts imprisonment for life on priests exercising their functions. Thurlow and Lord Beauchamp spoke, and the motion went *nem. con.* Many Catholics were in the gallery, Lord Surrey among the number. Lord Hardwicke has again mentioned a picture of the Czarina. Do as you please, and as you can; you will always act properly. You see we have voted to Lord Chatham a funeral, a monument, and a stipend to his family.[2] Their Majesties appear highly satisfied with the loyalty and affection they met with on their Portsmouth journey, and the amusement it afforded them, though the weather was rather unfavourable. Your wife and sister gave admirable proofs of spirit and resolution, when they travelled such an immense way without women servants. Her Majesty, though a Queen, had but two servants to attend on her, and her baggage and that of the two maids was all contained in one single trunk.[3] This I had from Her Majesty's own mouth. As to politics, I know not what to send you; the stock-jobbers in the city, and the patriots in our quarter, traffic so much in falsehood, that nothing can be depended upon. It is not certain that the Toulon squadron have yet passed the Straits of Gibraltar, some say they are driven to Algiers. I fancy the dispute between England and Ireland will be

[1] 10th and 11th William III. Under this Act, they could not make legal purchases of land, and a son turning Protestant, might oust his father from his property.

[2] 20,000*l.* was also voted for the payment of Lord Chatham's debts.

[3] Yet they were away for a week. It is to be hoped that the trunk was a large one.

accommodated, the more so as that affair is adjourned in the House to Monday se'nnight. Lord Holderness is at length dead. His valuable post of Warden of the Cinque Ports is given by some to Lord North, who is to retire into the House of Lords, and make room for a new Chancellor of the Exchequer; others name Lord George Germaine, who is to make room for a new secretary, Lord Shelburne; others, again, tell us Lord George will consign it to his nephew, the Duke of Dorset, as a healing medicine (much wanted) for his gambling debts. A fleet of rebel privateers or pirates, near Carolina, who were waiting for some of our West India fleets, have been met themselves by some of our ships of war, who have taken one of them, and sunk two more. These pirates carried from twenty to thirty guns, and were the best they had.

P.S.—*May* 18*th*.—The Commission of Inquiry to sit upon Burgoyne consists of Lord Lowdon, President, Lord Amherst, General Gage, General Monkton, and General Morrice.

Burgoyne is come by leave of the congress;[1] the King will not see him, but he has seen Lord North, Lord George Germaine, and some of the Opposition leaders. It is doubted, whether as a prisoner we can take any cognisance of him. The camps in England will be formed immediately. There is a report that the French troops[2] under Broglie are to make a descent upon Essex.

I have heard from good authority, that the Americans

[1] He was prisoner of war.

[2] War was only publicly declared in the ensuing month between France and England.

about Boston and in that disaffected quarter are quite exhausted, tired with the war, and crippled with the expense; I wish it may be true. Burgoyne was this day in the House; I paid my compliment to him, as did all his other friends and acquaintances. It was expected he would speak, but he did not: what he should say I can't well imagine, but the same expectation exists for to-morrow.

Mr. H. Browne has given me a very good miniature engraving of the King of Prussia on horseback, taken, he told me, from a picture, to which you helped him at Berlin.

MR. ELLIOTT TO MR. HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, July 4, 1778.

I was this morning sent for by Count Finckenstein. His Excellency acquainted me he had received orders from the King his master, to communicate to me ministerially the rupture of the negotiations between this Court and that of Vienna, on the subject of the Bavarian Succession. He recapitulated the different arrangements His Prussian Majesty had thought proper to propose, in order to prevent the effusion of blood, and gave an account of the various answers which had been received from their Imperial Majesties, to the last of which the King of Prussia, from a sense of his own dignity and a regard to the interests of the empire, had thought himself under the necessity of replying, that he now considered all possibility of accommodation at an end, and that he must oppose by force of arms the dismemberment of Bavaria.

His Excellency concluded by saying that in such a

cause, His Prussian Majesty relied upon the concurrence and support not only of his co-estates in the empire but of the principal Powers of Europe. M. de Riedsel has received orders to leave Vienna, and Count Cobenzel is preparing to set out from Berlin.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Salisbury, August 20, 1778.

I was at the camp[1] last night, and drank tea in an officer's tent with Lady Pembroke and Lady Cecilia Johnson; General Johnson commands the camp. Lady Cecilia told me Colonel St.-John (the King's aide-de-camp) had orders to attend His Majesty when he reviewed the camps. I had this morning a letter from Lord Rivers at the Winchester Camp, by which I find His Majesty is expected there in September; should this event happen, 'tis not unlikely the King may come hither.

MR. ELLIOTT TO MR. HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, November 17, 1778.

A French courier passed through here last Sunday. I had a conference yesterday with Count Finckenstein, and learnt the following interesting circumstances. The Court of Versailles proposed some time ago her good offices to accommodate the dispute in the empire. His Prussian Majesty replied that the concurrence of your Court was necessary. The French having since proposed at Vienna the double mediation of His Most Christian Majesty and the Empress of Russia, their

[1] At Salisbury.

Imperial Majesties had accepted of it. Count Finckenstein further told me that the King of Prussia had also agreed to it, and that the French courier was carrying the same proposition to St. Petersburg, which he had no doubt would be accepted.

Finch and Herzberg set off to-day for Breslau. I am not sufficiently initiated into the secrets of this Cabinet to let you know with certainty, whether a real confidence is placed in France. Sure however I am, that the great political object His Prussian Majesty has had in view for some time past, was to connect Russia and France in a common system, and to break the alliance between Vienna and Versailles. Count Finckenstein endeavoured to make me believe, that it was rather from the impropriety of refusing the mediation of France, than from any idea entertained of her good intentions, that His Prussian Majesty had come into it. I long to hear if you are successful.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

London, November 23, 1778.

I left Bath on Wednesday, the 19th, and got to town yesterday, time enough to land at the House out of my chaise, and enter just as the Speaker was reading the King's speech. The address was moved by Lord Hyde my colleague, and seconded by Sir Gilbert Elliot. They both did well. Sir Gilbert had like to have forgotten himself in the middle, but he recovered, and went on happily. When these had finished, Lord Granby spoke the measures of Opposition, (the same with Lord Chatham in the House of Lords.)

He moved an Amendment to the Address, which was to have an immediate cessation of arms, and then treat. (Last year the project was to recall our troops before we treated.) Lord John Cavendish seconded this Amendment, and Johnson supported it, as did Wilkes, Burke, and Sir Philip Jennings. Burke was diffuse and eloquent. I, who am used to order, and study no books but such as have a beginning, middle, and end, cannot relish a rhapsody, however exquisite, and when the sufferings of the Americans, their wives and children, are attended with exclamations and tears, I smile at the mock tragedy, when perhaps at Dury Lane I should weep. These orators were followed by their true Ciceronian Mr. Serjeant Adair; then came Lord North, then Charles Fox. This last had a plan; his speech had an exordium, a narration, and a conclusion, regular, (though, as it ought to be,) concealed with care. He was amazingly abusive on Lord George Germaine, and his conduct in America, so as even to forget in appearance his old antagonist Lord North. Lord George replied with more temper (as the warmer judges said) than such treatment deserved. He defended his measures properly and well, and it was solemnly said, both by himself and Lord North, that there was no disagreement on the subject of America among the ministers.

After these came Luttrell and Barré. I would not send up their speeches with my Cicero's orations, because the speech of the first would make the volume too bulky, that of the latter would make poor Cicero, if he were alive, exclaim and shed tears, like Mr. Burke above mentioned. After much talk, we divided

upon the Amendment; against it 243, for it 86: then the main question went without a division, and we rose about half-past eleven. The Lords did not sit quite so long; Lord Chatham spoke, and the division was 86 to 24. The measure of Opposition is what I mentioned above, a suspension of arms. With this they all *affect* an amazing humanity; they are shocked at our employing Indians, and descant upon their cruelties. The truth is, they are hurt that Indians are employed not for their friends, but against them; had they scalped English instead of rebels, we should have had no lamentations.

The wicked scheme of burning New York was, so far from being censured, entirely justified. Observe, I am no friend to Indians, and their cruelties; but Braddock, who refused to use them, was destroyed by them. Last night (Friday, 21st,) we had a debate upon the report, which lasted till ten. The House was not so full as the day before, and the division for receiving the report, 175 to 47. The Attorney and Solicitor General both spoke perfectly clearly and well, so did Mr. Ellis on the projected Military establishment in America, at the time of the late Peace.

Opposition did no more than repeat what I had heard a hundred times before. On Saturday, 22nd, I went up with the Address to His Majesty, who received us as usual at St. James's. There was a full appearance on the occasion. There I learnt, and from good authority, that the state of the rebel town of Boston was deplorable; from 25,000 inhabitants, they are reduced to 3,000. The mob govern, do what they please, and take what they please, with impunity.

The people of the neighbouring country bring in nothing, because the Bostonians fix their own prices, and pay in paper, which is worth nothing. This paper they must take without refusal, or expose themselves to a severe penalty; no ships can enter their port; a cord of wood sells (as I remember) for four pounds, and salt is as dear in proportion.

The American debt is now 25,000,000*l.* sterling, and their currency nothing better than the wretched paper above mentioned. As for their army, they give 30*l.* to every man who enlists, and besides that, a shilling, a pound of beef, and a portion of flour a-day. 'Tis strange we have had no authentic information from our army. Some suppose a packet to be lost, others that the general has pursued the rebels into the interior of the province. But this is all conjecture.

Last night I was at the Opera, composed by Sacchini; it is admirable. Your ladies may like to hear about the voices. The woman Danzi is a good actress and singer, particularly in the Bravura style, where she mounts into the clouds and always descends in safety. Roncaglio, the man, has not a strong voice, but is one of the most elegant cantabile singers I ever heard. Gertrude's acquaintance, Cramer, leads the band, and does it to perfection. Buccelli, the dancer, you all know; no one can perform with more elegant agility.

As the present Chief-Baron Smythe retires, Skinner is appointed in his room; by all accounts, Westminster Hall knows not an abler lawyer than this last, so the appointment is much approved.

MR. LISTON TO MR. HARRIS.

Berlin, December 5, 1778.

My principal continues sickly and low-spirited. I therefore take the liberty of writing a few lines that we may not seem altogether unworthy of a correspondence which has hitherto been so obligingly carried on, on your side. The enclosed Éloge[1] of Voltaire is said to have been composed by the King of Prussia at Stratzlar in Bohemia. It is singular enough that the cares, and fatigues, and disappointments of the campaign should have left him time or spirits to court literary fame. How far the performance deserves it, I leave to your better judgment to decide. Of public affairs I can say nothing of great importance. The Emperor, we are told, expresses his determination to oblige the Prussians to evacuate Austrian Silesia *coûte que coûte*. The attacks upon their posts become every day more bloody, and as both parties are drawing greater force to that quarter, expectations are entertained that the campaign may still end with a serious battle. The King of Prussia wished to have set out for Jagerdorff himself, but is detained at Breslau by a slight fit of the gout. The French courier who returned here from your Court the other day, brought the certain intelligence of the Empress's consenting to cooperate with France in the work of mediation. But when, or where, or how, is still to us a mystery.

[1] *Vide* 'Œuvres de Frédéric,' vol. vii. p. 50.

1779.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Sarum, January 3, 1779.

I AM on a spot where we have little or no public news. Perhaps I shall know more a week hence, when I get to London; perhaps I shall be just as wise then as I am now. Those who hate Ministry, asperse it with every species of calumny; those who favour it say Opposition in Parliament began our calamities; Opposition commanders have given us the *coup de grâce*.

Keppel seems growing into another Vernon:[1] what will become of him and his trial I know not, but I fear it will occasion great turmoils, be the event as it may.

On New Year's Day I dined with my constituents, their wives and daughters, at Mr. Hooper's. Nothing could be more cordial and amicable than everything that passed there. Miss Elwill is certainly to marry Captain Harvey, son to a Felton Harvey. How great

[1] *i.e.* the affair taking a political hue. Admiral Keppel was tried on charges brought against him by his subordinate, Sir Hugh Palliser, for not doing his best to bring the French fleet under Count d'Orvilliers to action on July 27 of the preceding year. Keppel was honourably acquitted, and the charges declared malicious and ill-founded. Sir H. Palliser was removed from the Board of Admiralty, and resigned his seat in Parliament.

his character, how great his fortune, I am not able to say. I do not hear that Lady Ranelagh is very happy on the occasion. I hope your London agents have sent you a pamphlet called 'Anticipation.' The piece consists in rhetorical portraits; that is, imaginary speeches of the House of Commons' orators. I never read better imitations, nor a clearer piece of wit. He laughs at all, but Opposition wince most, as they certainly are most galled. 'Tis given, and I believe truly, to a Counsellor Tickle; but Wilkes I hear had a hand in it, which I believe probable, as no one but a perfect master of our eloquence could so well delineate it.

MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P., TO HIS SON.

Albemarle Street, February 6, 1779.

I take advantage of the courier who carries your insignia[1] to St. Petersburg to write to you; and yet as that courier's departure is not certain, 'tis not unlikely my news, by being detained, may, like a present of fish, be good for nothing before it arrives. We are at present most eager about the fate of two admirals, and 'tis probable the sober part among us may soon feel the insolent cry of a beggarly canaille. Good God! when the fabric is on fire, to be solicitous about saving or losing a pot of porter! There reigns at this instant a most wonderful tranquillity in Parliament. Houses are made up with difficulty, and nothing done but turnpikes and enclosures. I have heard that calms portend storms: we have matter enough for storms

[1] As Knight of the Bath, then a very limited Order.

political, and enough to keep us sitting in our tedious way of debating till Whitsuntide or later. There is Lord Pigott[1] and the East Indies; in America Burgoyne's troops, and whether we are to send thither 15,000 men, or 7,000 men, or none at all. 'Tis said the activity of Clinton's genius will not suffer him to hold a command where he cannot operate effectually. After these matters comes Scotland, where the clergy are in an uproar for fear we should indulge the Papists. Then Wales, in a ferment on inquisitions into the almost forgotten rights of the Principality. Last of all, and this is the most dangerous question, Ireland, to whom last year we made certain promises relative to their poverty and decaying trade. If we retract and do nothing, we redouble their clamour; if we relax and assist them, the manufacturers of England take the alarm, and (as far as tradesmen may be believed) our home trade is at an end. To this dismal enumeration I had forgot to add Africa, and our settlements there, as well as ways and means, loans, bonuses, new taxes, &c. I congratulate you on the approaching arrival of your insignia, and upon your prospect of being invested by the first Princess in Europe. I shall be particularly desirous of hearing this whole ceremony in detail, and if you have not time to write it, I hope to have it from your wife[2] or Gertrude. The last advices from America are favourable to us as to Georgia and the Southern Provinces; they seem to be well inclined to their mother

[1] Late Governor of Madras. He had been imprisoned by his Council, and died in their custody. The House of Commons passed a Resolution for an address to the Crown to prosecute the Council.

[2] Sir James Harris had married the daughter of Sir George Amyand.

country, and heartily tired of their tyrannical masters. These last, besides the hanging of two Quakers most iniquitously, have, against the faith of the stipulation made by General Burgoyne, marched our poor troops (unhappily their prisoners[1]) through an uncultivated country for 700 miles, in the depth of winter, with hardly any clothes to cover them.

> Among the *sinners* is no vice
> Of which the saints have not a spice.

February 10*th*.—To-day is our public fast, so we have no House. The Roman Catholics have made a most decent order for its observance, in which they mention the King with the respect due to him. What the Roundheads will do I know not, except they pray for the success of their American brethren.

February 23*rd*.—Nothing particular in Parliament. Patriots declaiming, and meaning nothing but power and plunder. Keppel's triumph over Palliser has occasioned us four of the most riotous nights of insolent tumult I ever saw: to the public this is a matter of not the minutest import, except it be that by the total ruin of the latter we lose an able and excellent officer at a time when they are wanted, and are not over plentiful. Last night we had an account in the St. Vincent Gazette of the taking of St. Lucia from the French, by Barrington with his fleet, and General Grant with his troops. The French are said to have had 400 men killed, and 700 wounded. D'Estaing[2] was there, with (as they say) eleven ships of the line and three frigates, but sheered

[1] Taken at Saratoga.

[2] D'Estaing made two attempts to recover the island, but was repulsed by Barrington.

off at the very time the island surrendered, for fear of the arrival of Byron, who was hourly expected. This surrender happened, I think, on the 29th of December last.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

London, March 22, 1779.

Fox yesterday made two motions, one against the minority for neglect in not properly reinforcing Lord Howe in the West Indies, the other for their neglect of the Mediterranean. Fox was bitter against Lord North, and his Lordship very properly and spiritedly retorted. The motion was a compliment of Faction to Lord Howe, as they had already paid one to Keppel. Strong altercation, but decently conducted, between Lord Howe and Governor Johnson, about American operations. About twelve o'clock Fox's motion was rejected by 219 to 126.

It has been thought proper, in allusion to your foreign public character, to make your motto 'Ubique Patriam reminisci,' and, in allusion to your place of residence, to make your supporters two reindeer. Lord Pembroke expresses himself to your father as most highly obliged to you for the attention you have shown his son: it is extraordinary, as his Lordship is not much given to palavering, but he bestows a great deal on you.

MR. LISTON TO SIR JAMES HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, April 17, 1779.

The following are extracts of the late official despatches:—

April 6th.—The freshest advices from Silesia give the following account of the state of the negotiation. That the King had sent to demand a categorical answer of the Court of Vienna, whether they would guarantee the payment of the four millions by the Elector Palatine to the Allodial Heirs. Returned to Breslau at the time he was expected. That their Imperial Majesties acknowledge the justice of the pretension of Saxony, declaring their disapprobation of the Elector Palatine's conduct, and said that his Electoral Highness ought to be brought to acquiesce by gentle yet effectual methods; adding, however, at the same time they did not pretend to lead the councils of the Court of Munich, and could not dictate measures to be pursued on this occasion. That the King of Prussia considered this answer as so unsatisfactory that he had signified an order for Baron Riedesal to quit the Congress, and was with difficulty prevented from sending it to Teschen by the remonstrances of his ministers. That M. de Hertzberg has since drawn up a plan which has been sent to Vienna for the concurrence of their Imperial Majesties, the particulars of which are said to be that his Prussian Majesty shall be allowed to retract the renunciation he formerly made in favour of the Palatine Family of his claim to the succession of Juliers and Bergues. The Duke of Deux Ponts shall be immediately put in pos-

session of the district of Burghausen and that part of the district of Straubing to be evacuated by Austria; and that by this arrangement the Duke of Deux Ponts shall be bound to satisfy the Heirs Allodial, and no further demands to be made on the Elector Palatine. A declaration is said to have been at the same time transmitted to Vienna by P. de Regnier, conceived in very strong terms, and bearing in substance that if the Elector Palatine was not brought to satisfy the pretensions of Saxony, the Empress, his sovereign, will think herself obliged to support his Prussian Majesty with the whole force of her empire. In the mean while the King of Prussia has given orders to his army to hold themselves in readiness to march by the 15th. I must not, however, omit mentioning that notwithstanding these unfavourable appearances M. de Hertzberg in his last letter says he looks upon peace as absolutely certain.

April 17th.—Three days ago I should not have hesitated to represent the commencement of hostilities as very probable. On the 11th inst. his Prussian Majesty wrote to M. de Schulenburg that as the Congress would break up in a few days, he was to take certain arrangements specified for the army in Saxony. Prince Henry's Major Kaphengs called on me and told me his Royal Highness had given him leave to be absent for a few days to prepare for the ensuing campaign. He saw nobody at Berlin but Prince Ferdinand of Prussia and myself, and had permission from Prince Henry to give me this information.

News of a very opposite nature was spread the day before yesterday, asserting that peace was actually

signed; that accounts of this event had been received at Breslau on the 13th. This report gained such fresh credit, that many persons were preparing to make public rejoicings. The fact is, as I am assured by M. de Schulenburg, that though the articles were not yet drawn up, peace may be looked upon as absolutely certain; that the Courts of Berlin and Vienna have agreed upon all the disputed points; and that nothing but some very unexpected event can prevent the conclusion of the treaty. The objects he mentions as finally arranged are—the Districts of the Bavarian Succession to be retained by the Austrians; the Allodial demands of Saxony; and the guarantee of the Family Compact subsisting between the different branches of the Palatinate.

MR. LISTON TO SIR JAMES HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, May 18, 1779.

The news of peace was received here on Sunday, when every body crowded to Court to wish the Queen joy on the occasion. Her Majesty gave yesterday a grand concert where the Te Deum was sung, and people in general seem to be very happy at the event, though there are not wanting a certain set of politicians who think the House of Austria have no more right to an inch of Bavaria than the man in the moon. The King of Prussia has made Prince Repnin a present of his picture very richly set (to be worn at the button hole), estimated at twenty thousand dollars; to Breteuil of a very fine box, but not of equal value.

His Majesty gives Count Cobenzel, and their Impe-

rial Majesties give Baron Reidesel, one thousand Louis d'ors in money.

The armies are to be withdrawn, Bavaria evacuated, &c., within sixteen days from the signature. The King is expected here on the 28th.

LORD CLARENDON TO MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P.

Sarum, May 21, 1779.

I heard this morning that the Duke of Rutland was in so dangerous a state that Lord Hyde[1] thought it right to acquaint Lord North that we should be ready to conform to his former desire of Lord Hyde's standing for Cambridge. He was quite prepared to offer the Chiltern Hundred stewardship, but we declined making a vacancy whilst there were any hopes of his Grace's recovery. His case is said to be desperate, but it would not become us to be indecent. However, as it is very probable that the event will soon happen, we waited on you to report our situation and our plan, which would be for Hyde to stand on Government interest for the University, but to beg (which Lord North approved) that he might be again chosen for Christchurch; and should he be successful at both places, to make his option for the first, and to implore your assistance and Mr. Hooper's on behalf of Mr. Villiers to succeed him at the latter. Such a proof of continued friendship would oblige me and my whole family in the utmost degree.

Mr. Hooper was with me this morning, but before I received the news above related of the Duke of Rutland,

[1] Afterwards second Lord Clarendon. He died unmarried in 1824.

or I should certainly have acquainted him with it, which I must desire you will have the goodness to do for me, with the assurance of our gratitude, regard, and esteem. CLARENDON.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

London, May 23, 1779.

The Duke of Rutland's death is daily expected. Lord Granby then becomes Duke, and his seat for Cambridge University becomes vacant. On a supposition of this happening, Lord Clarendon writes me word that Lord Hyde is to be a candidate, and by help of the Chiltern Hundreds to qualify himself to stand, as they vacate his seat at Christchurch. If he fail at Cambridge, as he stands again at Christchurch, 'tis supposed he will be safe there. If he be chosen for Cambridge, Lord Clarendon has recommended his son, Mr. John Villiers.

In answer to Lord Clarendon's letter, I wrote the matter was of so very delicate a nature, I could say nothing till I had consulted Mr. Hooper (now just gone to Heron Court) and my other friends. I have written to him accordingly, but cannot yet have an answer.

Friday I waited upon the Queen. She was pleased to send for me down into the King's apartment, where His Majesty was sitting for his picture to Sir Joshua Reynolds. We have had tedious examinations in the House of American officers.[1] Opposition in this, as in everything else, never think of their country and its perilous state, but of how they shall abuse or traduce

[1] Meaning officers employed in the American War.

a minister: here they begin, and here they end. Sir Guy Carlton was four hours being examined at the Bar of the House.[1] He answered like a gallant and wise man, scorning to make his court to a faction, either by abusing Lord George Germaine or exculpating Burgoyne.

News from France also brings word there has been an engagement between Byron and D'Estaing, and that the latter had greatly suffered, but without further particulars of the action—at least made public. Amid all this smoke I hope there will turn out to be some fire. I must repeat old questions. What have you heard about the Hymn of Homer? What about the MS. of Strabo wanted by the Dean of Christchurch, Oxon, for a new edition of that author? If there be such a MS. as the last, and it may be borrowed, I believe the University would find people to be security for its safe return.

How gallantly and manfully have the Byrons, the Barringtons, the Wallaces, and the commanding officers who took St. Lucia, and those who defended Jersey, and above all the firm and intrepid Sir Guy Carlton—how gallantly and nobly have they all acted! Party admirals and party generals, with fleets and armies five or six times as numerous, have done nothing, or have (what is worse) been disgraced. Yet are these the blackamoors that Opposition (good men!) would wash white—these the men we must adore and worship.

[1] In Committee of enquiry on the conduct of the American War. The House showed more party feeling than knowledge of military tactics. The enquiry fell to the ground.

MR. HOOPER TO MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P.

Heron Court, May 24, 1779.

This morning's post brought me your letters occasioned by the probable approach of the death of the Duke of Rutland, and by the negotiation opened with you touching one consequence of that event. Lord Hyde's view was very early known at Christchurch,[1] by a hint in a newspaper. This led our friends (without the least influence from me, but merely from their own inclinations) to think of replacing your son Sir James Harris in the seat he yielded up to Lord Hyde—I mean in case his Lordship should be elected for Cambridge, and sit for that University. This thought has grown into a settled purpose, from which I am persuaded the corporation will not be induced to depart. I am sure they will not suffer themselves to be driven from it.

You well know by what severe penalties a commissioner of the customs[2] is restrained from persuading or dissuading, by any means or device whatsoever, any elector as to his vote for a representative in Parliament. However, if I was not so restrained, and should attempt to use my influence against my young kinsman, I am very sure our friends would not believe me to be in earnest, nor, if they did, would they allow me to have any weight in such a measure, how indulgent soever

[1] Sir J. Harris had sat for Christchurch with his father in the previous Parliament. Seventeen burgesses at this time composed the constituency, and returned two members. After Mr. Hooper of Heron Court died, Mr. Rose obtained the favour of these voters, and made it a close borough until the Reform Bill of 1832.

[2] Mr. Hooper was Chairman of the Commission.

they may be in any other. The re-electing Lord Hyde till in possession of a secure seat for the University is what our friends at Christchurch mean; but when they come to elect a new candidate, I am confident they will abide by the design they have formed among themselves. The seven years' term of the present Parliament is wearing out, and if you should then choose for the sake of your health to decline the fatigues of Parliamentary attendance, it seems to me very probable that Mr. Villiers may then be cheerfully chosen in your room together with Sir James Harris, especially if Lord Clarendon's attention to Christchurch be duly kept up in the mean time.

REV. DR. JEANS[1] TO MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P.

Sarum, June 1, 1779.

As you will probably be at Salisbury by the arrival of this, and as you probably left Twickenham before the following reached it, I am sorry to tell you what I fear is true. Letters arrived to-day from Ireland, from Lady Blayney to Lord North, informing him that there were 16,000 men in arms in Monaghan County, who had declared against the King and their dependence on England.

An agent of Lord Clermont was at their head, and they had demanded some of the Blayneys to conduct them. The Marquis de la Fayette,[2] with some troops

[1] Curate of Christchurch, and a man of great influence over his brother burgesses.

[2] The same who took a prominent part in the revolution of Paris in 1830.

and six frigates, is gone upon an expedition to Ireland. Lord Weymouth sent them advice of it yesterday. Burke declared to-day in the House of Commons that Spain had agreed to accede to the Family Compact. The Ministers did not deny it.

The House voted five millions this afternoon.

MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P., TO LORD CLARENDON.

Close of Sarum, June 10, 1779.

Having so real an esteem and respect for your Lordship, it grieves me greatly that I am unable to accord in *every instance* with your Lordship's wishes. I am unhappy there should be a single exception, and yet I can most seriously assure your Lordship that the spontaneous and voluntary attachment of my friends to my son (should Lord Hyde succeed at Cambridge) is so great that I dare not thwart a benevolence so unanimous, and at the same time so pleasing and flattering to myself.

It was always my opinion and my wish that if Lord Hyde failed at Cambridge, he should be re-elected at Christchurch. In consequence of this, I have this day sent an express to the Mayor, addressing myself both to him and the other gentlemen on Lord Hyde's behalf, and propose likewise to attend the election, and expect to meet Mr. Hooper there.

May I venture to hint that the *name of a new candidate* (however respected) has by no means been acceptably taken—that it has made this measure of mine more expedient? I should not have said so much had it not been from a real regard, and a real value for that

friendship with which your Lordship has honoured me, and from a due sense of which I subscribe myself, &c.

MR. BATT, Q.C., TO MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P.

Lincoln's Inn, June 11, 1779.

You will have heard, long before this reaches you, of the event of the Cambridge Election. Mansfield had 157 votes, Townshend [1] 145, Lord Hyde 138. I conclude this defeat is severely felt in Grosvenor Square, and I do not wonder if it should, for the exertions of Ministry were, at least for some days past, very strenuous in Lord Hyde's favour, and are now made probably for the last time. You may be sure that before the General Election, Mansfield[2] will be either Solicitor-General, or will have made his consequence so much felt in Parliament that Government will have no mind to disturb him in his seat. Indeed, I have good reason to think that the Chancellor and his party were not a little angry with Lord North for having so rashly promised to assist Lord Hyde against a man much more likely to be of use to them than he ever could have been, besides that he already had a seat in the House of Commons.

It is unlucky that you are bound by promise to assist him in his re-election. The voters there, I am satisfied, will reluctantly choose him again; and you will

[1] Mr. Townshend, afterwards Lord Sydney, became Secretary at War in the Rockingham Administration in 1782.

[2] Sir James Mansfield, an eminent lawyer, son of an attorney at Ringwood; subsequently Solicitor-General and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Charles Townshend writes to G. Selwyn: 'Hyde is supported by Ministers, Mansfield by the Duke of Grafton, and John Townshend by Almack's.'

not only have to postpone Sir James Harris to Lord Hyde on this occasion, but to sustain the weight of an unpopular candidate against your own son.

William Pitt is this week come to England from Sweden, quite unchanged by his travels; but as he left Russia in August, he had nothing new to tell from that quarter. At the Election at Cambridge University, Mansfield had the interest of the Duke of Grafton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Ely, and eight heads of houses.

Mansfield had all King's College, and great part of Trinity. St. John's was divided between Lord Hyde and Townshend.

Charles Fox was there, and Sir George Greville for Townshend. All three candidates declared they should stand at the next election.

LORD NORTH TO MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P.

Downing Street, June 12, 1779.

Dear Sir,—I have received your obliging letters, and beg leave to assure you that I am much more concerned at the cause of your absence than at your absence itself, although I shall always rejoice at receiving by your support in Parliament a mark of your friendship and good opinion. The apprehensions which I was under, that the Opposition would collect a large number of friends in order to attack us on some day before the rising of the House, made me think it necessary to trouble my friends with solicitations for their attendance. Several gentlemen are now up, and I think the number of our friends in London is at

present so considerable, that I shall be able to repel with success every attack, and I would by no means have you risk your health by endeavouring to attend us. You will have heard before the receipt of this letter, that Lord Hyde has failed in his attempt to represent the University of Cambridge. Lord Clarendon has desired me to write to you in his favour, and to solicit your interest that he may for the remainder of the Parliament be replaced in his former seat at Christchurch.[1] The request appears to me not unreasonable; and being made by an old and common friend of ours, in behalf of a person whom I have tried in vain to support at Cambridge, I have readily undertaken to speak to you for him, and shall be much obliged to you for giving him your support.

I am with great respect, dear Sir, your obliged and very faithful servant,

NORTH.

P.S.—I wish you would show this to Mr. Hooper and make the same request of him in my name. I understand that he is either with or near you, and therefore do not trouble him with a separate letter.

MR. LISTON TO SIR JAMES HARRIS.[2]

Berlin, June 15, 1779.

The abridgment of our politics is merely that our warriors and our negotiators are all returned. That everything has resumed its ancient course. That the

[1] Lord Hyde was re-elected for Christchurch.
[2] Created a Knight of the Bath.

King's conduct is exalted as noble, dignified, disinterested in the supreme degree. That though the late campaign certainly has not been made without expense, yet boast is made that no new tax has been imposed, nor a penny touched of the Royal Treasury: that on the contrary the King has assigned as usual large sums for different public improvements—for those in agriculture and colonisation 800,000 crowns (of which 160,000 go towards establishing the disbanded soldiers of the *Free Battalions* who happen to be under size), 2,000,000 for buildings, and so forth. That though, to the great surprise of the public the King received Prince Henry with great affection and cordiality, yet those who pretend to see farther through milestones than their neighbours pretend that there was, in the general tenor of his Majesty's behaviour to the Prince, a very sensible coldness, and that it was felt. That his Majesty's affection and complaisance to the Prince of Prussia daily increases, and the Prince's attention and deference for the King keeps pace. That the Prince's character continues to rise in the public estimation. His military reputation particularly is fixed beyond a doubt in the opinion of every officer. Of the Congress it only remains to say that the King of Prussia is to renew the renunciation he made in 1741 of his rights to Juliers and Bergues in favour of the Palatine family, and mention is made particularly of the Duke of Deux Ponts and his heirs. The deed was drawn up (and I believe signed) at Teschen, but the ratifications were not arrived when the Congress broke up.

MR. BATT, Q.C., TO J. HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Lincoln's Inn, June 18, 1779.

Dear Sir,—The cloud which has so long threatened us is at length burst, and Spain is added to the number of our declared enemies. How we shall be able to cope with this fresh foe, all exhausted and ill-governed as we are, time only can discover; but without exertions supernatural, or assistance which I can no where see reason to expect, I fear our distresses are likely to be much increased. The Spanish manifesto is the poorest of all productions of the sort that I have ever seen: if that country fights not better than it composes its State papers, we need not much fear them. The minority in both Houses yesterday were more decent and moderate than was expected, but the debate was not upon the whole a good one in either House.

Everybody seems persuaded that we shall soon hear of some blow struck by our perfidious enemies united, but at present there is no authentic news respecting the destination or real strength of their fleets.

The return of the messengers from Russia is now become doubly interesting to us all. If we have not an ally in the Czarina or the States of Holland—and both these things seem doubtful—I know not what is to become of us.

LORD CLARENDON TO MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P.

Grosvenor Street, June 18, 1779.

Many thanks, my dear Sir, for Lord Hyde's re-election and for the kind note he delivered. He takes his seat to-day, and the Parliament is to be prorogued on Monday. You will have some little comfort in hearing that the address on the Spanish manifesto was seconded by Lord J. Cavendish, and that unanimity was recommended by the Duke of Richmond. It passed in both Houses nem. con. It is fortunate for the Ministry that the Spanish manifesto[1] was presented before the prorogation. They are now encouraged and authorised, as far as Opposition speeches can give authority, to exert every power in defence of the nation and to the annoyance of France and Spain. Hardy with his fleet is out of sight, and may meet with one of those enemies before their junction. With regard to America, sentiments seem the same, numerous and various.

Just setting out for the Grove, and with great impatience yours faithfully, CLARENDON.

LORD CLARENDON TO MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P.

June 26, 1779.

I acknowledge with gratitude the contents of your letter, my dear friend, of the 20th instant, and wish I

[1] Declaration of war. A loyal feeling was shown by Parliament voting cheerfully men and money. The allied French and Spanish fleets, 66 sail of the line, for some time held command of the Channel, Sir C. Hardy having a very inferior force.

could make you any return that would be agreeable. I am afraid that none of that sort can be collected from politics. Much seems at stake—consequently in a state of uncertainty. All the fleets of our enemies are said to be at sea, and Sir C. Hardy was seen off the Lizard some days since. Byron, Arbuthnot, and Hughes are likewise on or in the way to their destinations.

Important news must consequently be expected soon, such as will undoubtedly influence at home. At present we talk of unanimity, but against each other: how we shall act I believe depends more on events than on principles. Lord Suffolk's seals will probably be soon put in new hands, but whose I don't know. Lord Stormont and Lord Carlisle are the supposed candidates, and the staff of the latter would go to Lord Charles Spencer. How the Admiralty would be supplied perhaps Lord Sandwich knows—I don't. Converts are not to be expected, at least not from the language of the heads of parties. Luckily for you, my chaise is at the door, and you escape more uncertainty, but not, dear Sir, ever will the assurance of my most affectionate regard and esteem, which I hope you will accept and distribute to all belonging to you.

CLARENDON.

I return to the House of Lords on Monday, and Parliament will probably be prorogued on Wednesday.[1]

[1] Parliament was prorogued July 3, its loyalty cordially acknowledged in the speech from the Throne.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Salisbury, July 11, 1779.

You see by the papers the death of the Duke of Ancaster. His estate I hear is worth 16,000*l.* a year, 2,000*l.* of which goes with the Dukedom to Lord Brownlow Bertie, the rest between his two sisters. The office of Lord Great Chamberlain goes to Lady Elizabeth Burrell, consequently to Peter Burrell, but he cannot act unless he is an Earl: according to the luck of the Burrell family, I should not be surprised if he were made a Duke. We are quite military: soldiers are passing perpetually all over England; three regiments of dragoons are already encamped on Combe Down, three more are to join them. This being the assizes in Salisbury, all military operations must cease in the West, for soldiers are not allowed to come into a town during the time of the assizes. You see by the Gazette his Majesty's proclamation to the effect that in case of any attempt on the part of the French or the Spaniards to invade us, all cattle is to be driven far into the country. I wish Sir Charles Hardy could get the French into an engagement; then I should not fear an invasion, nor do I much now. 'Tis said the camp at Warley is breaking up, and is to go to guard the western coast, and that that of Coxheath has orders to be in readiness to move whenever they are called for. All this looks tremendous; but I have no doubt the English will drive off the French and Spaniards, should they be rash enough to make an attempt when they are united, which is not yet accomplished.

DR. FARR TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

August 17, 1779.

Dear Sir,—Though a multiplicity of affairs have employed me so that the post is within a few minutes of going out, I make use of them just to mention the outline of our present most alarming situation.

Since yesterday forenoon the French and Spanish fleets, consisting of 60 sail of the line besides frigates, &c., in three grand divisions, have been in sight of this port, and this day one of the divisions came off the Sound, within two leagues of the land, as if they had been coming in. In the forenoon the signal for engagement was out at Maker Church, and from the cannonading we heard, we hoped Sir Charles Hardy had come up with the enemy; but, alas! it turned out to be only an engagement between the 'Ardent' and several of the French ships by whom she was surrounded, and after defending herself for an hour and a half was taken; she was on her way from Portsmouth to join Sir Charles Hardy, and unfortunately mistook the French for our fleet. Two other ships went by this evening from the eastward, and it is feared will share the same fate.

Never was a more unfortunate concurrence of incidents. The wind was westerly until this morning, when it changed to the east and blew fresh all day, which will prevent Sir Charles Hardy coming up Channel, and their troops may come over from Havre, St. Malo, &c., without let or molestation before to-morrow evening.

The consternation amongst all ranks here is not

to be expressed, many families have already removed, and others are removing.

Sir Charles Hardy with 37 sail of the line was on Saturday morning ten leagues S.W. off Scilly. The tender which left him at eight o'clock in the morning fell in with the French in the afternoon, but we know not that he has any intelligence yet of their being in the Channel, though it is supposed he must. The 'Jupiter' and 'Ambuscade' slipped by close in shore to join him this afternoon, and I hope they have escaped.

I am, with great respect and esteem, dear Sir, your obliged and most obedient humble servant,

W. Farr.

Royal Hospital, Plymouth.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Close of Sarum, August 19, 1779.

I take this opportunity of a private hand to convey you a letter, though God knows I have little private to send you. By our land and our naval preparations we seem preparing against an invasion, and yet we hardly know whether we are at war or no. Never was there so strange a sea-fight as that of Brest. 'Tis said Keppel had orders not to take ships,[1] but that I think impossible. 'Tis said some of his captains

[1] There was no doubt dissension in Keppel's fleet from political feeling. The old style of manœuvring, to obtain weather-gage and cannonading in line, caused naval actions to be undecisive. Rodney taught admirals to bear down and break the line. Nelson's chivalrous example banished political faction from our fleets, recognising but one feeling, that of devotion to our country, symbolised by the word 'duty.'

were tardy, especially Brereton of the 'Duke.' This is more intelligible, and is believed by everyone. Our camps do well, and 'tis a laudable thing that so many of our first nobility and gentry are now in actual service, and defending their country. We indeed have no militia here; we have a regular horse camp of four veteran regiments. At the Kentish review, during some of their very quick motions, Lord Romney fell in consequence of an old strain, and has been disabled ever since. Both he and his son are on service, my Lord in Kent, Mr. Marsham at Winchester. The rank and fortune of the Militia officers enabled them to maintain a very superior splendour, but whether that is better or worse I don't determine. The Wiltshire corps do not shine now as formerly, the Dorsetshire is in high reputation, but the Gloucestershire is above them all: they say so fine and so well disciplined a corps is nowhere to be found. The seasons on the whole have been favourable both to camps and to husbandry—a few tempestuous days with thunder, but fair and fine ever since. We are still in expectation of a visit from his Majesty, who they say is to come to Wilton and the Review, and then return by way of Amesbury, seeing in one visit the noble Earl (Pembroke) and the noble Duke (Queensberry). What will this poor country come to? Immense expenses already, and no prospect of their being diminished. You are young, and will, I hope, preserve your interest at all events. For my own part I think patriots and Opposition have ruined us, though now they have the assurance to deplore that ruin. Prating is a mere habit, which is possessed now as it was by the old demagogues

without a grain of virtue, or even political science. Your mother and I went Monday to St. Giles, and stayed there the next day, returning in the evening. I never saw the place look better, or the environs more beautiful. I have great praises too to bestow on Lord Shaftesbury:[1] he appears to have excellent parts, a most genteel behaviour, and much worth and virtue. I hope the abandoned profligates of this country will not spoil him when he comes to live more at large, as he must do shortly.

DR. FARR TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Plymouth, August 20, 1779.

As it is so interesting a period, accounts from hence will be eagerly sought after. I would not omit acquainting you with what has occurred since my last. The greater part of Wednesday the enemy's fleet remained in sight; but the wind blowing very hard at east all that day, and still more so in the night and on yesterday, they were not able longer to keep their station, and are said to be driven back as far as Falmouth.

This is looked on by our best naval judges to be a very fortunate circumstance — I mean the strong easterly wind, as it gives us more time for preparation, and it is to be hoped may have divided the combined fleets, so as to give Sir Charles Hardy an opportunity of attacking them separately. He was said to have been

[1] The fifth Earl. He was then seventeen years of age. He died in 1811, leaving only a daughter, married to Lord de Mauley, and was succeeded by his brother the late Earl, Chairman of the Lords' Committees.

seen on Tuesday morning west of the Lizard, but I should hope would not attempt to beat up Channel with a full wind, as it may disable some of the ships. It is not to be supposed that the French will attempt to land until after the action, though sixty or more transports were seen this morning, supposed from the opposite coast—a fine opportunity of cutting these off when their grand fleet was so distant, had we had ships here.

They have begun cutting down part of the trees at Mount Edgcumbe to make fascine batteries. The inhabitants of Plymouth are under arms, and everything is doing which our small force is capable of; but alas! what can 5,000 men effect? The French prisoners will be marched off for Exeter to-morrow morning.

In the present critical juncture it is looked on by some as very mysterious that Sir C. Hardy should have been expressly ordered to quit the Channel just three days before the French and Spanish fleets entered it; and a letter from a very respectable officer in the fleet, dated the 13th instant, has this expression: 'our manœuvres this day were so very strange as to be altogether inexplicable on any ground but in consequence of particular orders from above.' Add to this Stocks not being hitherto affected.

DR. FARR TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Plymouth, August 22, 1779.

I have both your favours this day. You may depend on hearing from me every post, and should anything particular occur between, by coach.

I have just parted with the Admiral's Secretary: he tells me no intelligence has arrived of Sir Charles Hardy nor of the enemy's fleet since my last. On Thursday morning fifteen sail were seen west of the Ram's Head, supposed to be part of the enemy's fleet, and since that we have neither seen nor heard of them. What I mentioned in my last, of the sixty transports, was without foundation; thirty-five sail passed by Guernsey, supposed to be victuallers for the enemy's fleet; from whence it may be inferred that they do not mean to return into port without fighting or making some attempt on our coasts, but I trust we are now well prepared to receive them. Indeed, I should wish for nothing more than an attack from the sea; and I think we have troops sufficient to repulse them were they to attempt to land in Cawsand Bay. Should they beat our fleet, they may indeed effect a landing in Torbay; but they would have a long march, and many deep defiles to pass between this and that.

Five hundred miners came up from Cornwall this day to assist at the works; more are coming. Part of the Sussex militia came in from Exeter yesterday.

The French prisoners, amounting to 1000, will be marched off for Exeter to-morrow, and so to Winchester. In short, I trust they have lost their opportunity: had

they made a bold push on Tuesday last, the wind most favourable that could be, unprepared and panic-struck as we were, I don't know what might have been the consequence; but they were, I suppose, fearful of risking the loss of any of their ships while our fleet was in their rear. The following little narrative comes from a Mr. Fox, merchant in Falmouth:—When the enemy appeared off there on Sunday last, the 15th instant, a boat went off from St. Keven, with provisions, judging it to be our fleet: a young lady, daughter of a merchant there, out of curiosity went in the boat; instead of Sir Charles Hardy they found themselves alongside of the Spanish Admiral.

The Spaniards treated them very civilly, the officers paying for such vegetables, &c., as they wanted, and the sailors made free with the remainder.

There was an old man and a young one in the boat: the former they detained as a pilot; he dissuaded them from making any attempt on Plymouth, as they would find it too strong; but they told him they knew its strength, and how our troops were disposed of in the different parts of the island; that their destination was no secret—viz. to destroy the dockyards of Plymouth and Portsmouth. I should have said that they were very particular in their enquiries as to the entrance into Hamoaze. They desired the young man to bring some vegetables to them off Plymouth, where they said they should be the next day: but this he declined. He said he could count no more than forty-five sail of the line; I wish his intelligence in this respect may be true, but must think the account of their numbers has been magnified. We have several here who will not believe

the 'Ardent' is taken, though numbers are ready to make oath they saw her strike: so difficult is it to ascertain a fact which happened in the sight of thousands.

I am sorry to say there is not the best agreement between our commanders here, but this *entre nous*.[1]

I am sure I have need of your utmost candour for such hasty, ill-digested remarks; but time will not admit of method or revisal, and I am desirous of giving you everything at such a juncture.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Salisbury, August 22, 1779.

In our present situation you may easily believe we hear many false reports. The most authentic we can have is from a correspondent your father has at Plymouth, so you shall have it in his own words:[2] 'The strong easterly wind is looked upon by our best naval judges as a fortunate circumstance; it gives us more time for preparation, and it is to be hoped may have divided the combined fleets, so as to give Sir Charles Hardy an opportunity of attacking them separately. He was said to be seen Tuesday morning west of the Lizard Point, but I should hope would not attempt to push up the Channel with a foul wind, as it may disable some of his ships. It is not supposed that

[1] Sir Charles Hardy had succeeded Admiral Keppel in the command of the Channel Fleet, but, with only thirty-eight ships, was too weak to attack the combined fleets of France and Spain. These, however, were content with insulting our coasts, as jealousy prevailed between the commanders, and a deadly sickness among the crews, and they undertook no important operations.

[2] *Vide* Dr. Farr's letters of August 17, &c.

the French will attempt to land till after the action, though sixty transports were supposed to have been seen from the opposite coast this morning. They have begun cutting down trees at Mount Edgcumbe,[1] to make fascine batteries. The inhabitants of Plymouth are under arms, and everything is being done that can be. The French prisoners are to be marched off for Exeter to-morrow morning.'

We have five regiments of dragoons, and one of light horse, on Combe Down: what use they can be so far inland we *ignorant* ones cannot account for. God send the times may mend. We have an additional prayer in the churches: that is all we have to avail us. I am glad you four Harris's[2] are out of this combustion. Mr. Harris swears at the Opposition: the troubles make me a little nervous, and Louisa is placid. Lady Cecilia Johnstone is the worst person I talk with, as she will not allow me the least hope, even when I pluck up my small courage.

MR. LISTON TO SIR JAMES HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, August 25, 1779.

The political part acted at present by this Court is merely that of spectators, though it is very uncertain how long it may continue to be so. I mentioned in my last the final exchange of ratifications and guarantees by which the business of the Palatine and Deux Ponts Ministers at this Court, at least for the present,

[1] Lord Mount Edgcumbe's beautiful seat overlooking the entrance to Plymouth.

[2] Sir J. Harris, his wife, son, and sister.

was finished. They have accordingly had their audience of leave, and are both gone to the southward, the former with a wish and hope to return here, the other with the expectation of acting a great part when his master comes to join the Bavarian and Palatine territories to the Duchy of Deux Ponts.

Terring Seefeld is a good, well-meaning *Bavarois*, formerly reckoned a *beau garçon* and lover of the Electress Dowager, now a *bon vivant*, still retaining his inclination to the sex; without knowledge of business, without art, without penetration; very agreeable to the Prussians, who will be glad to see him again. Hofenfels, when he first appeared here, was thought awkward, pedantic, and almost a fool. His look is indeed rather sinister than otherwise, and his elocution embarrassed and ungainly. When he returned from Teschen 'who but he?' The plenipotentiaries at the Congress, the Ministers who had been at Breslau, agreed in extolling him to the skies. He was the only person at Teschen who was really master of the subject treated; his moderation had conciliated the minds of men; his gaiety and good humour had proved the life of the company; in short, '*'twas he who made the peace.*'

I shall not enquire whether it is not true on this, as on other occasions, that *medio tutissimus ibis*. Certain it is the gold snuff-box he received from the King of Prussia is one of the finest his Majesty has been known to give to any envoy, at least for a long time. It might bring him, if pulled to pieces, between four and five thousand dollars, and cost the King, I suppose, above eight. Quære what value ought the box to be of that the Duke of Deux Ponts ought to give in return?

Quære also, is this peace after all likely to be of long continuance? The King's suspicions of the good faith and pacific dispositions of His Imperial Majesty are almost as violent as ever.

His Majesty is not without hopes that by adhering to a neutrality (in the English sense of the word) the States-General may prevent the flames of war from spreading to the Continent, and render the Emperor's army in Flanders, if it should really be assembled there, merely an *armée de précaution*. So that it would appear Sir Joseph Yorke is not in the wrong in saying that the King *se confie au reste dans la bénédiction divine, sur la bonté de sa cause et sur la fidélité et la valeur de ses sujets*, for there is little appearance that either duty or generosity or gratitude or self-interest is likely to procure us allies. You know much better than I how far we have any reason to expect good from the Russian mediation which has been and is still so much talked of.

An Austrian officer (of the name, I think, of Malfatte) came to Potsdam a few weeks ago to ask service, which was refused. He staid longer than was expected, and came to be suspected of acting the spy. He then came to Berlin, where he staid some time under a different name.

The King wished to give him the *consilium abeundi*, but the Governor and the police could not find him, nor even discover where he had lodged, by what gate he had come in, nor any one thing concerning him.

The officer who was upon guard the day he came from Potsdam with the post waggon has been put in arrest.

I only mention the story to show the strength of our jealousy and suspicion, for one would naturally think the idea of a spy at Berlin in time of profound peace is altogether inadmissible.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Salisbury, September 5, 1779.

Your father and I intend driving every day to the camp; 'tis a fine ride, and we know so many officers that it is rather agreeable. Colonel Dundas, who commands the Scots Greys, is a most lively man, not young, with a dash of knight errantry, vehemently set against the enemies of this country. A lady of my acquaintance calls him Don Quixote; he is pompous in his style of talking. By the way, Lady Cecilia Johnstone often contemplates your picture, and says, 'Oh! how I did tease you at a masquerade at the Duchess of Ancaster's.'

Our fleet has been off Plymouth ever since Wednesday, and the combined fleet between Torbay and Plymouth, so we are in hourly expectation of some most interesting news. It is thought a very fine stroke of Sir Charles Hardy getting past the combined fleet when he was for a considerable time to the westward of them: how he accomplished it I cannot learn, but fortunate it is, as he gets great reinforcement daily. We are well fortified and manned at Plymouth, and though I am not so sanguine as Colonel Dundas, I am by no means so terrified as I was three weeks back. Your father had a letter from Lord Clarendon yesterday, full of kind professions. I find Lord Hyde intends to be at Heron Court Tuesday.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Salisbury, September 16, 1779.

We are now out of fear of an invasion. Both fleets seem to have amused themselves in pleasant sailing in our Channel. We do not seem to make much of the West Indies affair. Should Byron refit, he may still beat D'Estaing,[1] and retake the Grenadas. Barrington's wound was a slight flesh wound in his arm. A great number of prisoners, French and Spanish, have come through here from Plymouth. It was judged right not to let them remain there, in case the French should have attempted to land; they are removed to Winchester. They are fifteen hundred in all. The antipathy the Spaniards have for the French is carried to so great a height that if the guards had not interfered they would have killed each other in their prison, which is the old Playhouse at the Vine. As it was, they were obliged to take the Spaniards and lodge them in stables. They reproach the French with being the cause of the present war, which they dislike. The Spaniards that I saw the first day they came were exactly, in complexion and dress, like what you have seen in West's picture of Regulus. French prisoners pass my dressing-room every day; they are very lively.

[1] Byron having convoyed the homeward trade, D'Estaing took advantage of his absence to capture Grenada. Byron, on his return to his station, engaged very gallantly D'Estaing, who had twenty-five sail of the line to Byron's nineteen. The action was indecisive. D'Estaing afterwards attacked Savannah, and was repulsed with great loss.

MR. LISTON TO SIR JAMES HARRIS.

Berlin, September 24, 1779.

The secret of our negotiations at the Court of Russia remains, I imagine, with *you*.[1] Here at least we torture our brains to no purpose to penetrate the mystery. The most probable account of the French manœuvres on this occasion seems to be this:—Afraid of the possible effects of your negotiations at Petersburg, and sensible of the alarm the junction of the House of Bourbon must cause on the Continent, they instructed their Ministers at the different Courts of Europe to make declarations, and to hold a language full of moderation, to affirm that the Cabinets of Versailles and Madrid had no ambitious views, no projects of conquest; that, on the contrary, they merely wished to *remettre les choses sur l'ancien pied* (a phrase I have not heard they explain otherwise than by saying they wished to have no sovereigns of the sea), and that they were ready to listen to any reasonable offers of accommodation. The King of Prussia is in good health and spirits; has gone through his review of artillery and autumn manœuvres as usual. There was hardly room for economy in the King's arrangements, and yet it is since the peace carried farther than ever. He continues to withhold the 'Comédie Française,' threatens to dismiss his Opera Buffa; gave a present the other day

[1] At this time Sir James Harris held his remarkable conversations with the Empress Catherine, soliciting her active interference in our behalf. — *Vide* Malmesbury correspondence with Lord Weymouth, September 9, 1779.

to the artillery of 129 dollars 6 groschen and 3 pfennings, instead of the ordinary sum of 500 or 600 dollars; and such instances daily occur.

MISS HARRIS TO SIR JAMES HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Schalen, October 3, 1779.

Our frigate[1] was wrecked this morning about a German mile from this village. She struck on a sand-bank last night, soon after eleven; and I cannot describe to you the horrors of our situation from that moment till five this morning, when a well-boat[2] came off to our assistance. The water came in very fast, although four pumps were kept at work. We saw the lighthouse, and fired repeated guns of distress; these were never heard till three in the morning, and the wind and tide being unfavourable, the boats could not get to our assistance sooner. I must do the captain the justice to say that nothing could be more manly, more calm, than his behaviour; much presence of mind, and seeming to possess himself entirely. Indeed we owe our lives to his firmness, for we passed one bank as we thought, and finding the frigate float, anchors were thrown out: however, we soon found ourselves still on the bank, and as the tide sank we sunk into the sand. The pilots were then for cutting the cables, which would have irrevocably caused us to have been beaten to pieces. The captain wisely waited for the chance of boats, knowing that

[1] The Russian frigate 'Natalia,' in which Miss Harris, who had been to see her brother at Petersburg, was returning to England.

[2] A fisherman's boat with a well to keep fish alive.

we should still be above water many hours. If he is blamed, I should be happy to have this testimony of his behaviour mentioned, as 'tis my real opinion, and not from any partiality or favour toward him. He remained there till the last, and saved many things, but not the cargo. Many of the cannons were thrown over to lighten the ship. Our rudder was carried away by the first stroke. In short, our danger was immediate and infinite; and the captain's behaviour was proper and attentive from that very moment, neither losing his head or his temper. We had two pilots, one from the Trinity and one common one. 'Tis impossible for me to enter into particulars. I could only learn that they thought themselves on the coast of England, and they found themselves on that of Holland; and mistook two lighthouses for the lights of two ships.

At five I went on board the well-boat, too happy to be squeezed eight of us into a dark, hot place not six feet square; we remained there from that time till eleven, till we were happily landed here.

Saw the last mast cut from the poor 'Natalia,' and I believe she was quite invisible by four o'clock. I have lost many of my books; the others are spoilt. Your Chinese pictures are lost, and many more things which I cannot miss now. Suffice it to say, I would not have given a copeck for my life during more than six hours, and I am too much overjoyed to find myself alive, to lament my losses, though to me they are not quite inconsiderable. Your Berlin china, and all that box is gone; my clothes are saved, but my linen is in part lost; but that is nothing. I only lament that all

my courage and resolution have forsaken me; and I believe the impression of the wave bursting into my cabin, the rolling of the ship, and the noise, &c., will always remain present to my imagination. I am such a fool as to be miserable at the idea of going from Helvoet to Harwich; but after all it is not a pleasant thing to die, and the almost certain expectation of it for six hours is next to the thing itself. The people here mob us like beggars; they are obstinate and disagreeable to a degree. I shall depart at four o'clock to-morrow morning, with two of our officers, for the Hague; they are going to Prince Galitzin, and I shall go and request assistance from Sir Joseph Yorke to put me in the best way of getting to London, although in my present sentiments I had rather return to St. Petersburg. I find we are about thirty hours from the Hague, and that we must pass Amsterdam and change our boats there. All the crew were saved. Fortunately the night was calm, the moon shone, and the frigate was very strong. The captain still hopes to recover some of the irons, cannons, and so forth. Considering our situation was so desperate, there was much fortitude shown, perhaps less on my part than any others. I felt so totally forlorn without a soul of my family, that I think nothing on earth will tempt me to explore by myself again. I write in such a noise and such a hurry that I am not so intelligible as I could wish; indeed I am hardly returned to my sober senses.

MR. LISTON TO SIR JAMES HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, November 19, 1779.

The Court of Versailles looks forward to the event of the Elector Palatine's death as the dawn of a third power in the Empire which may one day hold the balance between the Houses of Brandenburgh and Austria, and they wish by present good offices to cement a connection with the family of Deux Ponts originating in territorial position, and hitherto continued by the relations of needy dependence and interested protection.

The part acted by the King of Prussia in the affair of the Bavarian succession, while it afforded hopes he would espouse with warmth the interests of the Duke of Deux Ponts, seemed at the same time to give him a right to interfere, and it was not doubted His Majesty's influence would prevail with His Highness to take certain pliant steps to which the natural obstinacy of his disposition rendered him averse. After a good deal of negotiation, however, on this subject, I am assured that the King of Prussia's interposition has neither proved so cordial nor so efficacious as was expected. The Duke of Deux Ponts, after a short and cold visit to the Elector, has returned without any appearance of approximation, and neither the Prince nor the Princess of Burchenfield show any inclination to the projected match. No doubt the differences between Great Britain and the House of Bourbon were the object of some of the conferences alluded to, but I have no notion that anything like a treaty has taken place,

nor that we have anything to fear from Frederick, except bad advice given to Russia. The French, indeed, talk as if they had higher hopes, and now and then make an attempt to feel his pulse, and so draw him, if possible, into some avowed measure.

One great security we have against the King of Prussia taking any active part unfavourable to us is the jealousy (still entertained) of the Emperor, and an idea that any step on the part of Prussia would induce opposite ones at Vienna. We are assured from Paris that, in spite of the cold reception the overtures (made some time ago by Count Mercy) met with, the Court of Austria has once more returned to the charge, and offered a plan of accommodation between us and France which has once more been declined by the Versailles Cabinet.

There hardly passes a week but some Austrian subject or other is pitched upon as a spy upon very slight grounds (such as giving a different name at the gates of Berlin and Potsdam), and packed off beyond the frontier. What is most unaccountable is that there is a cordon drawn all along the borders of Bohemia, Silesia, &c., as if we were on the eve of a rupture. The Austrian one (which reaches from Jablonka to Egra) consists, it is said, of 24,000 men; the Prussian one is composed of 100 men from each regiment of cavalry. The pretence of the Austrians, who (we say) drew theirs first, is said to be to prevent desertion, which is prodigious since the peace. That of Prussia, also, to prevent desertion from their own troops, and to check the irregularities of the Austrian hussars, &c., who follow deserters into the Prussian territories

to a great distance, and to the no small scandal and terror of the villages near the borders.

I confess this does not explain matters to my satisfaction, but I can give you no more than I have myself.

MR. HOOPER TO MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P.

Hertford Street, November 20, 1779.

Authentic advice came this morning from Ireland of the riotous insolence of the Dublin mob. Mr. Scott, the Attorney-General there, having spoken for the usual Money Bill, was the object of their fury: they sought him in the Four Courts (their Westminster Hall), which they entered in a very outrageous manner. Having had notice in time he was withdrawn to the Main Guard, where he put himself at the head of a detachment of the King's troops and led them to his house, when (as he expected) he found the mob breaking his windows and menacing destruction. Repulsed in this attempt, they went to the House of Commons and beset it; refusing to let any member go in except such as took an oath to vote *for Free Trade and a short Money Bill.*

The Lord Mayor was present, and countenanced this outrage, and the King's vicegerent is passive in order to be popular. 'Tis thought Wilkes will be chosen Chamberlain on Monday. 'Tis reported to-day that Lord Weymouth has resigned, but perhaps the new arrangements are yet unsettled, though the Session opens next Thursday.

MR. BATT, Q.C., TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Lincoln's Inn, November 22, 1779.

As I conceive you must be interested to hear what is passing here, I send you such accounts as I can meet with of political events, though you may probably have more authentic news than mine from many of your correspondents.

Every day seems more and more to confirm the probability of Lord North's downfall. No successor is yet found for Lord Gower or Lord Weymouth. Lord Kilsborough declines coming into office, probably on account of his Irish property. The Opposition are determined to go *all lengths* to obtain their purpose. There is great reason to believe that they mean on Thursday to try the effect of a large mob on the King, and particular persons in the Ministry. The presenting of the Middlesex Freeholders' petition in the House of Commons will furnish a pretext for a tumultuous assembly on that or some other day, when no doubt the leaders of that band will point out to them objects of insult. Lord North is alarmed at this circumstance, but is otherwise without fear of the Opposition, of whose rancour he has no notion, and what is astonishing, in spite of all his difficulties, he has no thought of resigning. How all this will end it is impossible to guess. It seems barely possible that, Lord North being removed, the Chancellor and the Bedford party may coalesce with Lord Shelburne or Lord Rockingham, and so form another Ministry: it is more likely that every-

body now in office will be driven out, and the Cabinet taken by storm.

Wedderburne has sent word to Lord North that he must expect no support from him. A friend of mine, a shrewd calculator, guesses Lord North's majority on Thursday at less than 50. In the House of Commons, Lord Lewisham moves the address, and Lord Fairford seconds it. In the other House, Lord Chesterfield moves, and Lord Grantham seconds it. There could not have been a more improper choice; the mover is too insignificant for such an occasion, and Lord Grantham of too much consequence to be put to second an address, which is the business generally of a young peer. Lord North should not have asked it of him, nor he, if he had recollected himself, have accepted it. Add to this reason that, being a responsible man from his Spanish Embassy, his standing thus forward will seem to challenge enquiry, of which he will have abundance from the Duke of Richmond, &c. I hear nothing more of the dissolution of Parliament. Eden is going to publish four letters to Lord Carlisle—the first on parties here; the second on the American war; the third on the difficulties and resources of this country in revenue; and the fourth on Ireland. I think he is a bold man at this time to publish on such subjects, which must make him many enemies. We have lost the 'Sphynx' frigate of 22 guns on the banks of Newfoundland, taken by a Spanish ship of superior force. D'Estaing's distress by a storm off the Bahama Islands, and the consequent dispersion of his fleet, seems to be believed; and it is also said with confidence that the Spaniards and French disagree exceedingly at Brest.

In Ireland all Government is absolutely dissolved. The mob have treated the Attorney-General and Sir H. Cavendish's houses as Sir H. Palliser's[1] was treated here. Such a storm as is raised there cannot soon be laid, but I believe, as Oliver St. John said to Mr. Hyde, things must be worse before they are better, both in Ireland and this country.

THE REV. DR. JEANS TO MR. HARRIS, SEN., M.P.

13 Duke Street, Manchester Square, November 29, 1779.

There is nothing so recent in town as the duel that was fought this morning at eight o'clock between Mr. Charles Fox and Mr. Adam, on account of some personality which Mr. Adam supposed Mr. Fox intended against him in his speech of Thursday last. Mr. Adam, in his first fire, wounded Mr. Fox in his side, but which did not prevent them from going through both their pistols, the last of which Mr. Fox fired in the air and disavowed any intention of being personal against Mr. Adam. The ball, I hear, only grazed Mr. Fox's side, and though there is much straw laid before his door, yet I apprehend he is very little hurt. Colonel Stuart and Sir George Collier are arrived from New York. I do not hear exactly the news they bring, but I find that Ministers believe the dispersion and damage done to D'Estaing's fleet. Admiral Arbuthnot writes word that they expected them at New York, and that since the storm no accounts whatever have been received of them there.

[1] The Admiral who, second in command of our fleet, brought charges against Keppel, his superior officer. The mob took the part of the latter and destroyed his house.

Opposition talk as if the Bedford party (including the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, and Fox) mean to unite against the present Administration after Christmas.

The change of the Ministry is inferred from Wedderburne's trimming speech and the Bedford defection, from Lord Gower's resignation, and Lord Weymouth's dismissal.

Lord Gower went out at his own request on condition of Lord Carlisle's getting the place he has, and Lord Weymouth (as he did once before at the time of the Falkland Islands affair). For which reason he has neither pension or anything else.

I send you Lord Mansfield's opinion of Lord Grantham's speaking:—'He delivered himself with ease, manliness, and a peculiar modesty, and was much attended to and admired by the House in general.' I know this circumstance must be pleasing to you.

Mentioning Mr. Eden's name calls to my remembrance a fact you have not perhaps heard. Lord North, by the advice of Mr. Eden, has sent a present of an ambassador's service of place worth 3,000*l.* to each of the five American Commissioners, of which he is one.

Mr. Eden,[1] finding the times grow troublesome in Ireland, has contrived to get Mrs. Eden's 800*l.* per annum, which was upon the Irish Establishment, placed upon the King's Privy Purse. Lord Howe, since his compliment of plate, has sent word that he cannot refuse the King his services if they are required, and he really hopes for the Channel Fleet.

[1] Afterwards Lord Auckland.

1780

MR. LISTON TO SIR JAMES HARRIS.

Berlin, February 5, 1780.

The King of Prussia has been seriously indisposed, but not so dangerously ill as some people have apprehended. You know he has been accustomed to have a return of the gout every equinox and every winter solstice, and the attacks of last autumn and Christmas, though more severe than those of the previous season, were not by any means so critical as the fits he had a few years ago, when his life was despaired of. His Majesty had been obliged for a long time to sign his name with the left hand, and used to advise everybody to learn to use that hand in writing, in case of accidents, but he now begins to be able to use his right again as usual. It remains to be seen how he will be able to sustain the month of March.

The death of the Princess Dowager of Prussia has made a greater impression here than you would have imagined. I do not talk of the grief of her friends and dependants, which no doubt was perfectly sincere (for everybody agrees in giving her the very high though simple panegyric that she had made many persons happy, and never gave pain to a living soul), neither do I mean the regret of her son, who always regarded her with affection, and considered her as the only one

of the Royal Family to whom he could speak with entire confidence. But an idea seems to prevail in the public that this will not be the only death in the family within a short time. The weakly state of health of Her Prussian Majesty and of the Duke of Brunswick, to mention no others, confirms this opinion; and I must mention, on this occasion (however foolish it may seem), a prophecy which it seems was made to the King a good many years ago. His Majesty, returning to Berlin at the end of the war of 1756, found, in a village where he stopped to change horses, a crowd about a peasant's house. He enquired the reason of it, and found it was a conjuror who was telling the country people their fortunes. His Majesty desired to have his told, which was complied with, and among many other predictions the time of his death was pretty accurately pointed out. In the first place a very young prince of the Royal Family was to die, then an old princess, then the Queen, and, very soon after, the King. The prophecy is supposed to be accomplished in the death of the little Prince Henry some years ago, and now in the death of the Princess Dowager. When this last event was announced to the King he seemed much struck (indeed he had hardly known she was ill), and said 'Well, my turn, I see, will soon come.' Some days after, at supper, he said to the Grand Equerry Schwerin, who you know is often his butt, and who had marched among the first at the funeral procession, 'You imagine you shall figure away at my burial next, but you'll find you are mistaken, my turn is not yet come.'

There were also other presages taken notice of by the vulgar, with which I shall not detain you. The

affair of the Judges,[1] which I formerly mentioned to you, is probably entirely at an end. Two of them are acquitted, and the others dismissed from their offices, and confined for a year in the fortress of Spandau. It is very likely that the ends proposed by this will be in a great measure obtained. A partial injustice will be productive of general good by the terror it will strike into the whole department, where there is no doubt that many abuses have prevailed. At the same time the King acquires a great augmentation of popularity with the lower class of his subjects, and in all probability new fame in foreign countries. But it has exposed His Majesty in the meanwhile to much anxiety and embarrassment. The punishment was not confined to the *counsellors* of the courts of justice only, but extended to the lawyers on both sides of the cause (the one I suppose because he had not pleaded well enough, the other because he had pleaded too well), as also to a M. de Gersdorff, the gentleman who made the *pond* in question (for there were two gentlemen concerned in the supposed injustice done), and who was what they call Landrath or *Conseiller Provincial* in the district where the mill was situated. This is an officer named by the States, and not removable by royal authority.

However, His Majesty dismissed him from his office, and even appointed another in his place. This has drawn from the States, and from M. de Gersdorff, memorials and representations not much below the tone of the addresses of London and Middlesex.

One of them begins, 'It was not your Majesty, but

[1] Miller Arnold's lawsuit is related in racy style in Carlisle's Life of Frederick, Book 21; also by Lady Minto, in her Life of Elliot.

your ancestors, who granted to the States the privileges they claim; it was not your ancestors only, but your Majesty, who swore at your accession to the throne to preserve those rights inviolate,' and it goes on in the same style. Civil answers have been made to these remonstrances, and even a kind of apology thought necessary, though no hopes of redress have been given; but there is little doubt that they occasioned both surprise and uneasiness. The great attention paid to Fürst still continues, and Carmer, the new Chancellor, is neglected in a most mortifying degree, invited nowhere, and allowed to stalk about at Court without a soul speaking to him. The Commissioners appointed to examine the case contrived to the last (after being frequently remanded by His Majesty) to insist that the Judges were *not guilty*. Zedlitz, who was at the head of the Commission, distinguished himself by his firmness. He received the compliments of the Princes of the Blood, who continue to be in the Opposition in this affair, and was received, the first time he appeared in public, as if he had been a hero returned from gaining a signal victory. The Judges have been obliged to restore to the miller the value of his mill, and to pay him immoderate damages. As soon as this was known among the country people, as few men who lose their cause think they have had justice done them, the peasants set out for Berlin by dozens and by scores, loaded with memorials, petitions, complaints, and persuaded they were to receive the money they had spent, perhaps in an obstinate quarrel or a malicious prosecution. They landed opposite the Palace, and held up their papers towards the apartments where they supposed the King to be. A

crowd gathered about them. At last His Majesty's attention was attracted to the window, and he sent one of his chamber hussars to receive their memorials. This went on very well for some time, but the business multiplied so fast that at length His Majesty lost all patience. During a fit of bad humour occasioned by unreasonable requests, a poor devil arrived with a petition, accompanied with a number of proofs, records, leases, rights, &c. The King, *poussé à bout*, threw memorial and *pièces justificatives* all together into the fire. The man, receiving no answer, begged that at least his papers might be returned. He was told he might go to the Great Chancellor and get others made. How this was managed, my author saith not. Certain it is that the King must be glad to have returned to Potsdam, where it is, I am told, easier to escape from this species of importunity. The Judges, who have now suffered some weeks' imprisonment, are said to have received, a few days ago, an anonymous letter, informing them that if they would petition His Majesty for their enlargement, and only acknowledge that they had been guilty even in a slight degree, there was no doubt of their being set at liberty. They were asked what use they had made of this letter. They said they had added it to the papers which they expected would one day tend to prove their innocence.

MR. LISTON TO SIR JAMES HARRIS.

Berlin, March 7, 1780.

The King of Prussia, ever anxious to give stability to the power of his successor and to strengthen the barriers erected against the House of Austria, appears to have

thought it of importance that the Peace of Teschen should be fully and unconditionally ratified by the Diet of the Empire. By the insertion of a clause *reserving the rights of all parties*, the Berlin Ministry maintain that most of the articles of the late treaty are rendered of no effect; that the King of Prussia and the Elector Palatine have no security left for the advantages stipulated to their respected Houses; and that an attack is even implied on the validity of former treaties, specified and confirmed in the 12th article of that of Teschen. They seem disappointed and ill-pleased to find that the Hanoverian Ministers at Ratisbon have voted in favour of the saving clause on this occasion, and consider the conduct of the Hanoverian Ministry is a proof of predilection for the House of Austria, who though she could not with decency vote on the same side herself (as having signed the treaty) recommended the above clause to all her friends and retainers in the Empire. I confess the matter does not strike me so evidently in the same light. In all probability the Court of Hanover has represented that it would be unjust to exclude the Bishops of Augsburg and Saltzburg, or any other claimants, from maintaining their pretensions to the Bavarian succession before the Courts of the Empire, and had not the least idea of leaving a pretext for opposing the future union of the Franconian Margraviates to the Crown of Prussia. Be that as it will, the Ministry here are not pleased with the conduct of Schwartzman, who did not give them proper notice of the formidable opposition they had to expect at Ratisbon, and did not, as a good politician would naturally have done, endeavour to retard the deliberations

to give his Court time to bring over, by means of negotiation, some of the members of the Germanic body to their opinion. All hopes do not yet seem to be given up, though the last news from Ratisbon seem to give reason to think any future attempts will be too late. There is some prospect of making a convert of the House of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, whose Minister has not yet voted, and perhaps it is expected that the King of Great Britain may be softened by fair speeches addressed to him from Petersburg.

M. de Marschal came to town to spend a few days; the streets were very slippery, and he fell down and broke his nose, which gave him a very ridiculous look, and you know he was no beauty before. At the *table d'hôte* at the Ville de Rome he met with a young man, a M. de Ahlefeldt, son of a Lieutenant-General in the Hanoverian service, who laughed repeatedly in his face. Marschal at last told him he was a faquin. They went next morning and fought in the park. Ahlefeldt was wounded in the knee, and died a few days after. It is hoped the King will pardon Marschal, as the witnesses say the provocation was very great. He is at present in Saxony.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Charles Street, St. James's, March 10, 1780.

I must first congratulate you on our great successes at sea.[1] We still hope for more, as La Motte

[1] On January 8, Sir George Rodney, in command of a fleet on his way to relieve Gibraltar, captured a rich Spanish convoy, together with a sixty-four gun ship and four frigates. On the 16th he fell in with Don Juan Langara, commanding eleven sail of the line, and captured the Spanish Admiral and four of his ships, destroying two others.

Pignet was obliged to put into Eustatia for provisions, with four ships, and he will certainly fall in with the Parkers. The Irish being so thoroughly satisfied is a most desirable event. The minority is very strong, as you see by the papers: Ministry carry it by very few votes, once only by two. Prince William[1] returned Wednesday evening; he carried some Spanish colours to the King, and was going to present them on his knees, but the King made him rise, and embraced him. He was yesterday in the Drawing-room, in his midshipman's uniform. The Court was as crowded as on a Birthday: everybody made a point of going. I have had two assemblies: the first was too select, the last rather too much crowded. As little gossiping going on as I ever remember. Most of the smart men are with their regiments in different quarters. Everybody is military. Had you been in England you would have had a red coat and a cockade before this time, and Lady Harris a habit of the same. I forgot to say some houses were illuminated on Prince William's arrival, all voluntarily: no compulsion, like Keppel's mob, nor any noise in the street except the firing of a few blunderbusses. We illuminated the parlour floor and the drawing-room floor. Our ten windows made a great show. All who had places about the Court lighted their houses. Mr. Harris went to the House as usual to-day: there heard that Lord North was ill, and could not attend, which is untoward, as the taxes were to have been made known. The money is all ready.

Lord Mulgrave was to have made a motion, but was prevented, as his mother died suddenly last night.

[1] Afterwards William IV., who was serving on board as midshipman.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Charles Street, March 23, 1780.

You will do me the honour to make my compliments acceptable to Prince Potemkin, and assure him how much I think myself honoured in his fine present, the Greek translation of the Georgics of Virgil. His Excellency will add to the honour he has already done me by a further communication of so very valuable a work if the learned prelate should continue it, which I earnestly wish he may do. If you have it in your power to return my most grateful thanks to that able scholar Mr. Matthews, for his valuable publications, you will do what I most earnestly wish. I shall highly prize the works he has sent me, and think they will be a very respectable addition to my library. We hope to hear good news from America. La Motte, they say, is beaten. News from Paris says he has lost three ships, taken by Parker.[1] 'Tis said that Adams, the American rebel agent at Paris, has told that Government that the Congress can hold out no longer, but must make their peace with us, unless their good friends the French give them extraordinary help. This, they say, has occasioned the extraordinary effect of so many soldiers sent lately from Brest. Now we have got admirals, they will I hope find them, and I have little doubt of their success. 'Tis a fortunate event that the fleet convoyed by Rodney is all safely arrived in the West Indies. Our hopes are eager in daily expecta-

[1] Sir Peter Parker captured a fort in Honduras, and three Spanish register ships containing three millions of dollars.

tion of news of success from Clinton. I am sanguine in hoping everything from my countrymen when they are not tainted with patriotic contagion. When that is the case, be they heroes like Cæsar, I despair of any good. The faction in the House aimed last night at stopping the supplies till grievances (as they call them) are redressed. The word grievance is so vague that some talk of one sort, some of another; till this unascertainable point is settled, the fleet and army are to starve, and the public creditors to be defrauded. Fox and Burke went away, but the fools divided, 37 to 145. The papers tell you of the duel of yesterday morning. The facts are pretty much as follows: Lord Shelburne had very strongly reflected on Fullerton, who was raised to a high army commission from the Secretary's office. This was in a speech in the House of Lords. Fullerton on this, the day before yesterday, wrote my lord a letter, in which he said his name had been used with cowardice and defamation. This brought a letter of challenge from Lord Shelburne to meet him yesterday morning, at half-past five, in Hyde Park, with seconds. These were, for my lord, Lord Frederick Cavendish; for Fullerton, Lord Balcarras. Fullerton fired the first pistol, Lord Shelburne the second; both of them missed. Then Fullerton fired the third pistol, and hit my lord in the thigh. His lordship on this fired his last pistol in the air, and so the duel ended. Surgeons for each attended, Hunter and Adair; but, on examining the wound, no danger was, or is, apprehended; and such was the answer at his house when I sent soon after to enquire. Barré was in the park, at a

distance, for Lord Shelburne, and so was Tom Jeans and others for Fullerton. The latter gave me this narrative. The Dean of Sarum died this morning. He was at Court Sunday, fell ill that afternoon, and died two days afterwards. In the House of Commons yesterday I saw Mr. Langley, but did not mention your name; he did so himself, and with the highest encomiums on you, intimating at the same time a high approbation of Lord Stormont. Some time after I saw Lord North; he too of himself mentioned you, and that with the strongest praise of your conduct and abilities that words could utter, praising your endeavours even though they should not prove successful. My lord elegantly quoted Terence to me,

Omnes omnia bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meus &c.

You know the rest, and in that you see the politeness of the compliment.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Charles Street, March 27, 1780.

Lord Pembroke has desired your father would mention to you that a most curious library belonging to the late Mr. Topham Beauclerc [1] is to be disposed of; ask whether the Empress would like to purchase it. He was undoubtedly a man of learning: nothing more do we know. Let me know what answer to give Lord Pembroke.

An event happened Saturday evening in which you

[1] A gay man of fashion, but also of letters, and a friend of Dr. Johnson.

cannot be so interested as we in this house; no less than the elopement of Miss Johnstone with Mr. Anderson of the Guards, who was (till within these three months) aide-de-camp to General Johnstone, but was dismissed on his presuming to be in love. Miss J. is very pretty, tall and genteel, but a most thorough chip of the old block—I mean her mother; and I wish Anderson much good of her. She is but sixteen years old. She set off Saturday night, and this evening Miss Clavering told me they have not had the least intelligence as to whether she is gone to Scotland or abroad; she has taken a quantity of gowns, and left behind her most necessary things. For the General I am really sorry, but Miss and Mamma never seemed content with each other. General Johnstone is a good sort of man in many respects, and was fond of this girl to a degree. Lady Cecilia you know well: a most entertaining woman she is at times. I have lived this last week with your Russian friends. The Countess Nesselrode is musical; the day they dined here we had a musical evening, which so pleased her that she and Louisa are writing notes to each other every hour in the day. I shall take the whole party to our next Friday concert; she is a cheerful, good-humoured, easy woman, fat and not young.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

London, April 11, 1780.

We have been hard run of late by the patriots, from whom if any good come, 'tis far beyond my most sanguine expectation. In the House, on Thursday the

6th instant, Dunning moved that the influence of the Crown was increasing, and ought to be diminished. Though this was a question supported by no facts, it was carried against Ministers, in the Committee at midnight, by 233 to 215.[1] Lord North, besides his own endeavours, was supported by Wedderburne and the Lord Advocate: the last did well; I have heard Wedderburne do better. 'Tis somewhat strange, that after our House had passed the bill against contractors, the bill to alienate the Board of Trade, and the great question just mentioned, the influence of the Crown should be thought too great, when it appeared to be nothing at all. This question, in the *Committee*, though carried at midnight, was very indecently reported that instant[2] to the *House*, against all form; but insolence in victory is nothing unusual. They even talked of stopping the revenue bills till the petitions they had procured were heard and satisfied. This must needs take up great time. In the meantime the money (twelve millions) had been agreed to by the creditors, and fifteen per cent. of it actually paid, though not a single tax has been enacted to secure them their interest. Lord North gave way to this madness yesterday the 10th instant, proposing this day to take up the business aforesaid. Whether Opposition will have the decency and justice to admit this, the day must show. If they do, it will only be from fear lest some of their friends, being ashamed of them, should forsake them. I must go back to yesterday the 10th instant. We had another patriotic motion from Dunning, to exclude the

[1] Government being in a minority.

[2] Contrary to usage, on the motion of Fox, amidst great clamour.

Treasurer and Comptroller of the Household, the Cofferer, his Deputy, and the Board of Green Cloth from a seat in Parliament, if these offices should be suffered to continue. 'Twas urged in vain that these were ancient offices of the Crown, were the channels of communication between the King and his Parliament, and that the resolution went to exclude Lords as well as Commons. The same speakers urged this and much more. Wedderburne spoke remarkably well. The question was carried about ten o'clock by 215 to 213. As the majority was no more than two, 'tis a mortifying circumstance to tell you that, for want of proper attention, Eden, Sir G. Cooper North (my lord's son), and George Selwyn were shut out and could not vote. To them some add, by the same accident, Lord Clive and General Phillipson. I have hitherto given you a melancholy picture. On the other side Lord Mansfield and, I am told, Lord Stormont do not look upon things in a desponding light, and I cannot but say I have great hopes that the Opposition leaders will by their extravagance open the eyes of some of their imprudent followers, when these followers see nothing but measures tending to overset the constitution.[1] Your friends at Christchurch are well, and continue to express their friendly attachment to you and me. Whether or no there will be a dissolution I cannot say; Lord North some time ago strongly denied it in the House. Sir C. Jennings has brought in a bill which in less mad times would have been contemned; namely, a bill to exclude all revenue officers, of any denomination or rank, from

[1] This proved to be the case, and Opposition soon found themselves again in a minority.

voting at elections. He had the hardiness to assert in the House, when this bill was first proposed, every voter of mine was a revenue officer; out of twenty-seven or twenty-eight (Mr. Hooper included), I have but four. This bill is now pending, and I hope in common justice will be thrown out either by Lords or Commons.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Charles Street, May 2, 1780.

I cannot boast much of nerves. The coughs have made a second visit to all this house. This season has been a fine harvest for the doctors, as everybody has been ill and nobody dies. I hear several have died in Scotland, but the physicians there said it was only the old men, who ought to have died last year, but the winter was then so mild that they did not go off. The Royal Exhibition of pictures was opened yesterday at the new room at Somerset House; it is at the top of the house, for the convenience of being lighted by a skylight. Lady Elliott says it is the best collection we have ever had. I shall go when the novelty is a little subsided, for to see Somerset House draws as many people as the seeing the pictures. Your father did not come from the House till nearly four this morning. I hope to get some information from him, though it is no easy matter to obtain an audience, as he is out all the morning, and dines abroad. We keep a coffee-house every morning, but it is an agreeable one, for many clever people resort to it. You may say I ought to be more clever, as I keep such company, but they are not newsmongers.

Louisa was at the play last night for the fund of Decayed Players. It was the 'School for Scandal,' and Yates was so bad with the gout that he was obliged to act on crutches, or the play could not have taken place. He gained great applause by his goodness to the charity.

Yesterday was a late day in the House; they did not rise till three in the morning. The subject was Lord North's bill for appointing Commissioners to inspect the public accounts. Lord North, in order to do what he thought most acceptable, was for having these Commissioners not members of Parliament. This made Opposition desire they should be so. Much declamation and abuse was poured forth on the occasion, and nine Commissioners were intended to be chosen, but during the whole day the Committee could get no further than the voting of one—that was Sir Guy Carlton; the only other named, Mr. Bolby of the Excise, was withdrawn. The division upon Sir Guy was 195 to 163. It seems as if Lord North and Administration would stand their ground, not a little helped by the mad measures of their adversaries.

The news from Carolina and Sir H. Clinton is favourable. Should this province fall, some think Maryland and Virginia must follow.

MR. BATT, Q.C., TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Lincoln's Inn, June 5, 1780.

Ever since Friday an extraordinary scene of riot[1] and misrule has been exhibited in this city. The papers

[1] Known as Lord George Gordon's riots.

will give you better than I can the detail of the insults and outrages committed, which are shocking to consider, and there is too much reason to fear that we shall hear of many more in the course of this night and to-morrow. Government are infinitely to blame for not having made more effectual preparation to resist these tumults in the beginning. The House of Commons should have committed Lord George Gordon to the Tower on Friday, and ought now to proceed against him by a bill of pains and penalties. What they intend I have not heard, and probably they have hardly yet resolved themselves; but unless some very strong and immediate exertion is made, this capital, and indeed the kingdom, must be surrendered to a fanatical mob. I do not hear the name of any one person of credit mentioned as a supporter of these riots except Lord George Gordon, who seems detested by everybody, whilst he himself seems to enjoy the mischief he has occasioned. This night it is reported that Norfolk House is to be attacked, together with the dwellings of many papists of inferior note, but I hope the report may not be true. Mons. Cordon's house was attacked yesterday, and damaged to the amount of 100*l.* It is pretended that the Foreign Ministers have met upon this occasion, and are highly indignant, and that Cordon is going home, but this perhaps may be untrue. Amongst others taken who were active in doing mischief at the Sardinian chapel on Friday night, I am told Ronzou, the Russian officer, was one, who being taken into custody was the next day discharged. If this be so, it is unaccountable conduct in him. I do not hear of any lives lost, but the progress of such

violence must produce the premature deaths of many persons. You are well off who are quiet in the country, out of the way of these commotions. The Chancellor[1] has again relapsed, but is better to-day. These frequent attacks seem to give little hope of his being able to continue in office, and with him will go the small remains of vigour and ability that is left in our Government. On Wednesday they say Wedderburne and Mr. Davenport are to kiss hands for the vacancies in the Common Pleas. I have not received any papers, as I expected, from you, which is unlucky, as the time draws so near to an end.

MR. HOOPER TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Wednesday Night, June 7, 1780.

These cities, London especially, are now under great terror and in the utmost confusion. An immense multitude, in defiance of all authority and bent on mischief, are now parading many of the streets of London, and it is positively said that they are at this instant attempting to make themselves masters of the Bank, though defended by a strong party of the Guards, and by an association of gentlemen of property. Newgate is thrown open, and as far burnt as stone walls could admit. The King's Bench prison is at this time in flames. Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square is totally burnt, notwithstanding there was a guard of soldiers for its protection, who were attacked by the mob so desperately that self-defence obliged the men to fire, by which seven or eight of the rioters were killed. It is reported that his lordship's house at Caen Wood

[1] Lord Thurlow.

has shared the same fate, and various are the reports as to his lordship's person. A great number of troops have arrived, and more are marching up. A camp will be pitched to-morrow in Hyde Park, the gates of which are shut. Some of the Guards and some of the North Hampshire Militia, about seventy men, are stationed at Lord Bathurst's, others at Lord Petre's. All this day people, terrified, have been running out of town. A strong guard is also appointed to Lord Stormont's.

Lambeth Palace was threatened by a large party of the mob this forenoon, but a militia regiment preserved it. The City regiments of Militia were ordered out this morning, but that order was prudently rescinded, as upon further consideration it was not thought advisable to trust them, so defective is their constitution.

The Excise Office is threatened, and will probably be attacked to-night. It is expected that the Custom House may be the next sacrifice to the madness and wickedness of this insurrection. If an extinguisher be not speedily put on this flame it may consume the whole and ruin the kingdom. The enclosed handbill has been this day dispersed by order of the Government. 'Tis late, adieu.

MR. BATT, Q.C., TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

Lincoln's Inn, June 8, 1780.

I have not time nor words to describe the horror and anxiety of mind which I have lately felt at the villanies practising in this devoted city, and which I greatly fear are yet much short of what is to be

expected. I have been but five hours in bed for both the two last nights. On Tuesday I was a spectator of the detestable conflagration at Lord Mansfield's house, where I heard and saw such things as nothing less than the evidence of my own sight would have convinced me could have happened.

My excellent friend the Archbishop, and his family and house, were protected by soldiers from repeated menaces of destruction. He has moved all his furniture, and is gone with his wife and family out of town. Last night I saw seven fires raging at once in different parts of the town: a horrid and affecting spectacle after what I had seen on Tuesday night, the memory of which never will be effaced from my mind. This night we are quiet, and I hear no attempts at fire have been made, but I have too good reason to fear that further mischief is still to be expected, and that the authors of these infernal practices have laid their schemes very deeply. Providence may perhaps soon bring to light these iniquities; at present a few faint glimmerings only have been discovered of the sources from whence they spring.

American treachery and English treason I believe are at the bottom of it, and religion is the pretext. However, say nothing of this beyond your own family.

We of this society (Lincoln's Inn), as well as the Temple and Gray's Inn, are associated for our protection, and I have by me a musket and bayonet, and am to patrol at two o'clock for an hour. We are 120 strong, besides servants.

MR. HOOPER TO JAMES HARRIS, ESQ., M.P.

London, June 8, 1780.

Herewith you receive the two proclamations which a villanous insurrection has rendered necessary, together with the handbills circulated by authority, and which I meant to have sent you last night, but the expected arrival of the postman's bell made me forget to insert it with my note. We are now under martial law, as in truth the only remedy left for the suppression of a desperate multitude, partly of mistaken but chiefly of ill-intentioned profligate people, who have at present set at defiance and absolutely overturned the authority of the civil magistrates and the courts of justice.

The number of forces now brought to town, and the becoming resolution with which they act, will probably soon reinstate constitutional authority, unless the suspicions entertained of large supplies to the rioters from the corresponding committees of several counties should prolong the hurry and distress the metropolis is under. There were many conflagrations last night, and it is said the mob has done much mischief to-day in Southwark. An attack was made on the Bank last night, but repelled by the Guards, who were, however, necessitated to fire, by which two of the rioters were killed on the spot, and several others mortally wounded and some dead. A body of the City Volunteers (persons of property who armed themselves) defended a house in Broad Street, which was attacked by a body of the rioters, and forced to fire, which killed three or four of the mob, and dispersed the rest. Caen Wood House

was not attacked; the rioters who had set out on that mischievous expedition having desisted on hearing there was a militia battalion in their way. Lord Mansfield is said to be at the house of some friend, but for the present concealed. All the public offices and many houses of individuals are threatened, but the number of Guards stationed where any danger is apprehended may, it is hoped, prevent the effect of these threats. Lord G. Gordon had the assurance yesterday to demand an audience of the King, which was very properly refused.

The summons to the Council wherein the proclamation of the 7th instant was resolved on extended to all whether in or out of office, and it is said also that Lord Rockingham and some others of the Opposition attended. The City magistrates have been shamefully remiss. The Lord Mayor looked on when the rioters forced open and set fire to Newgate, and would not authorise the military to fire. It is reported that even now the Republican party in the City councils are attempting to set on foot some representation to the Crown against the proclamation and martial law within the City, but that they cannot succeed in it. The British Museum I hear is not void of apprehension, and that guard is stationed there. Adieu.

MR. ELLIOT TO SIR JAMES HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, July 6, 1780.

I sincerely congratulate you upon our success in America.[1] If the Court of Russia knew as well as I do

[1] The French and Spanish fleets having separated, Rodney had thrown reinforcements into New York.

the temper of our enemies she would not have kept up their spirits by forwarding a confederacy among the neutral Powers which must be perfectly useless if our war was at an end. And I can answer that if Russia had spoken with the firmness and dignity becoming her high rank in Europe, we should have made an honourable and good peace under the auspices of the same sovereign who so lately gave tranquillity. With all deference for the wisdom of the Russian Ministry I must say they have defeated, I believe, their own intentions, and have unhinged the system that was their own creation. Our war, I repeat it, must have ended this campaign had Russia chosen it: the French thought so, and owned it. Now the flame must continue, and most probably spread. 'Georges Dandin, tu l'as voulu.' I am sorry to say the triumph of the French is great and visible. The Emperor's success at the Russian Court gives the most real uneasiness here, and I am concerned to find we are the victims of it.

You are supposed to be in perfect intimacy with Count Cobenzel, and to act in concert. The King of Prussia never was, I believe, at any period more hostile to us than at present. He pays assiduous court to France, and warmly seconds the confederacy of the neutral Powers. I do not know if the Prince of Prussia is charged with any particular commission, or if the object of his journey is to efface the impressions the Emperor may have made. General Goertz and M. de Nittenhof are the only persons yet named to accompany him. The Minister Goertz is most exceedingly jealous of you, and continually foments the King of Prussia's jealousy of your Court influence.

We have for some days been told of a most heinous attempt you made to burn the Russian Fleet. It was even believed here that you had been obliged to quit Petersburg. Goertz I understand has written that there were reasons to suspect *you* of having a hand in the affair. I long to hear from you the occasion and grounds of the report. The election of the Archduke makes a serious impression here, and greatly increases His Prussian Majesty's diabolical humour.

MR. ELLIOT TO SIR JAMES HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, July 24, 1780.

I have nothing of any importance to write to you. The general principle of His Prussian Majesty's politics is to pay court to France and to distress Great Britain; but as this has been his system ever since your arrival at Petersburg you are better acquainted with its effects than I am.

The Emperor's success, and the approaching elections at Cologne and Munster, increase the ill-humour and discontent which must find vent somewhere. We are supposed to be the least in a situation to revenge, and against us is aimed the whole weight of Potsdamite anger, jealousy, and disappointment. I have not been witness to any more childish demonstration of this temper than in the assiduity and labour with which the story of your being concerned in a conspiracy to burn the Russian Fleet has been propagated. If I am not mistaken, every engine will now be set at work to overturn Prince Potemkin. He is the butt. Through his means the Emperor has made such alarming

strides, he is both Austrian and English, two titles that equally condemn him. I do not believe the elections at Cologne and Munster will bring on a war. They will in all probability be yielded to, if the Court of Vienna is firm. The King is certainly very averse to another contest with the Emperor.

MRS. HARRIS TO HER SON AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Bath, October 11, 1780.

Give me leave to congratulate you on Lord Cornwallis having entirely defeated Gates:—2,000 men only on our side, 7,000 on the rebel side. You will see by the Gazette all we know. We have retaken all the artillery which General Burgoyne lost at Saratoga. We are much elated. The Bath politicians say there is a peace on the carpet.

Another event I must also congratulate you and Harriet on is Sir Gilbert's[1] election at Roxburghshire. He carried it by a majority of nine. They poll till two in the morning, but as he is triumphant hours are not to be thought of, not even by Dr. Delacour's disciples, who are taught to be terrified out of their wits if they are not in bed before eleven, and out of it by seven in the morning.

MR. HARRIS, M.P., TO HIS SON.

Suffolk Street, November 5, 1780.

Pray tell Lady Harris how much I am obliged for her letters, and that a day or two ago I saw Sir

[1] Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Earl Minto. He had married Lady Harris's sister.

Gilbert and Lady Elliot, as also Sir George Cornwall,[1] and your friend Harry Hoare, all in perfect health, at Sir Gilbert's in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Saturday I went over Mrs. Montagu's fine new house built by Stuart. It consists of an attic, a rustic, and one grand storey between them. I never saw so complete a sample of Grecian architecture. 'Tis all elegance and taste.

The *Couchées*[2] of the great men are begun with the Parliament. I was last night at the Chancellor's and Lord Mansfield's. The last wears a cheerful countenance, considering his villanous treatment. Lord Stormont was there. He mentioned your daughter being god-daughter to the Empress. The pillar at Hammersmith erected by Doddington[3] is sold by Colonel W. Wyndham to Lord Ailesbury, who is going to set it up at Tottenham Park in honour of his benefactor, the old Earl of Ailesbury. What a transitory world, would a grave moralizer say. The column sold by the Colonel, and Eastbury Palace by Lord Temple; memorials gone that seemed permanent as the Pyramids.

Lord North is ill, and cannot attend Parliament, yet for all that we took the King's speech into consideration. The address was moved by De Grey, and seconded by Sir Richard Tatton. An amendment was proposed by Grenville (Lord Temple's brother), and seconded by Fitzpatrick. This brought on a debate, which lasted till between nine and ten. Fox was champion for the

[1] Lady Harris's brother, who on his marriage had assumed the name of Cornwall instead of Amyand.

[2] In antithesis to *Levées*.

[3] Bubb Doddington, remarkable for his political versatility, but witty and popular. He left amusing 'Memoirs.' He was created Lord Melcombe, and died in 1762.

Opposition, and spoke in a very superior way. Lord George Germaine made an able reply, and gave good reasons why 'twas impossible for us to make peace with America by declaring it independent. From this appears the determination of Ministry to prosecute the American war.

You see in the papers the strange account of the intended duel between Lord Pomfret and the Duke of Grafton. The challenger was Lord Pomfret, who, after the matter had been heard before the Lords, was committed to the Tower. 'Tis reported that B——'s wife at Paris has again eloped from him, that he followed and overtook her and her gallant, exchanged a pistol shot and was wounded, and then, like Menelaus, returned with his Helen. The gallant escaped by taking refuge in a wood.

The King and Queen go to Windsor every Friday or Saturday, and stay till Monday, so that there will be no Sunday [1] Courts till after Christmas.

Some small conversation passed to-day between Lord George Germaine and Mr. Fox about peace with America. An explanation was called for of what Lord George said last night. Lord George said that the Congress would make no peace but by an acknowledgment of their independence, and that after a previous communication with France.

Here ends the correspondence between Sir James Harris and his parents. A few days after this letter

[1] George III. held Courts on Sunday at this period, which prelates did not object to attend.

was written his father fell ill, and died on December 22, aged seventy-two. His mother died in the following year, 1781. It may have been observed with surprise that I have published so few private letters from the diplomatist to them and others. The reason is that, at that time our Ministers abroad dared only to write the most insignificant matter by *post*, and that the Foreign Office had a department through which all letters brought by official messengers passed an ordeal. Our public servants could write freely to one another at their respective missions by their couriers, but were very shy of the '*Cabinet Noir*' at home, and corresponded in England chiefly through chance travellers.

1781.

MR. LISTON TO SIR JAMES HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, February 10, 1781.

THE same person who made me acquainted with the contents of the letter written by the Empress of Russia to the King of Prussia, mentioned in my last, has since given me the following important information. The Empress, foreseeing the little probability of obtaining His Prussian Majesty's support in a war with Great Britain, finishes the letter by desiring His Prussian Majesty to offer his mediation to the United Provinces. The King's answer was, I am assured, that he had ever considered the present war as interesting the maritime Powers only; that the object of it appeared to him of no very essential importance even to Russia, but certainly of still less to his own dominions. That were he to take any share in the quarrel it would soon become general, and a war upon the Continent would be inevitable; that with regard to the mediation, there were insurmountable objections, besides his ignorance of maritime affairs, and the present state of Europe. The King was in danger last Sunday; he had violent gout and cholic. His Majesty is now in a fair way of recovery.

MR. LISTON TO SIR JAMES HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, September 29, 1781.

The manœuvres at Potsdam took place the end of last week, as usual. The King galloped about in his ordinary way, and seemed in tolerable health. The first day he was in good humour, and was satisfied with everything, but the second and third he found great fault with the cavalry, particularly with the *gens-d'armes*. General Prittwitz was most handsomely scolded, and Platen (who happened to command a movement more immediately under the King's observation) and M. de Behr had near a quarter of an hour's trimming. *Berlinsoke*, *Hofleute*, *Windbeutel*, *Schweinereien*, and other terms of the same stamp, were not spared. Some people say that between the first and second day His Majesty had received a letter from the Empress of Russia which vexed and puzzled him not a little. Her Imperial Majesty begs, or rather insists, that he should give a regiment to each of the Princes of Wurtemberg. The old gentleman does not choose to comply, and knows not how to refuse. After being pestered with applications on the subject from the Prince himself, the King received a letter from Count Goertz,[1] at Petersburg, in which he says 'qu'il étoit pénétré, que l'Impératrice verroit avec plaisir le Grand Duc accompagné par le Prince aîné de Wurtemberg.' The King answered, 'qu'il étoit surpris de voir ses ministres dans l'étranger faire leurs dépêches sous la dictée de leurs femmes—que cette

[1] Prussian Minister there.

insinuation ne venoit que de Lübben' (the place where the Prince is quartered). I suppose you know enough of the Minister's domestic affairs to recollect that his wife is in the service of the Princess of Wurtemberg. The aforesaid Sieur Comte de Goertz, they say, moved heaven and earth to get the Courts of Denmark and Sweden to accede, at Petersburg, to the Maritime Convention of the 8th of May, in order that he might catch a few more presents on occasion of the signatures. Pray is it true that His Imperial Highness is to travel under the strange knight-errant name of the *Comte du Nord?* If so, I think Lord *North* ought to sue him for breach of privilege. The Kings of Sweden and Denmark ought to twist his nose, and I do not see why every highland chieftain should not kick him; but, alas! in these degenerate days all Europe seems more inclined to kiss than to kick the Russian.

1782.

On March 20, 1782, Lord Rockingham succeeded Lord North as Prime Minister, Lord Thurlow being Chancellor, the Duke of Grafton Privy Seal, Lord Shelburne and Mr. Charles Fox Secretaries. Lord Rockingham dying in the following July, Lord North joined Mr. Fox, and formed what has been called the Coalition Government.

MR. ELLIOT TO SIR JAMES HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, April 23, 1782.

The revolution in our Ministry gives, as you will believe, infinite pleasure at Potsdam. They consider it here as a victory of their friends over their enemies, and it is but candid to say that, if there was a prospect of doing anything here, proposals would be listened to with more confidence and pleasure than under our late rulers. Laxi has, it seems, written that Mr. Fox has expressed the wishes of our new Administration to renew the ancient good understanding or connection between the two Courts, and, they add, has promised that Mr. Elliott shall be recalled and a person sent that shall be more agreeable to His Prussian Majesty. You will see by the papers (and know, I suppose, from better authority) that Mr. Eden and Lord Carlisle, and

I imagine, of course, the Gower party, are likely to go into decided opposition. Indeed our superiors, with reverence be it spoken, seem to carry it with too high a hand to leave any hopes of unanimity. On Tuesday last a certain Abbé Duval Pyrau set out for Munich, by order of the King of Prussia, in hopes of meeting the Pope on his passage through that place. He is a half *aventurier* Catholic clergyman, who had been guilty of certain youthful follies.

MR. ELLIOT TO SIR JAMES HARRIS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, May 3, 1782.

April 23.—The suppression of the religious houses within the Imperial dominions, and the augmentation derived to the revenue of Austria from the sequestration of their property, could not fail to be an object of attention, and, I may add, of envy to the Court of Berlin. I have therefore adverted particularly to the language held by the Prussian Ministry on this subject, and endeavoured to investigate the measures that would probably be adopted here in consequence of so important a change. Two opposite opinions appear to have prevailed among the King of Prussia's counsellors upon this occasion. The Cabinet Ministers have declaimed against the conduct of His Imperial Majesty as equally unjust and precipitate. They have represented the King of Prussia as bound by the Treaties of Utrecht, of Breslau, of Dresden, and of Hubertsburg, to preserve the Catholic religion in the state in which it was when those treaties were concluded, and advised His Majesty to take no measures of a similar nature, at least for the

present, but to wait (and perhaps to endeavour to profit by) the event of arrangements which they looked upon as likely to be productive of general discontent, and perhaps insurrection, in the Austrian dominions. Others, and those in particular who preside over the Ecclesiastical Department, urged that the Emperor's own conduct had precluded his protesting against any supposed infringement of the above treaties in the article of religion, and that there was no real danger in imitating his example. They advised His Prussian Majesty to begin by sequestering the property of those convents which, being situated in the Austrian dominions, and having been suppressed by the Emperor, had at the same time possessions in the territories of Prussia; and afterwards to proceed to abolish those that were situated within His Majesty's own jurisdiction, and to apply their revenues to the maintenance of public schools and other pious uses. His Prussian Majesty appears to have given the preference to this last opinion, and though nothing has as yet been carried into execution steps are taken which seem to announce the future adoption of the measures proposed. A Roman Catholic clergyman who set out a few days ago for Munich has it in commission to negotiate this matter with the Pope. Little doubt is entertained of his success, and it is thought he has from His Prussian Majesty the promise of being the first bishop. That gentleman's name is Duval Pyrau. He is said to be a native of the Duchy of Limberg, and is the author of some works published in French, which have no reputation. He arrived at Potsdam about two years ago with letters of recommendation to the King of Prussia from the Queen Dowager of Sweden,

to whom he had dedicated one of his books, and he has since that time insinuated himself in an extraordinary degree into the King's confidence. His character is, however, so far from being respectable that the public is greatly surprised at the measure of favour he enjoys, and still more at his intended advancement to ecclesiastical dignity.

1783.

In December of this year Mr. Pitt succeeded the Coalition Administration, and remained in office until 1801. Lord Thurlow was Lord Chancellor, Duke of Rutland Privy Seal, Lord Carmarthen Foreign Secretary, and Lord Howe at the Admiralty.

SIR JOHN STEPNEY TO SIR JAMES HARRIS, AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, February 1, 1783.

You will have received the *great news*[1] some days before you will get this. Boratinsky's courier brought a letter from Giltz to the Ministry here, so that we heard of the signature of the 27th ult., which was very early. I knew by this that you would know more of the matter than *we do*. I otherwise should have written to you by that day's post. In that idea I say nothing of what we conjecture of the conditions. For my own part I have been long convinced of the expediency of this measure, and am therefore sincerely rejoiced at its conclusion. Berlin is again in its usual state, the Carnival over, and everybody returned to Potsdam.

[1] Peace between England and France, called the Peace of Versailles, on which a vote of censure was passed, which overthrew the Shelburne Administration, succeeded by a Coalition Ministry under Lord North and Mr. Fox.

Mr. Elliott had married Madlle. de Verelst against the advice of all his friends, including Sir J. Harris, who gave it in very unequivocal terms of prophecy. When Mr. Elliott was appointed Minister at Copenhagen, his wife refused to follow him, and her reason for remaining at Berlin was soon made known to him by her *liaison* with her cousin, Count Knyphausen. Mr. Elliott set off for Berlin without leave of absence, and arriving there *incognito*, secretly carried off his little girl from her mother's house, and having placed her in safety at Copenhagen, returned to Berlin to fight the Count, whose proceedings had been of so aggravated a nature that he was dismissed from Prince Henry's service, and had great difficulty in finding a second. Mr. Elliott's conduct received the applause of all the Courts of Europe, and his breach of duty in leaving his post was condoned at home. Lady Minto, in her Life of Elliott, gives a graphic account of this history. It is also related by Thiebault's 'Vingt Ans à Berlin.'

MR. EWART TO SIR JAMES HARRIS, AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, July 5, 1783.

I am desired by Sir John Stepney, who is at present in the country, to give you an account of what has happened relative to Mr. Elliott since he wrote to you by last post.

Mr. Elliott was then at Hoppenrade expecting to hear something further from M. de Knyphausen, who accordingly sent him notice last Tuesday that he would be prepared to meet him on Thursday. Mr. Elliott returned for answer that he would not fail to be with him at the

time appointed, but on Wednesday he was informed by M. Knyphausen that they could not meet in Mecklenburg, as the Duke had prohibited their fighting in his territories. Other two places were mentioned, but the appointment was made in so vague and confused a manner that it could not be well understood. Mr. Elliott has therefore given him another, fixing both time and place, and the latter is concealed from everybody except the parties concerned, in order to prevent a second prohibition. He waits for M. de Knyphausen's answer to this proposal, and in the mean time is come here to procure a divorce, and a settlement for his daughter. He desires me to give you his best compliments, and hopes you will consider his present disagreeable situation as a sufficient excuse for his not writing.

SIR JOHN STEPNEY TO SIR JAMES HARRIS, AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, July 8, 1783.

I have but a moment to inform you that yesterday M. de Knyphausen sent a *most insolent* letter to Elliott, challenging him to a meeting *this evening* at Bareuth, the first town in Saxony. Elliott accepted, and set out this morning at seven. I shall not hear the event till two or three o'clock to-morrow morning, and the post is just going out: you shall certainly hear it by Saturday's post. Some people have suggested to Elliott that some attack was meant upon him before he got to the ground, so two Englishmen offered to accompany him on horseback, themselves and servants armed, besides a Mr. O'Connell, who is E.'s second. All the other circumstances you get from Ewart by last post.

Enclosure.

MR. ELLIOTT TO SIR JOHN STEPNEY, AT BERLIN.

Hoppenrade, Sunday Morning.

You will have thought me lost. No knight-errant ever met with crosser accidents. Contrary winds kept us eight days at sea. We were reduced to Norway smoked fish, which completely overturned my gentle stomach. I was confined two days at Rostock. Yesterday evening I arrived at Rhinesberg, and was advised to come here viâ Furstenburg in Mecklenburg.

In alighting at the inn, who should I meet but Monsieur Knyphausen, upon whom I immediately broke a cane! K. then took a walk out of town; but as it was thought very dark, and the gentleman's warlike weapons were not (he said) in order, he appointed me to take another walk this morning; but during the evening he again changed his mind, and said he would meet me upon my return to Copenhagen, as he hoped soon to have a second. In short he keeps his caning cool, and I consider it as a sufficient passport to pay my respects to my old friends at Berlin, if I am allowed to come in within the gates. I understand there was talk of a duel between me and M. de Knyphausen, but you know my respect for my credentials never can permit me to think of a duel: a morning or evening's walk *par hasard* is all I should ever think of, and certainly not in his Prussian Majesty's dominions. Pray give the bearer any letters that may be waiting for me at Berlin.

I understand there have been some little tattles going between us. I hope they have not made you less my friend than I am yours. In reading over my letter, it appears hardly intelligible: in plain English, I yesterday caned M. de Knyphausen at Furstenburg in Mecklenburg, and was once upon the ground with him to decide any other matter he chose, but he declined it on account of the darkness of the evening, and gave me another rendezvous this morning, which he also declined again, as he says he means to meet me on my return to Copenhagen. In the mean time my cane is broken, and he did not lift his finger in his defence. A Mr. O'Connell, a friend of mine, and many witnesses, were present.

SIR JOHN STEPNEY TO SIR JAMES HARRIS, AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Berlin, July 12, 1783.

I am extremely happy to inform you that Mr. Elliott has terminated his very disagreeable affair in a manner perfectly honourable to himself. The enclosed is an exact account of all that passed on that occasion. Elliott's wound was so slight that he was able to set out yesterday on his return to Denmark. He has likewise been so fortunate as to leave the affair of his divorce and settlement for his daughter in such forwardness that it will probably be finished in a few days.

Enclosure.

At a meeting between Mr. Elliott and M. de Knyphausen, which took place on the 8th instant, the

latter fired first, and a case of pistols was discharged by each without effect. M. Knyphausen then saluted Mr. Elliott, thereby signifying that he was satisfied, but was prevented from leaving the field by Mr. Elliott, who insisted that he would not terminate the affair unless his adversary should give under his hand an apology for his conduct, and particularly for his first letter, which had been of such an extraordinary tenor; and that he should likewise give a formal contradiction of a very injurious report propagated relative to Mr. Elliott's conduct at Furstenburg.

After a number of propositions having been made on the part of M. Knyphausen, none of which were satisfactory, they again had recourse to pistols; but before firing M. de Knyphausen called out that if either of them were wounded, he would sign what Mr. Elliott required. He then fired and wounded Mr. Elliott very slightly, who discharged his pistol in the air, and his adversary gave him a declaration (of which the subjoined is a copy) under his own hand.

It is proper to add that Mr. Elliott's conduct has procured him the strongest assurances of friendship and approbation from many persons here of the first rank, and particularly from the Prince and Princess of Prussia, Prince Ferdinand, and several others of the Royal Family.

Copy of Mr. Knyphausen's Declaration.

Monsieur Elliott, après avoir été blessé à mon troisième coup, et ayant tiré son coup en l'air, je lui fais la déclaration de mon propre mouvement que je suis fâché

d'avoir eu des torts envers lui, et lui en fais des excuses, de même que de lui avoir écrit une lettre outrageante du 14 d'Avril.

Je déclare encore que les bruits sont faux que Mons. Elliott m'ait attaqué avec des gens armés à Furstenburg.

(Signé) KNYPHAUSEN.

Ce 8 Juillet, 1783.

1787.

Sir James Harris had been appointed in 1784 to the Hague. The Revolution in the Netherlands which had deprived the Stadtholder of his privileges had prospered till the death of Frederick the Great, which took place in 1786. The conspicuous part which Sir J. Harris took in bringing about a counter-revolution gained him his peerage as Lord Malmesbury in 1788, and will be found in detail in his 'Diaries and Correspondence,' which I have published. The Prussian army in 1787 marched into Holland, restoring the Stadtholder his rights, and saving the country from becoming a French province.

MR. GRENVILLE[1] TO SIR JAMES HARRIS, AT THE HAGUE.

Whitehall, September 7, 1787.

My dear Sir,—The uncertainty of the hands into which any letters addressed to you may fall, while the Hague is circumstanced as it now is, prevents my troubling you with such reflections as occur to me on the present state of affairs, which I should otherwise be desirous of doing from an anxiety to avail myself of the wish which you are so good as to express on the

[1] Afterwards Lord Grenville, and Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Pitt's Administration in 1790.

subject, rather than for the sake of any information or amusement which I can flatter myself you would derive from my correspondence. Lord Carmarthen's despatches to yourself and to Mr. Ewart will state to you more fully and much more securely than I could what is felt here with regard to every part of the present crisis, which I take to be one of the most important that this country has ever seen. A few weeks must now probably decide on points in every way the most interesting to us.

In the interval it is impossible not to feel a very strong and painful anxiety for the result. I have made enquiries with respect to the business which you mentioned to me on the subject of Lord Aghrim. I find that the opinions of all persons here, who are conversant with the subject, agree that he could not consistently with the Act of Settlement be appointed to a commission in the Army at large, and that even a Bill of Naturalisation would not make it more possible.

But there is one regiment in our service (the 62nd I think) into which foreigners are permitted to be introduced by virtue of an express Act of Parliament which was made for that purpose.

And when they become a part of our army there is no law which prevents them from being employed in our service out of England. It was in this manner that Prevost and Haldimand came into the army, the former of whom commanded the expedition against Savannah in the last war, and the latter was several years governor of Quebec.

It would not be difficult by the means of removes to make a vacancy in this regiment for the purpose of

introducing Lord Aghrim. In case of service he would find opportunities enough of being employed abroad. In time of peace his promotion could, I should think, from his rank and situation not be less rapid in that regiment than in the army at large, especially as a large proportion of the officers in it are now English, and might consequently move into other corps; and ultimately his rank of a Peer of Ireland (whenever that takes place) would, I conceive, remove all difficulties. If this idea should be thought satisfactory, I have reason to be persuaded that there would be every disposition here to facilitate it; and if it should be wished, I would undertake that it should be properly mentioned to the King.

You will have heard that the Archbishop of Toulouse is declared first Minister, and that there is a new Controller-General, making the fourth since the month of May.

Most faithfully and sincerely your obedient humble servant,

W. W. Grenville.

MR. W. W. GRENVILLE TO SIR JAMES HARRIS.

(Private.) Whitehall, September 21, 1787.

My dear Sir,—You will learn from the public despatches the nature of the commission which I have undertaken.[1] It is thought here that the language of M. de Montmorin still holds out a desire on the part of France not to come to extremities, and that if a

[1] To negotiate with the French Court.

person was sent with power to agree immediately on all the material points in discussion, they might be inclined to conclude such an agreement on terms favourable to our interests. But in order to afford any hope of doing this, it is clearly felt that our preparations must be vigorous and rapid, and our language firm.

The general idea which has been pointed out to me of such agreement is this: that instead of an armistice for the purpose of negotiation, with all the difficulties to which it is liable, the three Courts should immediately agree on all the leading points, and declare their opinion upon them, pledging themselves at the same time to each other not to support *in any case* any persons who should act in opposition to those principles. Such an agreement should contain an article for enforcing the laws (which I understand from Boers are actually existing) against all military arrays without the authority of the magistrate. Another for restoring to the regencies and councils the persons who have been dismissed by force or threats in any of the Provinces since the beginning of the troubles. A third for restoring the Prince to his dignities as confirmed to him in 1766. And in order to secure the essential points of the Règlemens and at the same time to give some appearance to France of not being entirely driven from all her ground, there might be a fourth article, in which it should be said that the Stadtholder and the Provincial States should deliberate freely on the subjects of the Règlemens and of any alterations to be made with respect to the functions of the captain-general. Perhaps it might be proper to go so far in this as to say that the three Powers should expressly recommend

to the Stadtholder and the States to adopt such alterations in the Règlemens, and such an arrangement of the points of the Jurisdiction Militaire and of the Patentes, as should be found expedient on full consideration.

You will immediately perceive that as the above idea includes the three essential points of restoring the Stadtholder and the Regents, and disbanding the free corps, previous to the deliberation, it can never be acceded to by France unless she has determined fairly to renounce her objects; and on the other hand, that if these points are carried, we can run no danger by stipulating the sort of recommendation which I have stated. I think even that if it could be done, it might be advisable to make this recommendation still more particular by pointing it to the specific mode of alteration, as well as to the objects to be altered.

I am by no means sufficiently informed to do this, and I know your difficulties on the subject. But the importance of smoothing the ground for France if she is desirous of retreating will I am sure induce you to do all you can, and to communicate the result to me at Paris as soon as possible. The whole is only an experiment, and one which is most likely not to succeed; but it is surely worth trying. At the same time it is of the utmost importance that it should not affect either our armaments or the Duke of Brunswick's operations. You will see in the despatches the sort of modification which we think may take place on the satisfaction, but this only in the case that France should acquiesce in our terms of accommodation, and that the King of Prussia should be satisfied both with the one and the other. I

hope the Duke of Brunswick[1] will proceed with activity, and I can give you the fullest assurances that there is a determination here to go to all extremities if necessary.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with the greatest regard, most sincerely and faithfully yours,

W. W. Grenville.

MR. W. W. GRENVILLE TO SIR JAMES HARRIS, AT THE HAGUE.

Whitehall, December 17, 1787.

My dear Sir,—Although I know how much your time must be occupied in the present moment, yet I trust you will excuse my troubling you on a subject which I have extremely at heart, and which I am persuaded will sufficiently plead my apology with you. I do not know whether you may have observed in our papers that my friend Wilberforce has given notice in the House of Commons of his intention to propose some motion, soon after the holidays, on the subject of the African Slave Trade. To you it will, I am sure, be unnecessary for me to expatiate upon those motives which must make every man desirous of concurring to the utmost of his power with the humane and benevolent intentions which have brought this subject forward; especially as it is now in the hands of a man whose character and abilities cannot fail to insure its success, even if that could otherwise have been at all doubtful.

One of the very few objections that can be urged with any degree of plausibility against the total and

[1] In his advance upon Holland, then in the power of the Democratic party.

immediate prohibition of this commerce in future, arises from the means that other nations might derive from it of pushing the Slave Trade with more ardour and to a greater extent than before, and thereby either of supplying our islands clandestinely, or if that were prevented, then of underselling our planters in all West India productions. We should be perfectly supported by fact and argument in controverting the probability of either of these suppositions, and still more clearly in denying the conclusion drawn from them of an expediency sufficient to sanction a practice which no necessity could justify. But we should certainly meet this discussion with more advantage if we were enabled to hold out any expectation that other countries might be inclined to concur in the measures which we propose to adopt for the entire suppression of this commerce. Steps have already been taken for this purpose in France, which was naturally the first place for us to look to, as we should have the most to fear from their rivalship. We have received the most direct assurances of a perfect readiness there to cooperate with us in this object, and to assist in forwarding the same idea at Madrid. But we have been told, and it was not an unpleasant avowal from the mouth of a French Minister, that this country must undertake to recommend in Holland whatever is to be done there with respect to this point. It is most particularly wished, therefore, by the friends of this measure, among whom, though the least considerable, I am not the least earnest, that you would have the goodness to endeavour to sound the dispositions of those whose consent would be necessary, or at least to point out to

us what channel we could put the business into with the best hopes of success. There are many reasons why I most anxiously wish you should undertake it, as I have the best grounds for knowing that there is no other person from whom the proposition would come with equal weight and authority. The principal topics to be urged in addition to the obvious arguments of justice and humanity seem to be, first, the certainty that the islands can be sufficiently cultivated without a fresh supply of negroes, which is demonstrated by the experience of some plantations in our islands where the slaves having been treated with humanity have kept up their numbers; and secondly, the great mortality among the sailors and other persons employed in this trade, which occasions an annual loss in one of the most useful classes of the community, not much inferior to the number of slaves who escape from the dangers of such a voyage and are landed and turned to account in the islands. If you should be desirous of any more detailed information on these points, it can easily be furnished, but I shall be very anxious to hear your general ideas as to the possibility of prevailing on the people of Holland to forego any branch of commerce on motives of humanity. If this can be done, it will essentially assist the progress of the measure here, though even without that help I have myself little doubt of its success. I must once more desire you to excuse this long detail, and to believe me, with the most sincere regard and respect, my dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

W. W. Grenville.

1788.

MR. PITT TO SIR JAMES HARRIS.

(Private.) Downing Street, February 26, 1788.

My dear Sir,—I was much obliged to you for the favour of your letter. The weight due to your opinion and to the circumstances you represent has inclined us to give way to the utmost limit we think possible, and indeed I believe to the full extent of what you propose. The article as we return it seems to hold out, as specifically as you desire, an inclination both to *restore Negapatam* and to *define the sense of the 6th article* of the last treaty of peace. The expression of *abstaining from all advantages acquired by the last treaty* seemed too indefinite. On the one hand it might leave us at liberty still to urge that our right to interfere in the Eastern seas subsisted even previous to the last treaty: on the other hand, the Dutch, who may be disposed to consider us as having had no right but under that treaty, might consider our renunciation as extending not merely to the spice trade, but to every degree of navigation in the Eastern seas. This last as far as it is necessary to secure a commodious passage to China we must at all events retain. But we are certainly inclined to secure the Dutch monopoly of the spice trade by every effectual regulation. It might even perhaps be thought right (but this I mention at present only as a loose speculation)

to abandon entirely any idea of trade of any sort with the Eastern Islands, if any plan could be satisfactorily arranged by which the Dutch should pay into our Treasury at Canton the price of the opium or any other articles which it may be convenient for them to purchase from us in Bengal. If the alliance[1] is concluded with the article as it now stands, we shall have leisure afterwards to investigate the whole of the subject, and I am not without hopes that the advantages we shall have to offer may induce the Republic on cool reflection to agree to such an equivalent as may be satisfactory. But I own I do not conceive there can be any such equivalent short of the possession of Trincomalee under the qualifications and restrictions we have stated.

I am, with the greatest regard and esteem, dear Sir, your most obedient and faithful servant,

WILLIAM PITT.

P.S.—I have alluded to our having claimed a right to interfere in the trade of the Eastern Islands previous to the last peace. If you refer to the papers Mr. Dundas sent you some weeks ago, you will find strong instances of the extent to which we supported this claim, particularly in a very remarkable letter of Lord Clive's to the Dutch Government on this subject.

[1] The value of our having an alliance with Holland and Prussia was considered so great, that we finally surrendered Negapatam, which we had taken from the former; and Lord Malmesbury signed a treaty with both as against France. Had it not been for the vigorous policy initiated by him, the Stadtholder would have certainly become a mere Prefect of a French province. Mr. Pitt's opinion of the vast importance to England that Holland should be strong and independent of France, and in alliance with England, is well worthy of the attention of all British statesmen.—*Vide* vol. iii. of Lord Malmesbury's 'Diaries.'

1794.

LORD GRENVILLE TO LORD MALMESBURY.[1]

(Private.) St. James's Square, January 17, 1794.

My dear Lord,—It is a smaller consideration, but it is quite impossible that in the *mode* of doing it we can consent that the King of Prussia shall apparently furnish his whole quota to those two Powers[2] (if the Empire can so be called) and nothing in consequence of our alliance. The only way that this can be arranged would be by a treaty reciting all his engagements and obligations, throwing them into a sort of common mass, and agreeing that, for the good of the common cause, they should with his additional force constitute one army towards the support of which the Powers concerned would, under certain stipulations, furnish certain sums.

But the main difficulty is where sums to that amount can be found. German Princes think England a pretty good milch cow, but surely hardly to the extent supposed in the account you have transmitted; and I fear that Holland is very little willing, and Austria and the Empire very little able, to give money to save them-

[1] Sir James Harris was created Baron Malmesbury September 19, 1788, as a recompense for his successful services in Holland. Lord Grenville had been appointed to the Foreign Office in May 1791.

[2] Austria and Holland.

selves from ruin. I shall, however, write to you more at large on these points by the next messenger. I fear you will hardly be able to make this out.

Believe me, my dear Lord, most sincerely and faithfully yours,

GRENVILLE.

LORD GRENVILLE TO LORD MALMESBURY.

(Private.) Downing Street, January 28, 1794.

My dear Lord,—My long despatch[1] of this date leaves me very little to add on the points to which it relates. It will, I hope, be sufficient to put you fully in possession of our ideas, and you will see the confidence we feel in your doing the best that the untoward circumstances of the moment will admit.

I enclose to you a rough draft of a preamble to a project which I had prepared on the idea suggested by the King of Prussia, but which it was afterwards agreed to set aside. I send it only in order that you may see more distinctly than it is perhaps expressed in the despatch my idea of the only means by which we can relinquish for the present our claim for the stipulated succours without any appearance of acquiescing in the pretensions of the King of Prussia to be left at liberty to fulfil his treaty to Austria, breaking that with this country. You will of course feel yourself under no obligation to adhere to the precise expressions of a paper communicated to you in this shape, but I thought that it might save you time to see it. I received your

[1] *Vide* a very interesting despatch in reply by Lord Malmesbury of February 16, in the 'Diaries,' vol. iii. p. 51.

letter upon the subject of Lord Yarmouth,[1] whom I saw almost immediately afterwards. I was very sincerely concerned to see that he had considered the business in a light which appeared to me so little to belong to it, and I said everything that I thought most proper to put it on its true footing.

I trust I have in some degree succeeded, though I know not whether I can flatter myself with having done so as completely as I should have wished.

The event of the first day's debate in the two Houses will, I am persuaded, make its true impression abroad, and the rather because I have every reason to believe that the Prussian Minister here had in his reports to his Court given very different impressions.

We have much reason to complain of his conduct and disposition; and it cannot but be useful that you should drop such hints as may prevent a too implicit faith being given to what he may represent. I have to acknowledge also your letter on the interior of the Court of Berlin, which is one of those subjects which it is necessary to understand, but on which, when it is explained, the less is afterwards said the better. The Duke of Brunswick has openly announced his intention of quitting the command, and I certainly have better hopes from Mollendorf, if he gains weight enough over the King's mind to keep in his own hands the direction of the military operations without being thwarted by those numberless intrigues which we had last year so much reason to lament.

[1] Lord Yarmouth was offended at Lord Malmesbury's special mission to Berlin, at which Court he was accredited.

I suspect that Lucchesini[1] will be disappointed in the postponement of the Emperor's journey to the Netherlands, as his object seemed to be to accompany him there, and so to find himself near the centre of action and negotiation.

Possibly he will now rejoin the King on the Rhine, but I earnestly hope not.

Believe me ever, my dear Lord, most sincerely and faithfully, your obedient humble servant,

GRENVILLE.

Projet (*enclosed*).

Their Imperial and Britannic Majesties and their High Mightinesses the States General of the United Provinces being already embarked in a common war against France, by whom they have been respectively attacked, and taking into consideration the extent of the succours stipulated in their respective treaties with his Prussian Majesty, and the necessity that Sovereign is under of furnishing his contingent to the Empire as well as his disposition to bring into the field a still larger force to act against the common enemy, if the means of so doing are facilitated to him: have agreed upon the following arrangement, which they are willing to consider as a full performance on the part of his Prussian Majesty of the different engagements by which he is bound; it being at the same time understood and agreed to between his Prussian Majesty and the said Powers

[1] An Italian adventurer whom Frederick the Great had made his *reader*, and whom his successor made his Minister, *faute de bois de quoi en faire*. He was hostile to England, and the chief instigator of the breach of faith committed by Prussia towards us at this time.

respectively that this arrangement shall extend to the case of the present war only, without in any degree infringing or altering the terms of the respective alliances actually subsisting between his said Majesty and the confederate Powers above mentioned, which are to be considered as still valid, and are to have their full force as to future cases.

LORD GRENVILLE TO LORD MALMESBURY.

(Private.) St. James's Square, March 7, 1794.

My dear Lord,—You will see from the public despatches how little hope we derive from the tenor of the Prussian Projet, and how little confidence we have that the business can be satisfactorily concluded. The more I consider the subject, the more strongly I am impressed with the persuasion that those proposals were brought forward for the purpose of being negatived, and that they must be too well apprised at Berlin of the state of the Austrian finances to have seriously proposed a subsidy from Vienna of little less than a million sterling in addition to one of the same amount from the Empire. We shall at least have the satisfaction of having done all we can, and perhaps even more than we ought; and the consequences, serious as they may be, cannot be attributed to this country. Whatever the event may be of Prussia's abandoning the contest, whether our efforts are successful or unfortunate, it requires no great depth of policy to see that in either case the King of Prussia will have but too much reason to repent his conduct.

But this unhappily will not remedy the evil. It would

certainly be desirable that the thing should if possible be brought to a speedy issue, in order that we may know our ground and take our measures accordingly. I am sorry that it has fallen to my lot to send you on so fruitless an undertaking, but it will probably not be a long employment, though a very unpleasant one, I fear, while it lasts. The King of Prussia will probably refuse to fulfil his engagements, supposing the negotiation to end as it is now likely to do. If that is the case, the next point will be to see what posture he assumes as with respect to Russia, or whether he will contend by force or menace for a share in the dominion of Poland, or try to obtain further acquisition there by compromising with the Empress and encouraging her to attack the Turks.

It is a great satisfaction, while the Confederacy is beginning to break, that the interior of France presents such favourable prospects[1] that I think hardly even the active assistance of Prussia could move the mountain from the effects of its own volcano.

Believe me ever, my dear Lord, most sincerely and faithfully yours,

GRENVILLE.

LORD GRENVILLE TO LORD MALMESBURY.

(Private.) Downing Street, April 4, 1794.

My dear Lord,—We have such unquestionable ground for believing that the Archduke (though it has not been communicated to us) is yet in reality sent on purpose to urge the Emperor to comply, in some degree, with

[1] Under the 'Reign of Terror.'

the pecuniary demands, that we should not willingly abandon the idea of making the Court of Vienna bear its share. But this is certainly a point which will admit of more delay than the rest, provided that the ground can be kept open for it. The more material part of the business as respecting Austria is that of the Dutch indemnity, which, however inconsiderable in value, you will, I am persuaded, think very material as to its effect with the Republic. I mentioned in my despatch that I had, before receiving your letter, settled every thing for Lord St. Helen's to proceed to the Hague; and I have thought it best on the whole not to delay his going, as it would, I think, have had a more awkward appearance than can arise from his being there at the same time with you. I have prepared a separate full power for him to negotiate with the States General; so that if the business comes to the signature of any treaty, he may sign with the Dutch to show he is accredited, and you with the King of Prussia. I saw no other way of avoiding the difficulty of precedence in signing.

He, as being the King's Ambassador to the Sovereign of that country, could not well sign after anybody else; and, on the other hand, he felt, as well as myself, that it was not right, on many accounts, that he should sign before you. I flatter myself, from what I know of your disposition and of his, that there is not likely to be any real difficulty between you; and if that is the case, great advantage will, I am sure, arise to the future conduct of the business there, from his having been a witness, and in some degree a party, to this arrangement. Promising as the business now seems to be, I am aware

that there are still great difficulties in the way, and particularly that of arranging with the Austrians any general distribution of force and operations, as their first sentiment, on learning the present state of affairs, will be that of jealousy, and their first desire the keeping the Prussians back from any effective share in military operations which can lead to acquisitions. I do not think there is yet any decided preference here as between West Flanders and the Meuse, but perhaps rather an inclination towards the latter.

Believe me ever, my dear Lord, most sincerely and faithfully yours, GRENVILLE.

LORD GRENVILLE TO LORD MALMESBURY.

(Private and secret.) Downing Street, April 14, 1794.

My dear Lord,—Our general idea is, that immediately after the signature of the treaty[1] you should proceed to Brussels, where you will find much confusion and difference of opinion.

From thence it seems desirable that you should come over here, in order to communicate fully what you shall have found there; and then it would be much our wish that you should return with Lord Cornwallis, or such other officer as may be fixed upon to serve with the

[1] This treaty obliged his Prussian Majesty to furnish an army of 62,000 men, under a Prussian commander-in-chief, to be subsidised by England and Holland, and to serve against their common enemies. This army to be in the field by the 24th of May. The Maritime Powers to pay his Prussian Majesty 50,000*l.* per month to the end of the year, and 300,000*l.* to put his army in motion, also 100,000*l.* on its return home. All conquests made to be at the disposal of the Maritime Powers. A separate article was added, to extend the engagements of this treaty as long as the war lasted, on the same conditions.

Prussian army, and after passing through the Duke of York's head quarters, proceed with that officer to Maestricht, to settle with the King of Prussia the final destination of his troops, and the combined plan of the Austrian, Prussian, British, and Dutch operations.

As all this ought to be done before the end of May, you will see there is not much time to be lost. When this has been done, it is very much our wish that you should remain with the King of Prussia in order to keep him steady to the plan which may be settled. I trust that you will not decline this service, which is so important to the object of our having the real use and benefit of what we have now purchased. I am so much pressed for time that I am unable to add anything more, except to express the very great satisfaction I feel in the conclusion of the business, which, though we pay a little dear for it, I consider as of the utmost advantage to the great cause in which we are embarked.

Ever, my dear Lord, most truly and sincerely yours,

GRENVILLE.

LORD GRENVILLE TO LORD MALMESBURY.[1]

(Private.) Downing Street, June 5, 1794.

My dear Lord,—We have been a little disappointed at the demand of another month before the Prussians even begin their march, and I have thought it necessary

[1] (*Extracts from Diaries and Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 93.)

Tuesday, May 6, 1794.—Got to London at twelve o'clock, and remained in England till Saturday, May 24. During the time I was in England, although Ministers had *sent for me over*, they were so fully

to arm you with every possible topic to resist so mischievous a delay. Lord Cornwallis, whom you will have seen before this time, will, I fear, have furnished you with even stronger reasons than any in my despatch, and I earnestly hope that it will be possible to bring the army down into Flanders sooner than is now proposed, as there is no answering for the consequences of six weeks' further delay of reinforcements in that quarter. The proposal is in my mind connected with the measure of having actually begun to act on the Rhine—a step which, notwithstanding the first successes that have attended it, I by no means consider as favourable to our interests. I am confident that the idea exists of selling again to the Empire what we have bought so dear; and this idea must, at all hazards, be decisively counteracted.

Ever, my dear Lord, most truly and sincerely yours,

GRENVILLE.

Lord Malmesbury's instructions now were to accelerate as much as possible the march of the Prussian army towards Liege and Hanover, and on no account to allow them to be employed more to the *left* than the country of the Meuse. Lord Cornwallis to co-operate with an English force. The first instalment of the subsidy (300,000*l.*) was remitted from the Treasury May 27.

employed in their discoveries and examinations of seditious and treasonable practices, that I had very short and very few conversations with them; and although *I constantly pressed their sending me back, I neither could obtain any final instructions from Lord Grenville, nor put the subsidy in a way of being paid, till May* 23. I left London on the 24th.

MR. PITT TO LORD MALMESBURY.

(Private.) Downing Street, June 27, 1794.

My dear Lord,—You will receive by this messenger an official account that provision is completely made for remitting to Berlin the further sum of 150,000*l.* due the beginning of next month.

The 120,000*l.* in silver from hence will be ready to be put on board the frigate on Monday next, and directions will be given for remitting the 30,000*l.* in gold from Amsterdam. Under these circumstances no necessity exists at present for Count —— drawing on Messrs. Hope; and from what I learn here, I believe it is desirable that that expedient should not be resorted to while we can find other means of making the payments, as it is thought that the mercantile intercourse between Berlin and Amsterdam is not sufficient to bear such large drafts without deranging the course of exchange.

This mode, however, may perhaps be occasionally resorted to, to a moderate extent, in aid of other means; but whenever the case seems to require it, we will send timely notice. I hope the Prussian army will at last put into their movements some of the expedition and punctuality which they require in our instalments. In the present critical situation, the importance of their early arrival becomes greater than we have long felt it; and if some fresh delay does not arise, I still think, with their assistance, all will be set right. I write this, however, in the uncertainty what may have passed within these few days on the Sambre,

from whence we impatiently expect accounts every hour.

I am, my dear Lord, your obedient and faithful servant,

WILLIAM PITT.

LORD GRENVILLE TO LORD MALMESBURY.

(Private.) Downing Street, August 16, 1794.

My dear Lord,—My despatch to you of this date is very short, because in truth the business is brought within a very narrow compass.

We are duped by the Prussians, but it would be a bad revenge if we suffered our resentment to bring the thing to a point at the precise period that would be most inconvenient to ourselves.

I have felt for your situation, which must have been extremely irksome and unpleasant. As it is, I do not see what more remains to be done where you are.

We have given the thing the best chance of success by the employment of your talents and zeal. It has not succeeded; and I am convinced that no further endeavours will obtain more from the Prussians than we have had for the last twelve or fourteen months, until events put us in a situation to speak in a higher tone.

I am sure if you see from any new circumstances an opening for better hopes, your zeal will induce you to remain where you are; but if I find by your answer that your opinion coincides with mine, I will lose no time in taking the King's pleasure for sending Lord H. Spencer to Berlin, to which post he has long been destined, and for sending some person of much inferior rank in the diplomatic line to reside at the Prussian

army. I will only detain you by repeating the assurances of my conviction that all has been done that can be done, and that I remain always, my dear Lord,

Most truly and faithfully yours,

GRENVILLE.

LORD GRENVILLE TO LORD MALMESBURY.

(Private.) Downing Street, October 24, 1794.

My dear Lord,—I at length transmit to you your release from the unpleasant scene[1] in which you have been engaged. I am far from thinking it a disadvantage that the resolution of withdrawing the army has been so decisively and abruptly taken at Berlin. The season is, I trust, too far advanced to allow of any considerable impression being made on the German frontier in the course of this year, and we have the whole winter before us, to take our measures for the next campaign, knowing what we have to trust to. It is a desperate game that the Court of Prussia is playing, and one which can hardly turn to its ultimate advantage.[2] I have drawn the leave to return home perfectly absolute, and without reference to the possi-

[1] Lord Malmesbury fairly stated the case to Lord Grenville in his letter of June 27, in which he wrote, 'I should feel myself undeserving of any indulgence if I could impute to myself the failure of this great measure; but no experience nor habits of business, no prudence nor care, can read so deep into the human mind as to foresee that a great Sovereign and his Ministers would be so regardless of their personal honour, and so forgetful of their public interests and glory, as to refuse to be bound in *June* by a treaty ratified with their full consent and approbation in *May*.'

[2] Lord Grenville is truly prophetic in his language, although he can hardly have imagined the humiliation to which Prussia and its Royal family were afterwards subjected by Napoleon.

bility of any change in the determination taken at Berlin. In truth I regard such an event as so little probable that it hardly seemed worth saying anything upon it in that despatch. But if any turn should have happened that shall make you feel the probability of your rendering any service by remaining on your post, I am fully convinced you will not quit it. Believe me ever, my dear Lord,

Most sincerely and faithfully yours,

GRENVILLE.

P.S.—Since I wrote the above I have reason to imagine that in two or three days I shall be authorised to send you a messenger with instructions to proceed to Brunswick, to undertake a commission of a very different nature there.[1] I mention this to you in order that if you leave Frankfort, you may not go out of the reach of a messenger.

[1] To marry by proxy the Princess Caroline of Brunswick to the Prince of Wales.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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